

T H E
FESTIVAL OF LOVE;
OR, A
COLLECTION

OF WARM YET ELEGANT
P O E M S.

PROCURED AND SELECTED
BY ME G——E P——E.

AND DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER.

INCLUDING

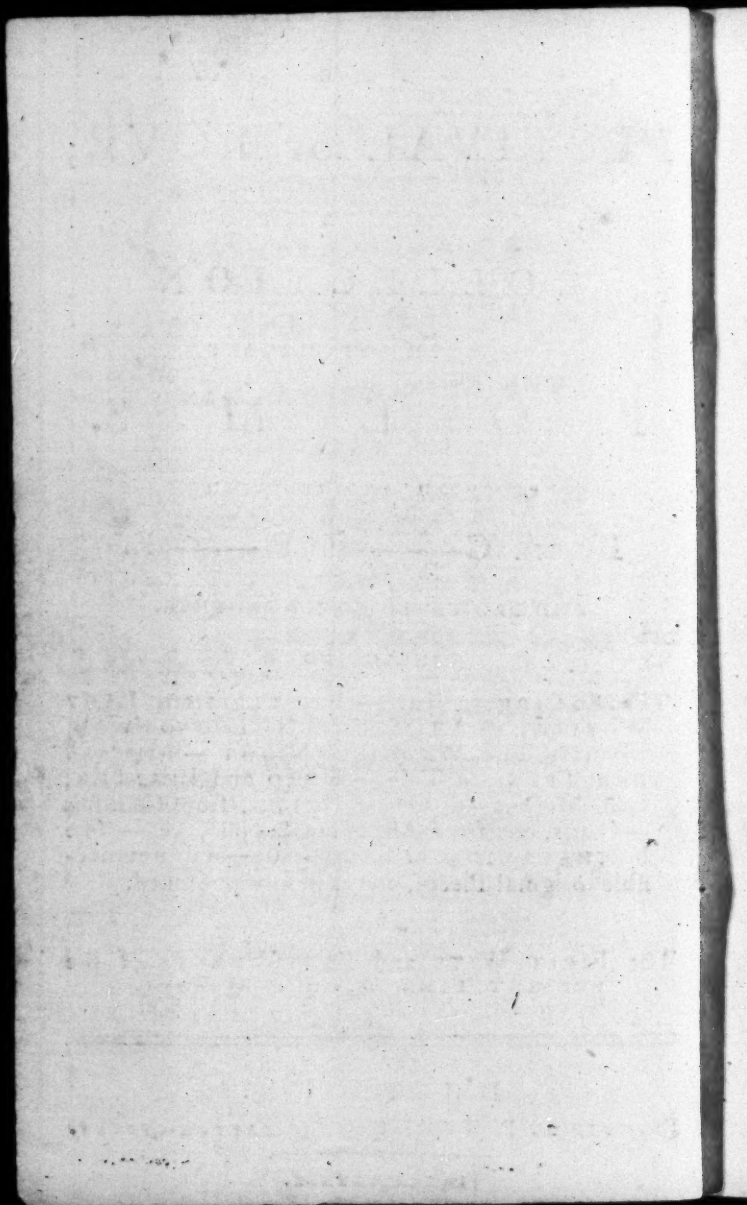
The SQUIRE, a Tale — EPISTLE from LADY
WORSLEY — ARMSTRONG'S ECONOMY of
LOVE — The WEDDING NIGHT — MISS IN
HER TEENS, a Tale — HERO and LEANDER,
from MUSEUS — RAPE of HELEN, from COLUTHUS
— ODES, &c. from ANACREON, SAPPHO, &c. — The
EPHTHALAMIUM or SECUNDUS — and innumera-
ble original Pieces, never before published.

BY

The FIRST WITS and BON VIVANTS of the
PRESENT TIME, as well as MYSELF.

D U B L I N:
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M,DCC,LXXXIX.



TO
MY MUCH HONOURED
AND MUCH RESPECTED
BROTHER OF Y—,
THE HOPES OF OUR FAMILY,
THIS
COLLECTION
OF
AMOROUS POEMS,
Fraught with the Delicacies of the *Cyprian Passion*,
Uncontaminated by *gross Expressions*,

I HUMBLY OFFER;

And with fervent Zeal, believe me, ever following
so bright an Example

YOUR BROTHER IN BLOOD.

P R E F A C E.

WITH authors and with their productions the world is pestered daily;—however, I will add my small mite to the enormous pile already erected. Royalty, by Horace Walpole's Catalogue, has for ages entered, and *but* grovelled in the paths of literature, unedified themselves, ungratified the public; for alas! the frailty and insufficiency of men have induced them to throw aside the veil that has concealed their defects to the commonalty, and as beacons to their successors, precipitated into the gulph of obloquy and contempt. The Waterman, the Porter, the Ploughman, and the Milk-woman, have stood forth each descendants of the NINE.—The Tradesman has built a 'System of Morality, the Banker has written on Astronomy, and the Astro-

A

nomer

nomer has descended to Witchcraft and Astrology: Kings have scribbled upon that, which they cannot or will not comprehend, Republicanism; Nobles have considered the advantages of Monarchism, and Plebeians have applauded an Aristocracy.

After having taken a view of such a strange perversion of the human powers, I conceive I stand excused to the public, for employing my modicum of ability in procuring a number of Amorous Poems; having sacrificed lavishly at the shrine of my favourite Goddess.

With respect to this Collection, it will be but justice to mention, that the D— of B—, Mr. S—, Mr. T—, Mr. H—, L—d M—, L—d W. R—, Sir J. J—, Sir H. C. W—, Dr. W—, Dr. K—, L—d J— R—, L—d J—n T—, Mr. F—, Mr. B—, Mr. F—es, D— of M—, Mr. J—, E— of E—, E— of S—, D— of C—, Dr. A—g, and many other equally celebrated characters in the literary

rary horizon, have contributed to the enrichment of this my entry into Authorship or Editorship, or whatever the reader is pleased to call it.

One word more, and I have done. As there are many prudes, or women who would wish to be considered so, let them, if they have a mind to peruse my volume, without injuring their reputation, have it bound Prayer-book fashion, lettered, Marriage Ceremony, with Notes; when they may at all times and places, and in all company, amuse themselves, and at the same time establish the piety of their characters. If it suits the constitution of the Divine, he may bind it in vellum, and letter it, "Catulli, Tibulli et Propertii Opera;" if of the Philosopher, it may wear the appearance of the Morals of Seneca, the Sayings of Epictetus, the Problems of Euclid, or the Labours of Archimedes; or should it delight the Physician, he may convert it into the Works of Galen or Hippocrates, or the Art of Midwifery; the Lawyer may consider it as the "Lex

Naturæ;" the Statesman as "An Essay on increasing the Poll-Tax; the Botanist as the "Genera Plantarum Linnæi;" and the Tradesman as "Hayes's Interest, or The pleasant Art of becoming a Bankrupt with expedition and female pity." Nay, so well am I convinced it will suit my brother's taste, that I intend sending him a copy, under the title of "The Complete Art of Free Living."

The above plan I threw out, with the view of accommodating all ranks and professions, sincerely desirous of the world's applause; for without fame what is life!

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T H E

FESTIVAL OF LOVE.

H Y M N T O V E N U S .

FROM SAPPHO. BY FAWKES.

VENUS, bright goddess of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise,
Jove's daughter fair, whose wily arts
Delude fond lovers of their hearts;
O! listen gracious to my prayer,
And free my mind from anxious care.

If e'er you heard my ardent vow,
Propitious goddess, hear me now!
And oft my ardent vow you've heard,
By Cupid's friendly aid prefer'd,
Oft left the golden courts of Jove,
To listen to my tales of love.

The radiant car your sparrows drew;
You gave the word, and swift they flew,
Through liquid air they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play;
To my plain roof they bore their queen,
Of aspect mild, and look serene.

B

Soon

Soon as you came, by your command,
 Back flew the wanton'd feather'd band,
 Then, with a sweet enchanting look,
 Divinely smiling, thus you spoke :
 ' Why didst thou call me to thy cell ?
 ' Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.

 ' What healing med'cine shall I find
 ' To cure thy love-distemper'd mind ?
 ' Say, shall I lend thee all my charms,
 ' To win young Phaon to thy arms ?
 ' Or does some other swain subdue
 ' Thy heart, my Sappho, tell me who ?

 ' Though now, averse, thy charms he slight,
 ' He soon shall view thee with delight ;
 ' Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,
 ' He soon to thee shall offerings make ;
 ' Though now thy beauties fail to move,
 ' He soon shall melt with equal love.'

Once more, O Venus ! hear my prayer,
 And ease my mind of anxious care ;
 Again vouchsafe to be my guest,
 And calm this tempest in my breast !
 To thee, bright queen, my vows aspire ;
 O grant me all my heart's desire !

● D E T O V E N U S .

BY MR H——LL.

O VENUS, awful sov'reign of the spring,
 Could I like thy Lucretius sing,
 Here would I pause, thy wonders to relate!

Here would I pause, to hymn thy praise
 In adamantine words, stronger than fate,
 And everlasting as his lays!

O'er seas and deserts, undismay'd,
 Strengthen'd by thy inspiring breath,
 The timorous and bashful maid,
 Faces both infamy and death!

Driven by thy incens'd divinity,
 Confounding equity and truth,
 Order, and rank, and consanguinity,
 And loathsome age, and blooming youth,

Behold the frantic passion, how it burns,
 Like a wild beast breaks ev'ry tie;
 Laughs at the priest, the legislator spurns,
 And gives both heav'n and earth the lie!

Let youth and insolence alone
 Provoke thy vengeance ev'ry hour;
 But O! spare those that know, that own,
 Adore, and tremble at thy power!

With thy propitious doves descend,
 And hear the tender virgin's sighs;
 The humble and the meek defend,
 And bid the prostrate suppliant rise.

MUTUAL LOVE.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—*As Chloe on flowers reclin'd, &c.*

ON a brook's grassy brink, in the willow's cool
shade,

The primroses pressing, a damsel was laid ;
She smil'd on the tide that roll'd limpid along,
Beholding herself, to herself sung this song.—

The 'Squire's fine lady last night he brought
home ;

What ! tho' in such gay cloaths from London
she's come,

Had I costly fashions, as well should I seem,
For fairer my face is, if truth's in this stream.

Thro' church-yard, on Sunday, as slowly I tread,
While gaping louts, grinning, on tombstones are
spread ;

I hear how they praise me, I keep on my way,
And, down-looking, seem not to heed what they
say.

Sometimes lords and captains, all over perfume,
Will stop me, and tell me, I'm beauty in bloom :
That I rival the rose—that I'm whiter than snow :
I smiler, and simply say,—“ Don't jeer one so.”

They've press'd me, they've promis'd, nay of-
fer'd me gold,
Sometimes (I assure them) they've strove to be
bold ;

They've

They've talk'd of my treasure, they've call'd it a
gem;
To be sure so it is, but it is not for them.

No! no! 'tis for him, and 'tis only his part,
Who's the man of my hope, and the hopes of my
heart;
Who friendly instructs me, who fondly can play,
And his eyes always speak what his wishes wou'd
say.

The ranging bee sweets from the honey-cup
sips,
As sweet I taste love from the touch of his lips;
Oft my cheek on the fleece of my lambkins I rest,
But cold is that pillow compar'd to his breast.

'Tis here for my fair one!—her lover reply'd,
O'er the hedge as he leap'd, and light dropp'd at
her side;

She started! a moment life's bloom left her face,
But quick 'twas recall'd by the warmth of embrace.

She languishing lay, in love's tenderest scene,
And question'd the rambler where 'twas he had
been?

Why so he wou'd fright her—she'd scold him she
vow'd;

But a kiss was his plea, and that plea was allow'd.

'Till by kisses o'ercome, to his transports she
yields,

The landscapes were lost, and forgot were the fields;
Each felt those sensations, *susceptibles prove,*
Who, mutually melting, exchange *mutual love.*

EPIGRAM.

BY L——D M——Y.

AS Lydia on a bank reclining lay,
 Young Lubin stole one half her charms away :
 The lovely maid, her honour to preserve,
 Drew back, and treated him with cold reserve.

But he, more am'rous grown, now press'd her
 hand,
 The more he press'd, the less she could withstand ;
 Vanquish'd, in excess of bliss her all she lost,—
 And with a boy soon made him pay the cost !

THE HONEY-MOON.

AN ODE.

COME, Cytherea, with thy doves,
 And all thy train of little loves,
 Come from Idalia's pleasing shade,
 For joy and amorous frolics made ;
 Come, and assist an artless tune
 Which strives to warble forth the Honey-Moon.

When Hymen does the pair unite,
 And promises supreme delight ;
 With sparkling torch comes bright to view,
 And points at raptures great and new ;
 What pleasure is expected soon !
 Then, then ! comes on the pleasing Honey-Moon.
 Cynthia,

Cynthia, the virgin-goddess bright,
 With greater speed rides down the night;
 Her modesty betrays her heart,
 Shews in such sports she'd take a part;
 But that her wish she dares not own,
 Or Jove with her would have an Honey-Moon.

' An Honey-Moon!' cries simpering miss,
 ' I wonder much what's meant by this!
 ' I have all sweets quite near me, handy,
 ' Is Honey-Moon like sugar-candy?'
 The joyful time will tell you soon,
 When you will bless the happy Honey-Moon.

Ah! then those sweets, unknown before,
 Will make you long, dear miss, for more;
 Will make you lick your lips, and cry,
 ' Till now, O what a fool was I!
 ' What pleasing touches—what a tune
 ' Can e'er be play'd that's like the Honey-Moon?

Could but the virgin in her teens,
 Tell what the joys of wedlock means;
 She would not long the bliss delay,
 But with the first dear youth away;
 On Venus' bed would tumble down,
 And there prolong the charming Honey-Moon.

When heaving breasts delightful rise,
 And pant with soft ecstatic sighs!
 When folding arms fond arms embrace,
 And love seems furious for the chace;
 Unnumber'd joys the pair must crown,
 Who then begin the pleasing Honey-Moon.

Ah! then encounter breast with breast,
 And tenderest accents are exprest;
 ' My love, I melt! I burn! I burst!'
 The next is better than the first;
 And so progressive they go on,
 To make a heaven of the Honey-Moon.

Then all that youthful poets dream,
 Beneath the shade, or by the stream,
 Is realiz'd, and certain found,
 Beyond imagination's bound;
 All that can please is felt, or shewn,
 During the happy time of Honey-Moon.

Then haste, ye youths, and haste ye fair,
 Love's banquet of delight to share;
 Advance to Hymen's sacred fane,
 A rich reward you'll surely gain;
 Each rapture will attend you soon,
 And give you all the joys of Honey-Moon.

S O N G.

BY MRS. R——.

TO make the man kind, and keep true to
 your bed,
 Whom your choice, or your destiny, brings you
 to wed;
 Take an hint from a friend, whom experience has
 taught,
 And experience, we know, never fails, when 'tis
 bought!

The

The arts which you practis'd, at first, to ensnare,
 (For in love little arts, as in battle, are fair)
 Whether neatness, or prudence, or wit were the
 bait,
 Let the hook still be cover'd, and still play the
 cheat.

Shou'd he fancy another, upbraid not his flame!
 To reproach him is never the way to reclaim;
 'Tis more to recover, than conquer an heart;
 For one is all nature, the other all art.

Tho' a fairer than you he shou'd happen to see,
 Be pleas'd with his choice, and then wish you
 were she:
 Slyly find out your rival's particular charms,
 And at night, be the very same girl in his arms.

Good sense is to them, what a face is to you;
 Flatter that, and like us, they but think it their
 due:
 Doubt the strength of your judgment, compar'd
 to his own,
 And he'll give you perfections, at present un-
 known,

Shou'd you learn that your rival his bounty
 partakes,
 And your merited favour, ungrateful, forsakes;
 Still, still, debonair; still engaging and free,
 Be deaf tho' you hear; and be blind, while you see.

THE STRAY NYMPH.

BY DR. W——.

CEASE your music, gentle swains;
 Saw ye Delia cross the plains?
 Every thicket, every grove,
 Have I rang'd to find my love:
 A kid, a lamb, my flock I'll give;
 Tell me only, doth she live?

White her skin as mountain-snow;
 In her cheek the roses blow,
 And her eye is brighter far,
 Than the beamy morning star.
 When her ruddy lip ye view,
 'Tis a berry moist with dew:
 And her breath, Oh! 'tis a gale,
 Passing o'er a fragrant vale.
 Passing, when a friendly shower,
 Freshens every herb and flower.
 Wide her bosom opens, gay
 As the primrose-dell in may;
 Sweet as violet-borders growing,
 Over fountains ever-flowing.
 Like the tendrils of the vine,
 Do her auburn tresses twine;
 Glossy ringlets all behind,
 Streaming buxom to the wind,
 When along the lawn she bounds,
 Light as hind before the hounds;
 And the youthful ring she fires,
 Hopeless in their fond desires,

As her flitting feet advance,
Wanton in the winding dance.

Tell me, shepherds, have ye seen,
My delight, my love, my queen?

THE RAPTURE.

CRY'D Strephon, panting in Cosmelia's arms,
I die, bright nymph, I die amidst your charms!
Chear up, dear youth, reply'd the maid,
Dissolv'd in am'rous pain,
All men must die, (bright boy, you know)
Ere they can rise again.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Venus shown;
Surpriz'd, the goddess took it for her own;
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?
Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's
pride;
And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis Chloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast;
Friend Howard's genius fancy'd all the rest.

ON

ON A PICTURE OF LADY F——Y.

BY L—D P——H.

WHEN fam'd Apelles sought to frame,
 Some image of th' Idalian dame,
 To furnish graces for the piece,
 He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece,
 So many mortals were combin'd,
 To shew how one immortal shin'd,
 Hadst thou thus sat by proxy too,
 As Venus then was said to do;
 Venus herself, and all her train
 Of goddesses, had summon'd been:
 The painter must have search'd the skies,
 To match the lustre of your eyes;
 Comparing then, while thus we view
 The ancient Venus and the new,
 In her we many mortals see,
 As many goddesses in thee.

ODE TO L——D L——N.

BY SIR C. H. WILLIAMS.

OLINC-LN! joy of womankind,
 To you this humble ode's design'd;
 Let —— inspire my song:
 Gods! with what pow'rs are you endu'd,
 Tiberius was not half so lewd,
 Nor Hercules so strong,

'Tis——

'Tis—— now my pen employs,
 And since I sing of heav'nly joys,
 From heav'n my notes I'll bring:
 And tho' the lyric strain I chuse,
 I'll open like the Mantuan muse,
 ——, and the man I sing.

But don't expect much flattery,
 From such an honest bard as me,
 Dear, noble, vig'rous youth;
 For when I say that you —— more
 Than ever mortal did before,
 You know I say the truth.

Four times a night, some happy fair,
 You —— throughout the gliding year,
 This course of joy pursuing;
 Of scats like these, what annals speak?
 'Tis eight-and-twenty times a week,
 And, faith! that's glorious doing.

Had Messalina —— with you,
 Whom no man ever could subdue,
 Tho' many a Roman tried;
 She'd own'd your vigour and your charms,
 And melting, dying in your arms,
 Cry'd out —— *I'm satisfied!*

Then still love on with loosen'd reins,
 While youth is boiling in your veins,
 And sparkles in your face;
 With whores be lewd, with whigs be hearty,
 And both in ——, and in party,
 Confess your noble race.

To you and steady Pelham then,
 With joy I'll dedicate my pen,

For both shall be my theme;
 Since both divided England share,
 You have the love of every fair,
 He every man's esteem.

HORACE, Lib. I. Ode XXX.

Paraphrased by Sir C. H. WILLIAMS.

GENERAL CHURCHILL'S

ADDRESS TO VENUS.

O VENUS, joy of man, and gods,
 Forsake awhile thy blest abodes,
 And deign to visit my land:
 On thy fond vot'ry kindly smile,
 Quit Paphos, and the Cyprian isle,
 To reign in my dear island.

Thee, goddess, thee, my pray'rs invoke;
 To thee alone my altars smoke;

O! treat me not with rigour:
 Thy wanton son bring with thee too,
 My dying embers he'll renew,
 And give me back my vigour.

Bring too the graces to my arms,
 Girls that are prodigal of charms,
 Of every favour lavish;
 Melting and yielding let them be;
 Consider I am sixty-three,
 And that's too old to ravish.

Let

Let florid youth attend thy train :
 Much wanted by thy crazy swain ;
 And gentle Venus, prithee,
 To crown my gifts, and ease my pain,
 Since Ward has labour'd long in vain,
 Let Mercury come with thee.

ADDRESSED TO LADY ———,

*Who asked Captain MORRIS, What the Passion of
 Love was ?*

YOU ask me What's Love? Why, that
 virtue-fed vapour,
 Which poets spread over our longings, like
 gauze,
 May do for a swain who can feed upon paper ;
 But flesh is my diet, and blood is the cause.

A delicate *tendre*, spun into Platonic,
 Suits the feminine fop—whom no beauties
 provoke :
 But the blood of a Welchman is hot and laconic,
 And he loves, 'as he fights, with a word and
 a stroke.

Yet, I grant you, there is a sweet madness of
 passion,
 A raptur'd delirium of mental delight ;
 Tho', alas! my dear madam, not five in the nation,
 Whose souls have an optic to view the blest
 light.

But

But we speak not of minds of distinguish'd selection,

But love, common love, in its earthly attire ;
Which, believe me, when dress'd in this high-flown affection,

Wears the thread-bare disguise of a bankrupt desire.

For the bosom's deceit, like the spendthrift's profusion,

As the substance declines, rich appearances tries ;

More gay as more weak, till this splendid delusion,
In a pang of bright vanity, dazzles and dies.

Ah ! if in a strain of pure sentiment flowing,

No animal warmth checks the eloquent tongue :
'Tis the trick of the coxcomb to boast your undoing,

And pride, taste, or impotence, prompts the
foul wrong !

For love, in a tumult of soft agitation.

O'ercome with its ardour, bids language retire ;
And, lost in emotion of troubl'd sensation.

Still breathes the soft accent of silent desire.

Yes, the god's on the wing, when a delicate
Damon,

In sickly composure sits down to refine ;
For love, like a hectic, when weakly the *flamen*,
Still brightens the skin as the solids decline.

If such be the love you propose in the question,
No doubt it's a phantom, dress'd up by the
mind;

And, believe me, it is not a substance to rest on;
But the fraud of cold bosoms, and Vanity's
blind.

But for me, my dear madam, a poor carnal sinner,
Whose love keeps no lent, or on rhapsody starves:
With the sharp sauce of hunger I fall to my
dinner,

And take, without scruple, what appetite
carves.

So, my good lady —, all beauty and merit,
You see, tho' I doat on your face and your
mind,

The devil a grain should I feel of love's spirit,
If looks didn't warrant your shape and your
kind.

With this taste you, perhaps, will upbraid my
vile nature;

But thus stands the case, and in truth to my
theme,

Were my mistress the first, both in mind and
in feature,

Unsex her, and passion would fade like a dream.

As a poet, indeed, I've a licence for fiction,

To dress in heroics the treacherous heart;

But take the sad truth, and excuse the plain
diction,

“ For love moves with me in an honest part,”

But

But, perhaps, you may know something more of
the matter,

Then deign to inform the dull soul of a brute—
A hint of your mind would most pleasingly flatter,
And to hear it I'd always be *willing* and *mute*.

TO CYNTHIA.

BY THE D—— OF B——

THE transient season let's improve,
That human life allots to love :
Youth soon, my Cynthia ! flies away,
And age assumes its frozen sway ;
With elegance and neatness drest,
Come then, in beauty's bloom confest,
And in my fond embrace be blest !
Faint strugglings, but inflame desire,
And serve to fan the lover's fire :
Then yield not all at once your charms,
But with reluctance fill my arms :
My arms ! that shall, with eager haste,
Encircle now your slender waist :
Now round your neck be careless hung,
And now o'er all your frame be flung :
About your limbs my limbs I'll twine,
And lay your glowing cheek to mine :
Close to my broader, manlier chest,
I'll press thy firm, proud-swelling breast ;
Now rising high, now falling low,
As passion's tide shall ebb, or flow ;

My

My murm'ring tongue shall speak my bliss,
 Shall court your yielding lips to kiss;
 Each kiss with thousands I'll repay,
 And almost suck your breath away;
 A thousand more you then shall give,
 And then a thousand more receive:
 In transport half-dissolv'd we'll lie,
 Venting our wishes in a sigh!

Quick-starting from me, now display
 Your loose, and discompos'd array:
 Your hair shall o'er your polish'd brow,
 In sweetly-wild disorder flow,
 And those long tresses from behind,
 You us'd in artful braids to bind,
 Shall down your snowy bosom spread
 Redundant, in a soften'd shade:
 And from your wishful eyes shall stream
 The dewy light of passion's flame:
 While now and then a look shall glance
 Your senses lost in am'rous trance;
 That fain my rudeness would remove,
 Yet plainly tells how strong you love:
 The roses, heighten'd on your cheek,
 Shall the fierce tide of rapture speak;
 And on your lips a warmer glow
 The deepen'd ruby then shall show:
 Your breast, replete with youthful fire,
 Shall heave with tumults of desire:
 Shall heave at thoughts of wish'd-for bliss,
 Springing as tho' 'twould meet my kiss:
 Down on that heav'n I'll sink quite spent,
 And lie in tender languishment;

But

But soon your charms' reviving pow'r,
 Shall to my frame new life restore :
 With love I'll then my pains assuage,
 With kisses cool my wanton rage,
 Hang o'er thy beauties till I cloy,
 Then cease, and then renew my joy !

T H E D R E A M

FROM ANACREON. BY FAWKES.

AS on a purple bed supine,
 Rapt in the pleasing joys of wine,
 I lull'd my weary limbs to rest,
 Methought, with nymphs supremely blest,
 A beauteous band ; I urg'd the chace,
 Contending in the rapid race ;
 While fairest youths, with envy stung,
 Fair as Lyæus ever young,
 With jealous leer, and bitter jest,
 Their keen malevolence exprest ;
 Intent to love, I strive to greet
 The gamesome girls with kisses sweet ;
 And, as on pleasure's brink I seem,
 Wake,—and behold ! 'tis all a dream
 Vex'd to be thus alone in bed,
 My visionary charmers fled :
 To dream once more I close my eyes,
 Again, ye soft illusions, rise !

DON

DON PRINGELLO's TALE;

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE HOLY NUNS; OR,
THE MONK'S WISE JUDGMENT.

BY MR. H—LL,

THERE is a noble town call'd Ghent,
A city famous for its wares,
For priests and nuns, and Flanders mares,
And for the best of fish in lent.

There you may see, threat'ning destruction,
A hundred forts and strong redoubts,
Just like Vauban's, with ins and outs,
And cover'd-ways of love's construction.

In one, constructed as above,
'There dwelt two nuns of the same age,
Join'd like two birds in the same cage,
Both by necessity and love.

In towns of idleness and sloth,
Where the chief trade is tittle-tattle,
Tho' priests are commoner than cattle,
They had but one between them both.

Our nuns should have had two at least,
In Ghent they're common as great guns;
Which made it hard upon our nuns,—
And harder still upon the priest.

But he was worthy of all praise,
With spreading shoulders and a chest,
A leg, a chine, and all the rest,
Like Hercules of the Farnese.

Amongst

Amongst the nuns there was a notion,
 That these two sisters were assign'd
 To him, for a severer kind
 Of penitential devotion.

His penance lasted a whole year,
 And he had such a piece of work ;
 If it had been for turning Turk,
 It could not have been more severe.

Our nuns, which is no common case,
 Living together without jangling ;
 All on a sudden fell a wrangling,
 About precedency and place.

They both with spleen were like to burst,
 Like two proud misses when they fight,
 At an assembly, for the right
 Of being taken out the first.

Before the priest they made this clatter.
 Between them both he was perplex'd,
 And studyed to find out a text
 To end the controverted matter.

Children, said he, scatching his sconce,
 I should be better pleas'd than you,
 Could I divide myself in two,
 And satisfy you both at once.

Angels, perhaps, may have such pow'rs ;
 But it is fit and seasonable,
 That you should be more reasonable,
 Whilst you're with beings such as ours.

Be friends, and listen to the teacher :
 Cease your vain clamour and dispute,
 Be ye like fishes mute,
 Before Saint Anthony the preacher,

To end at once all disputation,
 I'll set my back against that gate,
 And there produce, erect and straight,
 The cause of all your altercation.

But first, you both shall hooded be,
 Both so effectually blinded,
 'Twill be impossible to find it.
 Except by chance or sympathy,

Which of you first, be it agreed,
 The rudder of the church can seize,
 Like Peter's vicar with his keys,
 Shall keep the helm, and heave the lead ;
 She shall go first, I mean to say,
 And have precedence ev'ry day.

The nuns were tickled with the jest,
 They were content ; and he contriv'd
 To give the helm, for which they striv'd,
 To her that manag'd it th best.

T H E

THE GERANIUM.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. *Shakespeare.*

IN the close covert of a grove,
By nature form'd for scenes of love,
Said Susan in a lucky hour,
Observe yon sweet geranium flower ;
How straight upon its stalk it stands,
And tempts our violating hands ;
While the soft bud as yet unspread,
Hangs down its pale declining head :
Yet, soon as it is ripe to blow,
The stem shall rise, the head shall glow.
Nature, said I, my lovely Sue,
To all her followers lends a clue ;
Her simple laws themselves explain,
As links of one continued chain ;
For her the mysteries of creation,
Are but the works of generation :
Yon blushing, strong, triumphant flower,
Is in the crisis of its power :
But short, alas ! its vigorous reign,
He sheds his seed, and drops again ;
The bud that hangs in pale decay,
Feels not, as yet, the plastic ray ;
To-morrow's sun shall bid him rise,
Then, too, he sheds his seed and dies :
But words, my love, are vain and weak,
For proof, let bright example speak ;

The

Then straight before the wond'ring maid,
 The tree of life I gently laid;
 Observe, sweet Sue, his drooping head,
 How pale, how languid, and how dead!
 Yet, let the sun of thy bright eyes
 Shine but a moment, it shall rise;
 Let but the dew of thy soft hand
 Refresh the stem, it straight shall stand:
 Already, see, it swells, it grows,
 Its head is redder than the rose;
 Its shrivell'd fruit, of dusky hue,
 Now glows, a present fit for Sue;
 The balm of life each artery fills,
 And in o'erflowing drops distils.
 "Ah! me!" cry'd Susan, "whence is this?
 "What strange tumultuous throbs of bliss!"
 Sure, never mortal, till this hour,
 Felt such emotion at a flower:
 Oh, serpent! cunning to deceive,
 Sure 'tis this tree that tempted Eve;
 The crimson apples hang so fair,
 Alas! what woman could forbear?
 Well hast thou guess'd, my love, I cry'd,
 It is the tree by which she died;
 The tree which could alone content her,
 All nature, Susan, seeks the centre.
 Yet, let us still poor Eve forgive,
 It is the tree by which we live;
 For lovely woman still it grows,
 And in the centre only blows.
 But chief for thee, it spreads its charms,
 For paradise is in thy arms.—
 I ceas'd, for nature kindly here
 Began to whisper in her ear;

And lovely Sue lay softly, panting,
 While the geranium tree was planting,
 'Till in the heat of am'rous strife,
 She burst the mellow tree of life.
 Oh, Heaven! cry'd Susan, with a sigh,
 The hour we taste,—we surely die;
 Strange raptures seize my fainting frame,
 And all my body glows with flame;
 Yet let me snatch one parting kiss,
 To tell my love I die with bliss;
 That pleas'd, thy Susan yields her breath:
 Oh! who would live, if this be death!—

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE; * AN ANACREONTIC.

BY BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

“**C**OME, bind my brows with Venus' flow'r;
 “ —Here, boy!—another fragrant show'r;
 “ A waste of roses;—heap them higher;”
 So sung Anacreon to his lyre,
 As on the tender bed he lay,
 And quaff'd and sported out the day.
 When Venus,—so the poet sung,
 First from the foam of ocean sprung;
 All dropping wet, all glowing fair,
 Distilling sweets her amber hair;
 As coral red her pulpy lips,
 Full as the swelling surge her hips;

* The followers of the Mohammed are said to believe
 that the first rose sprung out of a drop of his sweat.

And

And full her bosom, heaving strong,
 Like wave propelling wave along,
 Smooth set her teeth in even rows,
 White as the foam from whence she rose ;
 And shaded soft, a mossy grove
 Hung o'er the saline cell of love.

— Thus breathing youth and untouch'd charms,
 Mars seiz'd her in his ardent arms,
 And, spread amidst a verital gloom,
 All nerve, compress'd her virgin bloom,
 Trickling from love's delicious wound
 Some sanguine drops bedew'd the ground,
 Whence straight a living crimson spreads,
 And new-born roses rear'd their heads.

Their tincture thence—but the sweet gale,
 The dews ambrosial they exhale ;
 Their balmy soul her sigh bestow'd,
 Deep as she felt the potent god ;
 —And still the prickly thorns declare,
 How mix'd with pain her raptures were !

MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMA.

Lib. 6. Ep. 34. *Imitated.*

BY SIR C. H. WILLIAMS.

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter sure never girl gave ;
 But why in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have ?

I'm not to be flinted in pleasure,
 Then pr'ythee my charmer be kind;
 For whilst I love thee above measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields:
 Go number the stars in the heaven,
 Count how-many sands on the shore;
 When so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be craving for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 To a heart which, dear Chloe, is thine.
 With my arms I'll for ever infold thee,
 And twist round thy limbs like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent;
 But the wretch that can number his kisses,
 With few will be ever content.

TO A LADY ON HER PARROT.

WHEN nymphs were coy, and love could
 not prevail,
 The gods disguis'd were never known to fail.
 Leda was chaste, but yet a feather'd Jove
 Surpris'd the fair, and taught her how to love:
 There's no celestial but his heav'n would quit
 For any form, which might to you admit.

See!

See! how the wanton bird, at every glance,
 Swells his glad plumes, and feels an amorous
 trance ;

The queen of beauty has forsook the dove,
 Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

STREPHON AND BLOWSALIND, OR THE AMOROUS 'SQUIRE.

BY DR. M——.

STREPHON in vain pursu'd a rural fair,
 The rosy object of his tender care!
 The nymph, who long had lov'd a jollier swain,
 Still view'd the amorous Strephon with disdain.
 Provok'd, he strove by force to storm her charms;
 She rais'd her hand—and dash'd him from her arms:
 “ Oh cease (he cries) subdue that barbarous spite,
 “ Tho' doom'd to love—I was not born to fight!
 “ You've stol'n my heart, deprive me not of breath;
 “ Those *frowns* are cruel—but that *fi*st is death!”

FROM MARTIAL.

Lib. i. Ep. 58.

YOU ask me, my friend, what lass I'd enjoy;
 I'd have one that is neither too coming—nor coy:
 A medium is best; that gives us no pain
 By too much indulgence—nor too much disdain.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

BY THE HON. MR. T——.

WITH what strange raptures would my
soul be blest,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast?
As I, from that, all former marks efface,
And, uncontroul'd put new ones in their place;
So might I chase all others from her heart,
And my own image in the room impart!
But, ah! how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me!

FROM THE GREEK.

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

THREE lovely nymphs contending for a
prize,
Display'd their charms before my critic eyes:
Superior beauties heighten'd ev'ry grace,
And seem'd to mark them of celestial race:
But I, who, bless'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a Venus was—and pleas'd them all.

THE

THE GIRDLE OF VENUS UNBUCKLED.

Written at the Age of Eighteen,

BY THE D—— OF B——.

IN Tempe's vales, where nature bloom'd around,
And smiling peace, and happiness were found ;
Where rural cots and rustic clowns were seen,
And rosy nymphs gave rapture to the green ;
In times long past, Palemon in his cot
Was fix'd by fate to this enchanting spot :
A snowy herd was all he had to boast,
Whose fleecy backs repaid his care and cost ;
Wide o'er the dewy lawn they tripp'd along,
While he, reclin'd, attun'd his artless song.
Ambitious views had ne'er disturb'd his breast,
His mind was simple, and his heart at rest.
O blissful state of happiness below,
From whence the source of ev'ry good must flow !
Content is pleasure of the purest kind,
The only balm of comfort to the mind.

In shady groves the youth still took his way,
And ease and indolence crown'd ev'ry day.
What mortal ills could alter then his state,
And counteract the happiness of fate ?
Love, mighty love, invaded now his breast,
Dimm'd his bright eye, and robb'd his soul of rest !

Near to a thicket as one morn he stray'd,
He saw a cottage in the pleasing shade ;
A little riv'let murmur'd gently by,
Whose flow'r-crown'd banks gave rapture to the
eye ;

Lifless

Little he laid him down to rest awhile,
 And nature all around was seen to smile;
 The babbling brook his meditations warm'd,
 It pleas'd his fancy, and his soul it charm'd.

While studious thus the moments pass'd away,
 His ewes and lambs disporting all the day;
 He fear'd no danger, for he knew no ill,
 But fix'd his hopes on providence's will;
 That providence which still must govern all,
 Who raises up the low, and bids the mighty fall!

Here, while his roving eyes were sent about,
 From various scenes to find new beauties out,
 A virgin, chearful as the month of May,
 Blyth as the lark, and as the lapwing gay,
 Approach'd the water, struck the swain with awe
 Who thought it was a goddess that he saw,—
 Her cheeks were blushing as the op'ning rose,
 Her breath was balmy as the zephyr blows,
 Her sparkling eyes gave lustre to the day,
 While round her jetty locks in ringlets play:
 Light was her robe, thro' which her breasts were
 seen,

And shew'd the lovely valley close between;
 Loose floating round, her well-turn'd limbs display'd,

'Twas nature only cover'd with a shade;
 Her iv'ry legs were naked to the knee,
 Where all might fancy what they could not see.

Palemon started instant to her sight,
 And gaz'd upon her with supreme delight:
 Nor was the nymph's astonishment less great,
 Her bosom swell'd with ev'ry joy elate;

Quick

Quick thro' each vein her wand'ring pulses beat,
Pain mix'd with pleasure, something smart, yet
sweet.

In silent ecstasy the youth she view'd,
His well-made limbs and manly form pursu'd,
His rosy cheeks, and lustre-darting eye,
Which bid the place of language well supply.
Both look'd, both blush'd, as Nature could not
reach,

At such a time as this, the pow'r of speech.

At last some broken accents found their way,
And Love, unseen, dictated what to say:
The softest words precede substantial blisses,
And close embraces follow'd balmy kisses.
But long they can't indulge their infant flame,
For from the cot forth comes the envious dame;
Who, dead to pleasure, forc'd the nymph away,
A moment longer would not let her stay.
Like to a frantic wretch Palemon star'd,
Soon as the lovely maiden disappear'd.
Was it a vision that my sense deceiv'd,
And all my faculties at once bereav'd?
Was it a dream that flutter'd o'er my mind,
And left this strong impression still behind?

Ah! no; too well by me 'tis understood,
No visionary form, but flesh and blood.
Each humid kiss my happy lip retains,
Each close embrace now fills my glowing veins;
I felt her heaving bosom gently rise,
I saw her blushes, and I heard her sighs.

Where are my flocks? alas! you heedless stray,
Your shepherd now, like you, has lost his way.
No more shall downy sleep my eyelids close,
Love, cruel Love, has banish'd my repose;

Or

Or if in sleep some time I chance to lie,
 Phyllira then is present to my eye,
 Fancy supplies what fortune has deny'd,
 And throws each artful covering aside;
 'Tis then each beauty of her form I view,
 Each naked beauty, elegantly true;
 No longer cover'd is each heaving breast,
 Where love and rapture only is express;
 My glancing eye then roves o'er ev'ry part,
 And sends the keenest transports to my heart;
 With eager lips I snatch a burning kiss,
 And rush at once into a sea of bliss.
 Gods! 'tis too much, 'tis agonizing pain,
 It fires my fancy, it invades my brain!
 And am I in idea only blest?
 Substantially I must enjoy the rest;
 I will, I must; I'll seek again the spot,
 And watch Phyllira from her rural cot;
 Invite the nymph my little stock to share,
 Sooth me with love, and banish ev'ry care:
 Her looks, her words, my passion bid approve,
 And her whole soul was melted into love:
 She must be mine, nor shall her haggard dame,
 Thro' spite or envy bar a lover's claim.

Swift as the thought, the shepherd speeds
 away,

Nor can his bleating flock prolong his stay:
 His eager pace soon gains the happy grove,
 The pleasing scene of tenderness and love:
 Forth to his wish again the maid is found,
 Tripping with hasty steps the fertile ground,
 Eager like him, again she hop'd to meet,
 Again embrace, and mingle kisses sweet;

And

And Venus, to her vot'ries ever true,
 Kindly contriv'd this tender interview.
 The thickest shelter of the grove they seek,
 Where none but love can see or hear them speak:
 Now all is rapture, ecstasy, and joy,
 The sports of love alike do both employ;
 No vagrant footsteps do the scene invade,
 But birds sing joyful in the rural shade.
 Now vows of constancy between them pass,
 With truth to love while life itself should last;
 That soon at Hymen's fane they would unite,
 Then revel free in unrepov'd delight.

That vow perform'd, Palemon takes her home,
 Each bosom heaving with new joys to come;
 Each look is pleasure, and each touch imparts,
 The thrill of rapture to their panting hearts.
 Now Phœbus glitters in the distant west,
 And soothes his daily toil on Thetis' breast;
 For gods, like mortals, still are fond to prove,
 The genial source of pleasure and of love.

The nuptial-bed prepar'd, the sun retir'd,
 And sable night come on, by love desir'd,
 Phyllira, panting for the wish'd embrace,
 First on the couch of bliss now takes her place,
 No fear'd delays detain Palemon long,
 He mounts the bed, in youth and vigour strong.

Come, glowing Fancy! with the subject join,
 Describe those joys which are alone divine.
 Now heaves the nymph the coming stroke to aid,
 Her head reclining, and her limbs display'd;
 While the fond youth his utmost effort, gives
 That balmy treasure which the fair receives;

And

Till,

Till, lost in floods of joy, they seem to die,
 And breathe their souls out in a murm'ring sigh!
 Each ah! and oh! declares the height of bliss,
 And lips meet lips, to print a burning kiss.

But all description of this tender sport,
 Baffles the verse, and must indeed fall short,
 When youth and beauty are by Heaven design'd
 In the soft bands of Hymen to be join'd.
 The force of love, engaging breast to breast,
 May be conceiv'd, but cannot be express'd.

All night in joy they pass the hours away,
 And seem'd to wish the absence of the day;
 Yet then, and not till then, did soft repose,
 Their weary eyes in balmy slumbers close,
 Which well their over-acting limbs might suit,
 And give their tired spirits a recruit:
 For weary nature some relief requires,
 To aid again our over-warm desires.

Now ev'ry day, and each succeeding night,
 Appears a round of unappall'd delight:
 More calm their transports, yet their loves as true,
 As when at first they struck each other's view;
 For at first sight they lov'd, and sought the cause,
 To ease their passion by just Nature's laws.

The hours, the days, the weeks, all chearful
 flew,
 Till fair Phyllira far less slender grew;
 Her teeming womb her fruitfulness confess'd,
 Palemon's joy could hardly be express'd——
 A son he cried, great Hercules! like thee.
 A girl, Phyllira cried, a girl for me;
 A *snowy Pillar* to delight my eyes,
 And make my pains inferior to my joys.

Venus.

Venus, to thee I send my strong request,
 Attend my prayer, and make a parent blest:
 Grace her with beauty equal to thy own,
 And grant she may enjoy thy *magic zone*;
 That girdle bind about her infant waist,
 Which makes her lovely, and which keeps her
 chaste :

Then to your altars constantly I'll bow,
 And lift my hands, and pay the promis'd vow.

The queen of beauty granted her request——

A daughter came, with every charm confest:
 Her infant smiles gave exquisite delight;
 The rose was mingled with the lily white
 O'er all her limbs, but chiefly in her face,
 Where Nature's pencil lavish'd every grace :
 Her lively eyes bespoke her future sense,
 And much her doating parents hop'd from thence:
 Perfection seem'd in her to be alone,
 And so well guarded by the magic zone.
 Stellina now (for so they call'd the maid)
 The blooming charms of innocence display'd;
 Her prattle pleases every one alike,
 Her little actions each beholder strike;
 She roams about the cot, and on the lawn,
 Plays with a lambkin or some tender fawn,

But as her age increas'd, so did her mind,
 Just as her happy mother wish'd to find.
 To aid her growing reason, now they thought,
 A plan of education should be sought,
 Such as might suit with beauty, and with grace,
 And make her mind and person both take place;
 For beauty, join'd with folly, is a jest,
 And gains our wonder with contempt at best.

D

They

They taught her first in reading to excel,
 But seldom practis'd by each modern belle,
 Who such old-fashion'd education slight :
 What need a lady learn to read and write ?

In music next her mind they did improve,
 The science fit for beauty and for love ;
 She rivall'd all the little feather'd choir,
 And made the hapless Philomel retire
 To deeper shades, where only Echo dwells,
 And hides herself in rocks and mossy cells.

The graceful dance with care she studied too
 To charm beholders when she came in view :
 An easy carriage, with good manners join'd,
 Is sure to gain on every candid mind.

Thus perfected in all the arts to please,
 Taste, sentiment, and beauty, grace, and ease,

Perhaps some female critic here may cry,
 You've given a fine description, let me die—
 But, dear Sir, answer candidly, I pray,

What does your fine Stellina know of play ?

Routs, drums, ridottos, concerts, masquerades
 She did not even know the ace of spades.

O monstrous ignorance beyond compare :

Pray in what style, Sir, did she dress her hair ?

Had she no orris powder, or perfume ?

A French friseur she must have, I presume,

Faith, no ; kind Nature curl'd her auburn hair,

Which flow'd in ringlets o'er her shoulders bare

And, with a charming grace, was seen to deck,

The ivory whiteness of her well-turn'd neck.

Then for her dress ; had she Italian stays,

Or the bell-hoop, so charming now-a-day ;

The drawn-up gown, with flounce and furbelow;
 The white silk stocking, red Morocco shoe;
 Short petticoats, the ancle to display,
 That men may think of what's another way;
 The fine broad tucker round the swelling breast,
 The fashion is to shew a full round chest?

And then for ornament, a miniature,
 Which has a double meaning to be sure;
 Pins with large heads, in length about a foot,
 With some complete device genteely put?

O, darling fashion! what can equal be,
 Or in the world's comparable to thee?

Goddeſs of whims and fancies, thou art ſure
 Pride of the rich, and envy of the poor.

Such fashions never ſtruck Stellina's view,
 To Nature and her dictates ſtrictly true.

A thin ſpun robe her graceful perſon wore,
 Which ſhew'd each limb, and made each beauty
 more;

The Cyprian girdle circled round her waſt,
 And form'd in pleaſing folds her flowing veſt;
 Which, when ſhe walk'd or danc'd, at once diſ-
 play'd

The whole delighting beauty of the maid.

Now ſixteen years the nymph had paſs'd away,
 Still inoffenſive, innocent, and gay;

Guarded from folly by the zone ſhe wore,
 Though many youths the virgin did adore;

The darts of love unheeded flew around,
 Pointleſs to her, they fell upon the ground:

She laugh'd at every fond and ſighing ſwain,
 And thought it nonſenſe when he talk'd of pain.

Venus provok'd that charms by her design'd,
Should grace a person with so harsh a mind,
Repented she the myllic *girdle* gave,
And vow'd that she would make her soon her
slave.

Philander proper, vigorous, and young,
Had woo'd in vain the bright Stellina long;
Yet all his hopes her cruelty had crost,
His passion slighted, though he lov'd her most.
Oft in the grove he met the charming fair,
She fled, the moment that the youth came near:
Swift as the roe she darted from his view,
And vain was each endeavour to pursue:
In vain was all the language made to move;
No words were made to soften her to love:
Sweet liberty, she cry'd, is all to me,
The only happiness is to be free.
The blind boy, Cupid, with his store of darts,
With which he wounds the loose unguarded hearts,
Can never touch me while this girth I wear;
Then what have I from him, or Love, to fear?
Get but this girdle from my slender waist,
Then may you win, and I may be unchaste:
But that, by prudence guarded, ne'er can be;
So all may *love*, and none be *lov'd* by me.

The boast was vain; for Venus, on a day
When wild with youth, and full of wanton play;
Stellina, tir'd and faint, the green turf prest,
Sunk into sleep, and inoffensive rest;—
Now, cry'd the goddess, now, Philander, fly!
The time for genial happiness draws nigh:
Haste to the grove, undo the fatal zone,
And mak' Stellina's beauties all your own.

The tender impulse wing'd the lover's haste,
 Each hill and dale was in an instant past,
 And soon he gain'd the wish'd-for happy grove,
 Directed by the mighty queen of love:
 Softly, approach'd the fair, the buckle found,
 And soon the icy girdle was unbound:
 Nor yet awak'd the fair-one from her trance,
 Till he did further to her charms advance;
 Her airy robe he quickly threw aside,
 And view'd the nymph in all her naked pride:
 Her every charm enhanc'd his glowing bliss,
 He knelt, and gave the fount of joy a kiss:
 The mossy spot gave exquisite delight,
 And, while it warm'd the fancy, pleas'd the sight:
 But greater pleasure still remain'd behind,
 Which were by Venus' aid for him design'd.
 No longer hesitation was his foe:
 Nature was strong, and told him what to do:
 Gently he drew her naked limbs aside,——
 Where now alas! Stellina, is your pride:
 Your boasted guard is gone, the charm is o'er,
 Philander conquers, and shall sue no more.

She felt the tickling rapture at her heart,
 And hugg'd the youth, nor wish'd again to part;
 Return'd each kiss, and every pleasing move
 Which now he practis'd in the art of love.
 Full wak'd with ecstasy before unknown,
 She smil'd, and kiss'd—and banish'd every frown;
 And when the youth lay panting by her side,
 To raise him up to joy, again she tried:
 Her warm soft hand a genial glow imparts,
 And crowns alike the wishes of their hearts.
 Repeated transports crown'd the happy day.
 And secret night renew'd the pleasing play.

Stellina now we find no longer coy,
 But eagerly takes in the luscious joy ;
 Her chief delight to no one now confin'd,
 She grants her favours free as light, or wind ;
 Defies all modesty, and every way
 That art can think of in the am'rous play
 She tries :—Worsley or Newton can't with her
 compare,

So cheaply now she holds her C***** ware.

Her rare accomplishments, so highly priz'd,
 Are all neglected, or perhaps despis'd :
 Lascivious, wanton, in a high degree :
 In bagnios, and in brothels, who but she ?
 Her nature, temper, and her rural cot,
 Her tender parents, all alike forgot ;
 No more the rose's blush o'erspreads her face ;
 Lost is her charming form, and ev'ry grace ;
 Usurping lust has tainted all her mind,
 And not one trace of reason now we find !

Ye blooming beauties of the present day,
 Who may be innocent, although you're gay,
 Pause on this tale ; attend to honest Love,
 Lest you the fate of lost Stellina prove.
 If you are cruel, man will use each art,
 If not to win, to storm th'unguarded heart.
 Let lustful passions ne'er your bosoms sway,
 But banish vice and all her train away :
 So shall your age be happy as your youth,
 Renown'd alike for beauty, love, and truth ;
 But if to looser thoughts your hearts incline,
 Sorrow, and shame, and woe, must sure be thine !

DICK AND DOLL.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—*I'm like a skiff on the ocean tofs'd.*

AS one bright summer's sultry day,
 For sake of shade I sought the grove
 Thro' thickset-hedge, on top of hay,
 I met with mutual love :
 A youth with one arm round his pretty girl's waist,
 On small swelling breasts he his other hand plac'd,
 While she cry'd, " Dick, be still,
 " Pray tell me what's your will ?"

" I come (quoth Dick) to have some chat,"
 And close to her's, his lips he squeez'd ;
 " I guess (cries Doll) what you'd be at,
 " But now I won't be teaz'd,"
 She strove to rise up, but his strength held her down,
 She call'd out for help! and petition'd the clown,—
 " O Dick! dear, let me rise,
 " The sun puts out my eyes.

" I'll tear your soul out!—Lord! these men,
 " If ever—well—I won't submit.—
 " Why? what? the devil!—Curse me then!—
 " You'll fling me in a fit."

Down, like a bent lily, her head dropp'd assant,
 Her eyes lost the day-light, her breath became scant:
 And feebly, on her tongue
 Expiring accents hung.

The chorus birds sung o'er their heads,
 The breeze blew rustling thro' the grove,
 Sweet smelt the hay on new-mown meads,
 All seem'd the scene of love.

Dick offer'd to lift up the lass as she lay,
 A look, full of tenderness, told him to stay ;

“ So soon, Dick, will you go ?

“ I wish——dear me !——heigh ho !”

Vibrating with heart-heaving sighs,
 Her tucker trembling to and fro',
 Her crimson cheeks, her glist'ning eyes,
 Proclaim'd possession's glow.

Dick bid her farewell, but she, languishing, cry'd,
 As wanton she play'd by her fall'n shepherd's side :

“ A moment ! pray, sit still,

“ Since now you've had your will.”

“ Lord ! cries the girl, you hasty men,

“ Of love afford but one poor proof ;

“ Our fowls at home, each sparrow hen

“ Is ten times better off.—

“ No ! that you shou'd not, had I known your
 design,

“ But, since you've had your will, pray let me
 have mine ;

“ So, once more, ere we rise,

“ Do, dear Dick, save my eyes.”

E P I G R A M.

FROM THE GREEK.

PHILLIS, the gay, in robe of beauty drest,
Late on my lips a humid kiss impress;
The kiss was nectar which the fair bestow'd,
For in her am'rous breath a gale of nectar flow'd.
What love, ye gods! what raptures in her kiss!
My soul was drunk with ecstasy of bliss.

E P I G R A M.

FROM MARULLUS. BY THE EARL OF S—S.

A KISS from chaste Neæra's lips I stole,
But on those lips, in kissing, left my soul;
Incautious youth!—long time the loss I mourn'd,
And waited long, my soul still ne'er return'd!
At length, exanimate with slow delay,
I sent my heart to seek my soul astray;
But my poor heart, by beauty's pow'r enchain'd,
With my lost soul, and with the nymph remain'd:
'Then, Oh! unless, to foster this sad frame,
I from Neæra's lips draw vital flame;
'That day I kiss'd thee, must for ever prove
Wretched to me, the greatest wretch in love!

E P I G R A M.

WHEN Carlos 'tempted to be free,
 Flavilla cried, " My chastity !
 " Know all but virgins are my foes ;"
 She said no more—off dropp'd her nose.

E P I G R A M.

DID ladies now (as we are told
 Our great-grand-mother did of old)
 Wake to a sense of blasted fame,
 The *fig-tree* spoil to hide their *shame*,
 So num'rous are those modern Eves,
 A forest scarce could find them leaves.

E P I G R A M.

SCARCE had five months expir'd since Ralph
 did wed,
 When lo ! his fruitful wife was brought to bed.
 How now, quoth Ralph—this is *too soon*, my
 Kate ?
 No, Ralph, quoth she—you marry'd me *too late*.

LEFT UPON A YOUNG LADY'S TOILETTE.

BY R. B. S——N, ESQ

SOFT god of sleep, when next you steal
 To charming Cælia's eyes,
 To the dear maid in dreams reveal,
 Who 'tis that for her dies.

But, should the fair-one be displeas'd
 At the unwelcome theme,
 Fly her, and let her heart be eas'd
 By finding it a *dream*.

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES,
ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

SAID TO BE BY DR. B——Y.

BRIMFUL of anger—not of love,
 The champion sends his foe a glove;
 But I, that have a double share
 Of the softer passion—send a pair:
 Nor think it, dearest Delia, cruel
 That I invite you to a duel.
 Ready to meet you face to face,
 At any time, in any place,
 Nor shall I leave you in the lurch,
 Tho' you should dare to fix the church:
 There come equipp'd with all your charms,
 And ring and licence are my arms.
 I will th' unequal contest try,
 Resolv'd to fight, tho' sure to die.

TO

TO A LADY PLAYING AT QUADRILLE.

BY MR. T——LL.

THREE goddesses of old, on Ida's hill,
 Sat with young Paris, playing at quadrille :
 The shepherd held the hand ; but whom to call,
 'That was the doubt ; contention's fatal ball !
 Diamonds proud monarch Juno wav'd on high,
 Emblem of wealth, and pow'r, and majesty.
 But Pallas, hoping to inspire the youth
 With love of virtue, and a zeal for truth,
 Shew'd him the majesty of spades, thereby
 Inviting him to toil and industry ;
 Whilst Venus, practising her usual arts,
 Glanc'd at him, thrice, the majesty of hearts.
 But oh ! if you, Belinda, had been there,
 Adorn'd with such a face, with such an air !—
 So much good sense, with so much beauty join'd,
 So fair a face, enrich'd with such a mind,
 Would soon have fix'd his choice : In you we see,
 All the perfections of each deity.
 There are no charms, but what your presence brings,
 And, play who will, yet you hold all the kings !

 THE EPITHALAMIUM.

FROM SECUNDUS.

HAIL, genial hour !
 In myrtle bow'r

Of young-eyed pleasure born ;
 Whom wanton wiles,
 And jests, and smiles,
 And roseate sports adorn.

Sweet hour, all hail ! *
 With envy pale,
 Which Jove himself might see ;
 And own at least
 His nectar'd feast
 Equall'd, sweet hour ! by thee.

No happier hour,
 The Gnydian pow'r
 Could on blest man bestow :
 Nor he, who reigns
 O'er farthest plains,
 God of the fatal bow.

Young Cupid ! wild
 As any child,
 Who shakes his purple wings ;
 And some rich joy,
 Delicious boy !
 On ev'ry sorrow flings :

Nor thou, great queen,
 Unrivall'd seen,
 With wond'rous grace to move ;
 At love's high feast,
 A bidden guest,
 Sister, and wife of Jove.

* *Nox felicibus, &c.*

BONEFON. Pancheri

That night,
 Which gods wou'd envy, if they knew :
 A night so pleasant Juno can't bestow,
 Nor could the Queen of Love with Mars a better know.

ANON

Nor Hymen, thou,
 Upon the brow
 Of tuneful mountain born;
 Who dwell'ft in bow'rs
 Of am'rous flow'rs;
 And, from her mother torn,

Lead'ft much afraid,
 Much pleas'd the maid,
 (Midft doubts, and hopes, and sighs,)
 To the dear youth,
 Who full of truth
 In wild expectation lies.

O hour of blifs!
 To equal this
 Olympus ftives in vain:
 O happy pair!
 O happy fair!
 O happy, happy fwain!

Hail, wedded boy!
 Whofe only joy
 Soon in thy arms fhall reft;
 And face to face,
 In fond embrace,
 Sink gently on thy breaft:

She! who all day
 An infant lay
 Prattling at beauty's feet;
 Who kifs'd the child,
 And, as it fmil'd,
 Breath'd o'er it ev'ry sweet;

Breath'd

Breath'd charms so bright,
That at the sight
Venus shrunk back with awe;
And from her skies,
With envious eyes,
Indignant Juno saw

A nobler mein:
E'en Wisdom's Queen,
With female anger glow'd;
And ask'd what chance,
At each proud glance,
Such matchless gifts bestow'd?

Should they all three,
Once more agree
To visit Ida's shade;
And should again
The shepherd swain
Be of the contest made

Sole judge: no more
To Paphos' bow'r,
Would laughing Venus bear
The prize away;
No longer say,
"I'm fairest of the fair!"

But with one choice,
With one loud voice,
Her's would the Apple be,
In features, sense,
And elegance,
Who most resembled thee.

O hour of bliss !
 To equal this
 Olympus strives in vain :
 O happy pair !
 O happy fair !
 O happy, happy swain !

Hail, happy bride
 Thy husband's pride,
 Who soon in eager fold,
 The conscious bed
 With blushes red,
 Thy virgin neck shall hold.

Long hath the fire
 Of slow desire
 His early prime consum'd ;
 Marking, as blows
 The opening rose,
 How thy young beauties bloom'd ;

Thy breasts of snow ;
 Thy lips that glow
 In health divinely warm ;
 And thy bright hair,
 With artless care,
 Whose wanton ringlets charm.

“ Ne'er will the sun
 “ His circuit run ? ”
 Impatient of delay,
 He sighing cries :
 “ O moon arise !
 “ O come, O come away !

“ Come,

" Come, mildly bright,
 " Pure orb of light !
 " To thee such scenes belong :
 " Come ev'ry star !
 " And from afar
 " Begin the bridal song."

O hour of bliss !
 To equal this
 Olympus strives in vain :
 O happy pair !
 O happy fair !
 O happy, happy swain !

Cease, cease thy fears,
 Thy vows, thy tears,
 O, fervent bridegroom ! cease :
 Soon shall thy heart,
 No more to part,
 Resume its long-lost peace.

Soon from her throne
 Of Cygnet's down,
 With many a chaplet gay,
 Love's constant friend !
 Shall Venus bend,
 And chide the ling'ring day.

She chides ;——and see,
 The burning sea
 Its radiant god receives ;
 Faintly he gleams,
 And his shorn beams
 In blushing billows laves.

See,

See, in her hand
 An ebon wand,
 How his lov'd sister guides
 Her silver car,
 Sweet wanderer !
 Climbing heav'n's crystal sides,

Mark too that star,
 To virgins dear,
 Hesper ! with glitt'ring head ;
 Who loves his train
 O'er the blue plain
 In golden ranks to lead.

O hour of bliss !
 To equal this
 Olympus strives in vain :
 O happy pair !
 O happy fair !
 O happy, happy swain !

Now shall the maid
 At length be laid,
 O rich, unspotted prize ;
 Now youth beware,
 Be yours the care,
 That she no maid arise.

Now, plac'd in bed,
 With unfeign'd red
 Her beauteous face shall glow :
 Nor shall the fear
 Thy tread to hear,
 And hope, and wish it now.

Perhaps

Perhaps a tear,
 As crystal clear,
 In trickling haste may flow;
 Perhaps with sighs
 Your heart she tries,
 Or murm'ring vents her woe.

But mind not thou
 The tears that flow,
 Mind not the piteous sigh;
 Soft-soothing speak,
 And her wet cheek
 Wipe with thy kisses dry.

O hour of bliss!
 To equal this
 Olympus strives in vain!
 O happy pair!
 O happy fair!
 O happy, happy swain!

Thus when supine
 With limbs divine
 She prints the nuptial bed;
 And like a flow'r
 With hasty show'r
 O'ercome, her virgin head

Hangs down in shame;
 When o'er her frame
 Soft languors gently creep,
 And the clos'd eye,
 Unknowing why,
 Attempts in vain to sleep;

When

When at the side
 Of thy dear bride
 Thou liest, Dione's care!
 Happier in love
 Than am'rous Jove,
 Than monarchs happier far!

Then, in full tides
 Whilst vigour glides
 Trembling thro' ev'ry vein,
 Begin the fight
 Of fierce delight,
 Of pleasure mixt with pain.

Then, let the kifs
 Of humid blifs
 O'er her sweet body fly;
 O'er her warm cheek,
 Her eyes, her neck,
 And lips of luscious dye.

Oft shall she cry, †
 "O cruel! fy!"
 Oft, weeping, say, "forbear:"
 Oft shall her hand
 Your lips withstand;
 Oft meet you, you know where.

O night

† *Pugnabit primo fortassis, et "Improbe" dicet;
 Pugnando vinci sed tamen illa volet.*

OVID. Art. Amat. Lib. I.

Struggling, perhaps she'll cry, "nay don't be rude;"
 Yet, in her struggles, hopes to be subdued.

O night of blifs!
 To equal this
 Olympus strives in vain:
 O happy pair!
 O happy fair.
 O happy, happy swain!

Much, in defence
 Of innocence,
 Of virtue's nicest laws,
 Will the dear maid
 Affrighted plead;
 And urge a moment's pause.

In vain she strives;
 Enjoyment lives
 On such endear'd delays;
 And the wild fire
 Of fierce desire,
 Oppos'd, the wilder plays.

Hence, proud in arms
 O'er her rich charms,
 With nimblest strength you move;
 Hence, bolder grown,
 To the great throne
 Of love, insatiate rove. *

What

* *Nunc saltu, &c.*

BONEFON.

Sometimes I kiss her snowy neck,
 In raptures rove from grace to grace;
 Then gently mark her rosy cheek,
 At last her thighs I freely trace;
 Thighs smooth as marble, white as snows that fall!
 Where Cupid centry stands, to guard his mother's All.

ANON.

What vast excels
Of happiness;
In show'rs of kisses veil'd,
When her soft cries
In softer sighs
You drown, and win the field !

O night of blifs !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Not but he'll speak
In accents meek,
Pleading his tale of love ;
Soft ! as when plays
The filken breeze,
That wakes the whisp'ring grove.

Soft ! as when coos
The dove, that woos
His mate in vernal bow'rs ;
Or, with sweet throat,
When last her note
The swan expiring pours.

Till, vanquish'd quite
In the fond fight,
O'ercome by Cupid's dart ;
She lends her ear,
In blushing fear,
And yields her virgin heart ;

Till,

Till, that she lies
 All bare, and cries,
 " Sweet, lovely murd'rer, come !"
 Expands her arms,
 Unfolds her charms,
 And panting waits her doom.

O night of bliss !
 To equal this
 Olympus strives in vain :
 O happy pair !
 O happy fair !
 O happy, happy swain !

Then shall thy lip,
 Delighted, sip
 The dew of nectar'd bliss ;
 Then shall thy soul,
 Without controul,
 Enjoy the ling'ring kifs.

Then thy rich smiles,
 And wanton wiles,
 As wanton she'll return ;
 With raptures sweet,
 Thy raptures meet ;
 And, as thou burnest, burn.

Then close to thine
 Her mouth shall join,
 Sucking voluptuous breath ;
 Till, on one sigh
 Of ecstasy,
 Both touch the verge of death :

Till that, more gay,
 In am'rous play,
 The genial couch she shakes;
 Warm, livelier sports
 Inventive courts,
 And what she wishes speaks :

O night of blifs !
 To equal this
 Olympus strives in vain :
 O happy pair !
 O happy fair !
 O happy, happy swain !

Then, then " to arms !"
 The queen of charms ;
 " To arms !" young Cupid cries :
 They hear, they fly ;
 Resolv'd to die,
 Or win the glorious prize.

They pant, they bleed ;
 Who shall succeed,
 Who best the contest wage :
 Now their sole care,
 Love's nimble spear,
 Provoking mutual rage.

That wond'rous spear,
 Great God of war !
 Which not thy sister guides :
 But one more dear,
 Thy mistress fair !
 Who at these sports presides ;

Who, in such fights
Well-pleas'd, delights
The last, great thrust to spy :
Who loves to see
Coy chastity
A bleeding victim lie.

Mark, with what heat
They struggling meet !
How ev'ry limb's employ'd ;
Till at the last,
Consuming fast,
Enjoying, and enjoy'd,

They gasp for breath ; *
A moment's death
Th' enervate body knows ;
While, on each side,
Love's various tide
In streams of pleasure flows.

O night of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Rest,

* *Hæc nos, &c.*

BONEFON.

Tir'd with war,
A gentle sweat our limbs bedews ;
Panting, we long engag'd ; but at the last,
Love flags, our spirits droop, the happy moment's past.

E

ANON.

Rest, take your ease :
 May sports like these,
 With many a conscious moon,
 Be oft renew'd;
 As oft be view'd
 By many a blushing fun !

And, O blest pair ! †
 May offsprings dear
 Soon crown your fond embrace ;
 Soon may there rise,
 To glad your eyes,
 A long and beauteous race !

Whose converse gay
 Will chase away
 Each heart-consuming care ;
 Whose infant smile
 Those pains beguile,
 Those pains you're doom'd to bear !

And, when old age
 Life's whitest page
 Shall from your sight remove ;
 Who on your bier
 Will drop a tear,
 The tear of filial love !

† *Ludite ut libet, et brevi
 Liberos date.*

CATUL. Epithal. Manlii & Junii

Oh ! still pursue your sports of love,
 And may those sports soon fruitful prove !

Rest, take your ease,
 For sports like these
 New strength, new vigour gain;
 Rest, happy pair!
 Rest, happy fair!
 Rest, happy, happy swain!

ANACREON TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY DR. BROOME.

THE gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
 And steal them from themselves away.
 Transform'd by their almighty hands,
 Sad Niobe an image stands:
 And Philomel upborne on wings,
 Through air her mournful story sings.
 Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,
 The happy change I wish, allow;
 Thy envy'd mirror I would be,
 That thou might'st always gaze on me;
 And, could my naked heart appear,
 Thou'dst see thyself—for thou art there!
 Or were I made thy folding vest,
 That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast!
 Or, turn'd into a fount, to lave,
 Thy naked beauties in my wave!
 Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,
 To warm those little hills of snow:
 Thy ointment, in rich fragrant streams,
 To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;

Thy chain of shining pearl, to deck,
And close embrace thy graceful neck ;
A very fandal I would be,
To tread on—if trod on by thee.

ON A DISK, REPRESENTING VENUS

FROM ANACREON. BY THE HON. MR. G—E.

RARE artist, whose inventive skill,
Could this orb with wonders fill !
Where the mimic ocean glides
Soft, with well-dissembled tides ;
The waves seem floating, and above
Shines the beauteous queen of love : *
The workman's fancy mounted high,
And stole th' idea from the sky.
Transporting sight !—the waves conceal
But what 'twere impious to reveal !
She, like some flower all blossom'd gay,
Shines along the smiling way.

The

* There are several epigrams in the fourth book of the *Anthologia*, on Venus rising from the sea. I shall give a translation of one of them, beginning,

Ταν ἐκφυγσαν, κ. τ. λ.

Apelles, rapt in sweet surprize,
Saw Venus from the ocean rise ;
What art before could never give,
He made the breathing picture live.
Her radiant locks luxuriant flow'd,
Her lovely eyes serenely glow'd ;
Like two round apples ripe, her breast
Rose, gently suing to be prest.

The amorous waters, as she swims,
 Crowd to embrace her snowy limbs;
 Then, proudly swelling to be prest,
 Beneath her snowy fragrant breast
 Ambitiously up-rise on high,
 And lift the goddess to the sky;
 And, while her lucid limbs they lave,
 She brightens the transparent wave:
 So violets enlighten'd glow,
 Surrounded by the lily's snow.

But see! a lovely smiling train,
 Conspicuous o'er the limpid main,
 The queen attends! in triumph moves
 Gay Cupid with his laughing loves.
 On Dolphins borne, in state they ride,
 And beautify the silver tide:
 Dancing around, in shoals they play,
 And humble adoration pay.

Rare art, that life to phantoms gives!
 See! see! a second Venus lives.

ON A LADY'S WEDDING BEING ON THE
 TWENTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

BY C — F —.

RETURN'D from the op'ra, as lately I sat,
 Indiff'rently chatting of this thing and that;
 My Chloe I ask'd, how it enter'd her head,
 To fix on St. Thomas', of all days, to wed?
 To which she replied, with reason the strongest,
 "Tho' shortest the day is—the night, Sir, is long-
 est."

E P I G R A M.

WHEN wedded Nell was brought to bed,
 She scream'd and roar'd with pain;
 She'd rather die a maid, she said,
 Was it to do again.

Pray have a little patience, Nell,
 And say, why now this pother?
 Before your marriage you could tell
 What 'twas to be a mother.

S O N G.

BY C——L T——.

WHEN Fanny, blooming fair,
 First caught my ravish'd sight;
 Struck with her shape and air,
 I felt a strange delight:
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring ev'ry part,
 And ev'ry feature prais'd,
 She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes,
 Ten thousand loves appear;
 There Cupid basking lies,
 His shafts are hoarded there.
 Her blooming cheeks are dy'd,
 With colour all their own,
 Excelling far the pride,
 Of roses newly blown.

Her

Her well-turn'd limbs confess,
 The lucky hand of Jove;
 Her features all express
 The beauteous queen of love:
 What flames my nerves invade,
 When I behold the breast
 Of that too charming maid
 Rise, suing to be press'd!

Venus round Fanny's waist,
 Has her own cestus bound,
 With guardian Cupids grac'd,
 Who dance the circle round.
 How happy must he be,
 Who shall her zone unloose!
 That bliss to all, but me,
 May heaven and she refuse.

S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

WHENEVER, Chloe, I begin,
 Your heart, like mine, to move,
 You tell me of the crying sin,
 Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin,
 Which gave to Chloe birth?
 How can those joys but be divine,
 Which makes a heaven on earth?

To wed, mankind the priests trepann'd
 By some sly fallacy,
 And disobey'd God's great command,
 "Increase and multiply."

You say that love's a crime; content;
 Yet this allow you must,
 More joy's in heav'n, if one repent,
 Than over ninety just.

Sin then, dear girl, for heaven's sake,
 Repent, and be forgiven;
 Bless me, and by repentance make
 A holy day in heav'n.

O N A F A N.

BY L——D J. T——.

*In which the story of Cephalus and Procris was
 painted, with the motto, "Aura veni."*

COME, gentle air, th' Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the secret shade.
 Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
 Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play:
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound.
 Both gifts destructive to the giver prove;
 Alike both lovers fall, by those they love.

Yet

Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives ;
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she
gives :

She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

BY LORD LYTTLETON.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind ?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest !
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast ?

Alas ! by some degree of woe,
We every bliss must gain ;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

KISSING. A SONG.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—*In pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that
had stray'd.*

YE delicate lovelies, with leave, I maintain,
That happiness here you may find ;
To yourselves I appeal for felicity's reign,
When you meet with a man to your mind.

When

When gratitude friendship to fondness unites,
 Inexpressive endearments arise :
 Then hopes, fears, and fancies, strange doubts,
 and delights,
 Are announc'd by those tell-tales, the eyes.

Those technical terms, in the science of love,
 Cold schoolmen attempt to describe ;
 But how should they paint what they never can
 prove ;
 For tenderness knows not their tribe.

Of all the abuse on enjoyment that's thrown,
 The treatment love takes most amiss,
 Is the rant of the coxcomb, the sot, and the clown
 Who pretend to indulge on a kiss.

The love of a fribble at self only aims ;
 For sots and clowns—class them with beasts.
 No fibre, no atom, have they in their frames,
 To relish such delicate feasts.

In circling embraces, when lips to lips move,
 Description, oh ! teach me to praise,
 The Overture Kiss to th' Op'ra of Love—
 But beauty would laugh at the phrase.

Love's preludes are kisses, and after the play,
 They fill up the pause of delight :
 The rich repetitions, which never decay,
 The lips' silent language at night.

The raptures of kissing we only can taste,
 When sympathies equal inspire ;
 And while to enjoyment, unbounded, we haste,
 Their breath blows the coals of desire.

Again,

Again, and again, and again beauty sips ;
 What feelings these pressures excite !
 When fleeting life's stopp'd by a kiss of the lips,
 Then sinks in a sigh of delight.

LAMENTABLE CASE.

Submitted to the Bath Physicians.

BY SIR C. H. WILLIAMS.

YE fam'd physicians of this place,
 Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case,
 Nor think that I am joking ;
 When she wou'd, he cannot comply,
 When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry ;
 And is not this provoking ?

At night when Strephon comes to rest,
 Chloe receives him on her breast,
 With fondly-folding arms :
 Down, down he hangs his drooping head,
 Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,
 Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,
 With rising flames young Strephon burns,
 And fain, wou'd fain be doing ;
 But Chloe, now asleep or sick,
 Has no great relish for the trick,
 And sadly baulks his wooing.

O cruel

O cruel and disastrous case,
 When in the critical embrace,
 That only one is burning!
 Dear doctors, set this matter right,
 Give Strephon spirits over night,
 Or Chloe in the morning.

TO LYDIA.

BY THE D—E OF D—.

LOVELY Lydia! lovely maid!
 Either rose in thee's display'd;
 Roses of a blushing red,
 O'er thy lips and cheeks are shed;
 Roses of a paly hue
 In thy fairer charms we view,
 Now thy braided hair unbind;
 Now luxuriant, unconfin'd
 Let thy wavy tresses flow;
 Tresses bright, of burnish'd glow
 Bare thy iv'ry neck, my fair!
 Now thy snowy shoulders bare;
 Bid the vivid lustre rise,
 In thy passion-streaming eyes;
 See, the lucent meteors gleam!
 See, they speak the wishful flame
 And how gracefully above,
 Modell'd from the bow of love,
 Are thy arching brows display'd,
 Soft'ning in a sable shade!

Let

Let a warmer crimson streak
 The velvet of thy downy cheek :
 Let thy lips, that breathe perfume,
 Deeper purple now assume :
 Give me little billing kisses,
 Intermixt with murmur'ing blisses.
 Soft, my love!—my angel, stay!—
 Soft!—you suck my breath away :
 Drink the life-drops of my heart ;
 Draw my soul from ev'ry part :
 Scarce my senses can sustain,
 So much pleasure, so much pain !
 Hide thy broad voluptuous breast !
 Hide that balmy heav'n of rest !
 See, to feast th' enamour'd eyes,
 How the snowy hillocks rise !
 Parted by the luscious vale,
 Whence luxurious sweets exhale :
 Nature fram'd thee but t'inspire,
 Never-ending, fond desire !
 Again, above its envious vest,
 See, thy bosom heaves confess !
 Hide the rapt'rous dear delight !
 Hide it from my ravish'd sight !
 Hide it!—for thro' all my soul,
 Tides of madd'ning transport roll :
 Venting now th' impassion'd sigh,
 See me languish, see me die !
 Tear not from me then thy charms !
 Snatch, oh snatch me to thy arms !
 With a life-inspiring kiss,
 Wake my sinking soul to bliss !

O N L E S B I A.

BY L—D S—.

WHEN beauteous Lesbia fires my melting
 soul,
 (She, who the torch and bow from Cupid stole)
 By many a smile, by many an ardent kiss;
 And with her teeth imprints the tell-tale bliss:
 Thro' all my frame the madding transport glows,
 Thro' ev'ry vein the tide of rapture flows.
 As many stars as o'er heav'n's concave shine,
 Or clusters as adorn the fruitful vine;
 So many blandishments, voluptuous joys,
 T' inflame my breast, the wily maid employs.
 But dearest Lesbia! gentle mistress! say,
 Why thus d'ye wound my lips in am'rous play?
 With kisses, smiles, and ev'ry wanton art,
 Why raise the burning fever of my heart?
 Let us, my love! on yon soft couch reclin'd,
 Each other's arms around each other twin'd,
 Yield to the pleasing force of strong desire;
 And panting, struggling, both at once expire!
 For, oh, my Lesbia! sure that death is sweet,
 Which lovers in the fond contention meet!

THE PASTIME OF VENUS.

FROM BONEFONIUS.

IN T E N T to frame some new design of bliss,
 The wanton Cyprian Queen compos'd a kiss:

An ample portion of ambrosial juice,
 With mystic skill she temper'd first for use ;
 This done, her infant work was well bedew'd
 With choicest nectar ; and o'er all she strew'd
 Part of that honey which sly Cupid stole,
 Much to his cost, and blended with the whole ;
 Then, that soft scent which from the violet flows,
 She mixt with spoils of many a vernal rose ;
 Each gentle blandishment in love we find,
 Each graceful winning gesture next she join'd ;
 And all those joys that in her zone abound,
 Made up the kifs, and the rich labour crown'd .
 Consid'ring now what beauteous nymph might
 prove

Worthy the gift, and worthy of her love ;
 She fixt on Chloe, as her fav'rite maid ;
 To whom the goddess sweetly-smiling said :
 " Take this, my fair ! to perfect ev'ry grace,
 And on thy lips the fragrant blessing place."

CUPID STRAY'D.

YES, beauteous queen—thy son, they say,
 My wanton son, is gone astray :——
 Oh, Venus, more ;——'tis said, from thee,
 A kifs the sweet reward shall be
 To any swain, who truly tells
 Where 'tis thy little wand'rer dwells :
 Then grieve no more, nor drop a tear ;
 Or know, the little urchin's here ;
 He, from the search of vulgar eyes,
 Conceal'd within my bosom lies,

Now, goddess, as I've told thee this,
Give me, oh give the promis'd kifs!

KISS OF BONEFONIUS.

CLASP'D, sweet maid, in thy embrace,
While I view thy smiling face,
And the sweets with rapture sip,
Flowing from thy honied lip;
Then I taste, in heav'nly state,
All that's happy, all that's great:
But when you forsake my arms,
And displeasure clouds your charms;
Sudden I, who prov'd so late
All that's happy, all that's great,
Prove the tortures of a ghost,
Wand'ring on the Stygian coast.

DESIGN OF A KISS.

AH! can'st thou, cruel nymph! suppose,
One kifs rewards thy am'rous youth;
Enough rewards his tender woes;
His long, long constancy, and truth?
Think not thy promis'd kindness paid
By simple kissing;—for the kifs
Is but an earnest, beauteous maid!
Of more substantial, future bliss:

Sweet kisses only were design'd,
 Our warmer raptures to improve;
 Kisses were meant soft vows to bind;
 Were silent pledges meant of love.

THE POET'S TALE;
 OR, THE CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

BY R. B. S——, ESQ.

BRIDES, in all countries, have been reckon'd,
 For the first night, timid and coolish,
 If they continue so the second,
 They always have been reckon'd foolish.
 The reason's obvious and plain—
 In many nice and ticklish cases,
 There's much to lose, and nought to gain,
 By affectation and grimaces:
 A bridegroom, on the second night,
 Whipt off the bedcloaths in surprize,
 Behold, my dear, said he, a sight,
 Enough to make your choler rise.
 She turn'd away as red as scarlet,
 Whilst he continu'd, pray behold;
 Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,
 That looks so impudent and bold.
 This is the fifteenth time, in vain,
 He hath been sent to jail and fetter'd;
 But there's no prison can contain
 A prison-breaker like JACK SHEPHERD.

The bride turn'd round, and took her place,
 After some studying and thinking—
 Said she, recovering her face,
 Tho' modesty still kept her winking :
 In vain the vagabond's committed,
 And to hard work and labour sent,
 If you, his keeper, are outwitted
 By his pretending to repent.
 You treat him ruggedly and hard,
 Whilst any insolence appears,
 But you're disarm'd, and off your guard,
 The moment that he falls in tears.
 Now you must know that I suspect
 A fellow-feeling in such shape,
 Or else you would not, through neglect,
 Let him continually escape.
 I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,
 That you'll deliver him to me,
 And suffer me to keep him there,
 'Till I consent to set him free.

E P I S T L E

FROM L—Y W——Y, TO A FEMALE FRIEND,
 SINGLE, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE NUPTIAL
 JOYS.

LUCY, to you this simple verse I send,
 My old companion, and my constant friend ;
 When school-day chat employ'd our youthful hours
 And fancy strew'd the path of life with flow'rs,

Oft have we sat beneath the verdant shade,
 And talk'd of love while we our samplers made ;
 Love in idea, for the real sweet
 Our infant-bosoms were too young to meet :
 Yet as time circled round his varied course,
 Our growing years discover'd soon its source ;
 That men to females gave the genial joy,
 And women them that sweet which ne'er can
 cloy :

From wanton boys at first the cause we guess'd,
 Whose naked parts, when bathing, were confess'd ;
 How, when we pass'd the pool where those were
 seen,

The fan has been before our eyes a screen ;
 While virgin-blushes crimson'd o'er the cheek,
 Our bosoms heav'd for what we dar'd not speak ;
 We look'd aside sometimes, and stole a peep
 Of that which oft return'd in pleasing sleep ;
 When sportive Morpheus brought unto our arms
 The youthful boy, in all his glowing charms !
 How have we toss'd and tumbled in the bed,
 Flung round our arms, nay, every limb was spread ;
 Till sportive nature, in her wanton schemes,
 Wak'd us with joys—which prov'd, alas ! but
 dreams.

Advancing still to womanhood a-pace,
 How have we long'd to run love's pleasing race ;
 Yet check'd by fear, and dread of future shame,
 Have us'd vile means our heated blood to tame ;
 With lewd contrivances, all senseless, dull,
 You know, my Lucy, oft we've play'd the fool ;
 And try'd to gain (oh ! most deceiving plan)
 That bliss of blisses only found in man.

Virgins, you know, by custom 'tis decreed,
Must ne'er the bounds of modesty exceed;
Must shut their eyes and ears at nature's call,
And cold-form'd prudence still must govern all;
Nor dare indulge the sweetly-pleasing flame,
For loss of chastity is loss of fame!

That vapour, which with men improves the bliss
(For more they're valued, as the more they kiss)
No dread of swelling wombs from am'rous play,
No check from prudence, or from parents, they
But, uncontroul'd, may ramble all abroad,
Each bush and thicket beat to catch love's bird;
Ransack the nest, and wild as fancy roam,
Nor chiding fear, at their returning home.

Thanks to my stars, the day of trial's past,
And I have gain'd love's haven at the last;
Secure in Hymen's temple I am bound,
And all the joys of sweet fruition found;
Which no false delicacy shall with-hold,
But shall with glowing heart to you be told;
You, who still labour in a barren field,
Which no delight, and no increase can yield;
You, who a maiden's name are forc'd to bear,
And, with that seeming-honour, every care;
For care is with virginity combin'd,
And both alike, you know, disturb the mind.

But not to keep you in suspense, my dear,
I'll now describe what must delight your ear;
Tell all the rapture, all the joy that's mine;
(Oh, may an equal share be quickly thine!)
From dull restraint that soon you may be freed
And taste the real joys of love indeed.

My mother always wish'd to see me wed,
 And a good husband fill'd my father's head;
 I with their wish still modestly complied,
 Yet long'd devoutly 'till I was a bride.
 A youthful Captain from Hibernia's shore,
 With every charm to please, at last came o'er;
 Well recommended, of our table free,
 Of all our guests ——— the Captain who but
 he;

Gay was his air, and sweetly he could woo,
 He won my heart—I think my mother's too.

An honourable lover once profess'd;
 To me my father kindly left the rest,
 Not doubting but the lessons I'd imbib'd,
 (Which are to every girl alike describ'd)
 Would make my virtue hold his courtship out,
 Nor yield before the time should come about:
 When I, as law directs, my charms might yield,
 And let the Captain conquer in love's field.

To win my heart I found was his intent,
 For every night to balls and routs we went;
 The play, the opera, or the masquerade,
 In every place where pleasure was display'd,
 I and the Captain constantly were found,
 True votaries in fashion's charming round;
 At dear Vauxhall how oft we've pass'd the night,
 And mix'd with mirth and music sweet delight;
 Oft in the darkest grove have kiss'd and toy'd,
 And felt of things true lovers can't avoid;
 Ev'n prudence then had like to've lost her sway,
 And wanton Cupid gain'd o'er her, the day;
 But Fate preserv'd me for the happy hour,
 To give me decently into his pow'r;

And the sweet rose-bud of my maidenhead
Be lost in form upon the marriage-bed.

For this what preparations were display'd,
Flounces and furbelows, of rich brocade;
But afterwards the Captain let me know,
What he lik'd best was still the *furbelow*.

At length bright Phœbus usher'd in the morn,
By much the sweetest sure since I was born;
The bridal maids attended all in white,
It was indeed a most enchanting sight;
The bridemen too most gaily did appear,
But none so charming as my only dear;
Tall and erect, he handed me along,
The grace, and envy of the gazing throng!
What wishes did engage the lasses then,
What were their thoughts, dear Lucy, of the men?
From roving eyes and downcast looks, no doubt,
Your active fancy quickly will make out.

For me, I walk'd so modest and demure,
Some took me for an angel to be sure;
But could they trace the movements of my mind,
A very mortal they would surely find.

Before the priest and altar now I stand,
And, as the law directs, join hand in hand,
Sweet junction! which I rightly did divine,
In a few hours some other things would join.

The ceremony now was quickly read,
(Indeed I scarce remember what was said);
Honour I heard, and something like *obey*,
Which I may know, perhaps, another day;
To *love* and *cherish*, that was utter'd plain,
With all his strength, with all his might and main
O! "love and cherish!" charming words are these,
To love and cherish every one must please

And

And my dear Captain is so very kind,
He cherishes, and loves, just to my mind!

The wedding-dinner and the supper past,
The chiefest pleasure, Lucy, comes at last;
Disrob'd of all my finery of dress,
In virgin-smock the snowy sheets I press;
Snowy at present—soon another shew
Their white shall stain, and leave a crimson hue!
The maids withdrawn, and far remov'd the light,
The Captain enters, well prepar'd for fight;
The amorous fight, which shall in blood commence,
Awhile to wound, yet soon enchant each sense.

Ye virgin Muses of Parnassus'-hill,
There, with your chastity, continue still;
No aid I ask from you—but Venus, thee,
I ask to lend assistance unto me,
While I describe the fierce encounter, where
I lost my maidenhead, and virgin fear;
Thou who warm wishes to young bosoms send,
The youth's best guide, and tender miss's friend:
Goddess of joy, and never-tiring sport!
Thy aid, bright Venus! only now I court;]
Give thy assistance, bid the picture glow
With all the charms thy colouring can bestow.

Trembling, and panting, for the wish'd embrace,
The fiery lover soon assumes his place;
The fount of love awhile he seeks in vain,
I grasp my shift, his fury to restrain;
His fury from restraint more ardent grows,
And from the bed the coverlid he throws;
With one rude rent my lily shift he tore,
And open laid what cover'd was before;
Then, with his finger first, he gropes about
To find the center of all raptures out;

That

That once obtain'd, he plunges dreadful in
 A thing, to name, would be a mortal sin;
 At first, indeed, it some resistance found,
 But soon was with a noble conquest crown'd;
 I smarted much, but straight a flood of joy
 Did every fear and every harm destroy.

Such home-felt thrusts, with vigour so pursu'd,
 With an enchanting frenzy seiz'd my blood;
 A clammy dew o'er every limb was spread,
 With murm'ring sighs I turn'd aside my head;
 Yet to his ardent wishes did bestow
 From nature's fountain a capacious flow.

Believe me, Lucy, such the joys I shar'd,
 None else, on earth, are possibly compar'd:
 No wonder love in every age has been
 The idol! chief ador'd in every scene;
 Whether with shepherds on the rural plain,
 Or in the courts where kings and princes reign;
 To all it does the sweetest joys dispense,
 The only certain good of Providence!

The charming youth, from sport could not
 refrain,

But soon he mounts the throne of joys again!
 Again begins to run another course,
 With equal charms, and with as equal force;
 Plunges all manly his subduing dart,
 Sinks me with joys that overflow my heart;
 'Till kind emission bids him rest once more,
 And softer dalliance shall his strength restore.

Lock'd in each other's arms, awhile we lay
 And kiss, and chat about the amorous play:
 O'er every part his ready fingers rove,
 Now press my rising breasts, and now the fount of
 love;

'Till strong emotions bid those joys renew,
 (Which soon, dear Lucy, must be known to you)
 For sure a girl with such a glowing heart,
 Must in love's sports ere long perform a part.

"All night the dauntless hero kept his way,"
 Nor did we slumber till the dawn of day;
 Then, in sweet dreams, we melted into bliss,
 And gave, in sleep, to each the humid kiss.
 But, lo! my officious mother opes the door,
 And wakes to breakfast at th' accustom'd hour;
 My husband rises, but recumbent I,
 (For rest was needful)—something longer lie.

At length the maids repair to see me dress'd,
 From their sly looks their wanton thoughts I
 guess'd!

What buzzing hosts of visitors appear,
 With 'How do y' do? I wish you joy, my dear!'
 I wish'd their tongues would other themes employ,
 For faith I could not tell them half my joy;
 The Captain kindly comes to my relief,
 My only wish, of all my joys the chief!
 From those impertinents who'd bliss delay,
 We tip the wink, and slyly steal away;
 To a snug room we haste, make fast the door,
 And play the game so lately play'd before;
 There on a couch, he feasts his roving eyes,
 And views each secret charm with great surprize;
 Kisses that spot from whence his pleasure flows!
 And then a benediction large bestows.

The elastic tube, which gave me so much joy,
 Does now the wonder of my eyes employ;
 Its ruby crest, bright-rising to the sight,
 Gave, to behold, most exquisite delight:

I strok'd

I strok'd the marble pillar with my hand,
 And, as it grew, I found my bliss expand !
 'Till once again we tried the charming sport,
 And the sweet Captain storm'd again love's fort.

Thus, every day, and every coming night,
 For one whole month we pass'd in sweet delight !
 To tell the times ! as easy might we trace
 The varied tribes that varied Flora grace ;
 Not all the sweets of all her lovely flow'rs
 Were nothing near so sweet as what was ours,
 And yet remain :—for tho' fond nature cools,
 Yet tender sentiments each bosom rules ;
 The wish to please in every gentle art,
 And in domestic business take a part :
 To sooth each anxious care, if care intrude,
 True to each other, as no doubt we should :
 To join sometimes in folly's happy ring,
 (For half life's pleasures do from folly spring)
 Claims our attention, and relieves the day
 With something whimsical, or something gay :
 As fancy prompts, and love and joy inspires,
 The fountain still of both of our desires !

A thousand pranks, a thousand times we've try'd,
 All happy, since that I became a bride ;
 A thousand more I hope again to try !
 If he proposes, I shall sure comply ;
 For ne'er in frolic will I be outdone,
 But meet him kindly for a bit of fun !
 Love, joy, and pleasure is my heart's desire,
 And while life lasts I think I ne'er can tire :
 Fortune has scatter'd treasure in my way,
 And health her roses, why not then be gay ?
 Let the dull wretches dream o'er heaps of wealth,
 And in the search of more still waste their health ;

To

To bounteous nature I my song will tune,
 And make my whole life-long a Honey-Moon!
 Roam o'er the vast delights which charm the soul,
 Wild as the bee, and free from all controul!
 The ills of life my reason bids me shun,
 And 'tis to share the sweets that thus I run;
 And let the prudent wives say all they can,
 A woman's chiefest bliss must flow from man!

Ye dear enchanters of the female heart,
 Still, still proceed, to act a manly part!
 The British Fair, to manly hearts inclin'd,
 Give all they have to such real worth, we find;
 'Tis nature prompts, what harm can be in this,
 To give and take from each the balmy bliss!
 When age comes on, and passion is no more,
 Perforce we must the pleasing sport give o'er;
 But those who won't enjoy it, while they can,
 Deceive themselves, and run from nature's plan.

Thus, my dear Lucy, have I told the truth,
 Of all my pleasures since my wedded youth;
 To you who are to love's soft sport inclin'd,
 No doubt a kind acceptance they will find.
 Adieu! my dear, may love its influence shed,
 And Hymen lead you to the nuptial bed!
 There scatter blooming roses, sweet, and soon;
 That you, like me, may taste an Honey-Moon.

T O D E L I A.

BY MR. B——T.

DELIA! once fairest virgin of the morn,
To melancholy now a prey forlorn :
Seek not, sweet maid, the lonely sea-beat shore,
Nor let thy swain, for love, thy loss deplore.
When he the ruthless surge did first assail,
And spread the canvass for the prosperous gale ;
By honour urg'd to far Indostan's plain,
To gain a laurel, or a trophy'd fane ;
To fight for thee, the best, the noblest prize,
That tyrant man could give, or Heav'n devise :
Now in the short-liv'd year again to meet,
Again to bless thee in thy lone retreat ;
In ecstasy of soul to breathe his last,
On lips ambrosial gain a new repast,
And to returning life fresh vigour lend,
Returning joys another exit end ;
Voluptuous bliss, and pain, alternate move
To crown with joys the bower of mutual love ;
So the sweet-scented bud of pallid hue
Soon shines, a full-blown crimson rose to view,
And marks to man how transient is his flame,
While the prolific stock new joys proclaim ;
Another now supplies the vacant seat,
And shades the sacred grot of love's retreat ;
Envied witness of the amorous fight—
Luscious privilege of the nuptial night !
Then why, fair nymph, expose those heav'nly
 charms ;
Why let thy cheek to fade with false alarms ;

Why mourn o'er woes unnumber'd, yet unknown ;
 Why reckon others' sorrows for your own ?
 'Tis sympathy, sweet maid, that racks thy soul,
 To spread a partial misery thro' the whole ;
 'Tis that that decorates thy heaven-born breast,
 And plants thy happiness above the rest,
 In Henry's arms to live the envied fair,
 Oh happy man ! Oh happy, happy pair !
 For thee, sweet girl, thy Henry hast'neeth near,
 When Cupids will prolong thy fond career ;
 When day and night will lead to new desires,
 And strive to quench the never-cooling fires ;
 Such the delights of th' Hymeneal state,
 Such joys, my Delia, thee do now await ;
 Then will the timbrels beat to song divine,
 And the gay't couplets of the tuneful Nine
 Will tell the fickle world, with fond design,
 How Henry and Delia did in one combine ;
 How happy were the well-deserving pair,
 How gen'rous was the noble Henry's care,
 How happy was the happiest of the fair.

O N L O V E.

FROM ANACREON. BY FAWKES.

TO love I wake the silver string,
 And of his soft dominion sing :
 A wreath of flowers adorns his brow,
 The sweetest, fairest flowers that blow :
 All mortals own his mighty sway,
 And him the gods above obey.

THE

UNION OF BEAUTY AND WINE.

A SONG BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—Attend all ye fairs, I'll tell you the art,

ONE day at her toilet, as Venus began
 To prepare for her face-making duty,
 Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her plan
 Wou'd not help it, but hinder her beauty.

A bottle young Semele held up to view,
 And begg'd she'd observe his directions——
 This burgundy, dear Cytherea, will do,
 'Tis a rouge that refines all complexions.

Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she sips,
 On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd encore ;
 The joy-giving goddess, with wine moisten'd lips,
 Declar'd she wou'd hob nob once more.

Out

Out of the window each wash, paste, and powder,
 she hurl'd,
 And the god of the grape vow'd to join;
 Shook hands, sign'd and seal'd, then bid fame tell
 the world,
 The Union of Beauty and Wine.

A LOVE SONG.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—*Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air.*

LET him fond of fibbing invoke which he'll
 chuse,

Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or madam the muse;
 Great names in the classical kingdom of letters,
 But poets are apt to make free with their betters.

I scorn to say aught, save the thing which is
 true,

No beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due:
 She has charms upon charms, such as few people
 may view,

She has charms,—for the tooth ach, and eke for
 the ague.

Her lips;—she has two, and her teeth they are
 white,

And what she puts into her mouth they can bite;
 Black and all black her eyes, but what's worthy
 remark,

They are shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in
 the dark.

Her

Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are
bearing,
'Cause each side her head should go partners in
hearing :

The fall of her neck's the dowfall of beholders,
Love tumbles them in by the head and the shoulders.

Her waist is—so—so, so waste no words about it,
Her heart is within it, her stays are without it ;
Her breast are so pair'd—two such breasts when
you see,

You'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had
three.*

Her voice neither nightingales, no! nor canaries,
Nor all the wing'd warblers wild whistling vagaries:
Nor shall I to instrument music compare it,
'Tis likely, if you was not deaf you might hear it.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they've
carry'd,
And equally pair'd, as if happily marry'd ;
But wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,
By her spouse so she's serv'd when he throws them
aside.

Not too tall, nor too short, but I'll venture to
say,
She's a very good size—in the middling way.
She's—aye—that she is,—she is all, but I'm wrong,
Her *all* I can't say, for I've sung *all* my song.

BY MR. ADDISON.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
 Nor e'er would settle in my heart ;
 From beauty still to beauty ranging,
 In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
 An eye then gave the fatal stroke :
 Till by wit Corinna sav'd me,
 And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
 For Belvidera I endure :
 Hourly I sigh and hourly languish,
 Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false, inconstant lover,
 After a thousand beauties shown,
 Does new, surprising charms discover,
 And finds—*variety* in one.

ON A LADY'S GIRDLE.

BY WALLER.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer ;

My

My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

TO MRS. W— ON HER PUTTING ORANGE
FLOWERS IN HER BOSOM.

BY L—D F—

GO, lovely flower, in all thy pride,
To that fair bosom go!
There thou thy snowy blossoms hide,
In whiter drifts of snow.

Yet, warmer than thy native clime,
Thou'lt find that seat of love!
Matur'd to fruit before thy time,
As in the genial stove.

Ah! no, with fragrant sweets oppress'd,
You there entranc'd shall lie:
And like her swain, supremely blest,
In ecstasies must die!

TO THE HON. MISS CARTERET.

BLOOM of beauty, early flow'r,
 Of the blissful bridal bow'r,
 Thou, thy parents' pride and care,
 Fairest offspring of the fair,
 Lovely pledge of mutual love,
 Angel seeming from above,
 Was it not thou day by day
 Dost thy very sex betray.
 Female more and more appear,
 Female, more than angel dear,
 How to speak thy face and mien,
 (Soon too dangerous to be seen)
 How shall I, or shall the muse,
 Language of resemblance chuse?
 Language like thy mien and face,
 Full of sweetness, full of grace!

By the next returning spring,
 When again the linnets sing,
 When again the lambkins play,
 Pretty sportlings full of May,
 When the meadows next are seen,
 Sweet enamel! white and green,
 And the year, in fresh attire,
 Welcomes every gay desire,
 Blooming on shalt thou appear
 More inviting than the year,
 Fairer sight than orchard shows,
 Which beside a river blows:
 Yet, another spring I see,
 And a brighter bloom in thee:

And

And another round of time,
 Circling, still improves thy prime :
 And, beneath the vernal skies,
 Yet a verdure more shall rise,
 Ere thy beauties, kindling flow,
 In each finish'd feature glow,
 Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
 Thou exert thy maiden reign,
 Absolute to save, or kill,
 Fond beholders, at thy will.

Then the taper-moulded waist
 With a span of ribbon brac'd,
 And the swell of either breast,
 And the wide high-vaulted chest,
 And the neck so white and round,
 Little neck with brilliants bound,
 And the store of charms which shine
 Above, in lineaments divine,
 Crowded in a narrow space
 To complete the desp'rate face ;
 These alluring powers, and more,
 Shall enamour'd youths adore ;
 These, and more, in courtly lays,
 Many an aking heart shall praise.

Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy men,
 Who, in courtship greatly sped,
 Wins the damsel to his bed,
 Bears the virgin-prize away,
 Counting life one nuptial day !
 For the dark-brown dusk of hair,
 Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,

Down the veiny temples growing,
 O'er the sloping shoulders flowing;
 And the smoothly-pencil'd brow,
 Mild to him in every vow,
 And the fringed lid below,
 Thin as thinnest blossoms blow,
 And the hazely-lucid eye,
 Whence heart-winning glances fly,
 And that cheek of health, o'erspread
 With soft-blended white and red,
 And the witching smiles which break
 Round those lips, which sweetly speak,
 And thy gentleness of mind,
 Gentle from a gentle kind;
 These endowments, heav'nly dow'r!
 Brought him in the promis'd hour,
 Shall for ever bind him to thee,
 Shall renew him still to woo thee.

JOVE AND SEMELE.

BY THE D— OF Q—

JOVE for amusement quitted oft his skies,
 To visit earth, contracted to our size;
 And lov'd (however things in heav'n might go)
 Exceedingly a game of romps below.
 'Twas Semele he pick'd up, as he went,
 And thought, he pleas'd her to her heart's content.
 But minds aspiring ne'er can be at ease;
 Once known a god, as man he ceas'd to please.
 In tenderest time, which women know, 'tis said,
 Thus she bespoke the loving god in bed:

G—

Thou,

Thou, who gav'st Dædalus his mazy art,
 And knowest all things but a woman's heart,
 Hear my request for something yet untry'd,
 And swear by Styx, I shall not be deny'd.

Fond Jove, like men, the better to succeed,
 Took any oath, then did the girl proceed.

In human guise, great Jove, leave off to rove,
 Deceiving woman-kind, and pilf'ring love,
 What are those joys, which as a man you give,
 To what a god of thunder can atchieve?
 Such measure of love, and might of limbs employ,
 As give immortal madams heav'nly joy.

Jove came array'd, as bound by cruel fate,
 And Semele enjoy'd the god in state:
 When flaming splendors round his beamy head
 Divinely shone, and struck the mortal dead.

Faint from the course though we a while
 retreat,
 To cool, and breathe, before another heat;
 The gods can't know, fresh with eternal prime,
 Love's stinted pause, nor want recruits from time;
 But must with unabating ardour kiss,
 And bear down nature with excess of blifs.

Learn hence, each fair one, whom like beauties
 grace,
 Possess'd of lawless empire by your face,
 Not to do what you list, because you may,
 Let cool discretion warm desires allay,
 And itching curiosity believe
 A lurking taint deriv'd from mother Eve.
 Spare then the men, ye fair, and frankly own,
 Your sex, like ours, has had its Phaeton.

T H E E N D.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—*The fool who is wealthy is sure of a bride.*

PAPILIO the rich, 'in the hurry of love,
 Resolving to wed, to fair Arabel drove;
 He made his proposals, he begg'd she wou'd fix—
 What maid cou'd say no to a new coach-and-six?

We'll suppose they were wed, the guests bid,
 supper done,
 The fond pair in bed, and the stocking was thrown:
 The bride lay expecting to what this would tend,
 Since created a wife, wish'd to know for what end.

On the velvet peach oft, as the gaudy fly rests,
 The bridegroom's lips stopp'd on love's pillows,
 her breasts:
 All amazement, impassive, the heart-heaving fair,
 With a sigh seem'd to prompt him, don't stay too
 long there.

Round her waist, and round such a waist, cir-
 cling his arms,
 He raptures rehears'd on her unpossess'd charms,
 Says the fair one, and gap'd, I hear all you pre-
 tend,
 But now, for I'm sleepy, pray come to an end.

My love ne'er shall end, 'Squire Shadow reply'd,
 But still, unattempting, lay stretch'd at her side:
 She made feints, as if something she meant to de-
 fend,
 But found out, at last, it was all to no end.

In disdain starting up from the impotent boy,
 She, sighing, pronounc'd, there's an end of my
 joy ;
 Then resolv'd this advice to her sex she wou'd send,
 Ne'er to wed till they're sure they can wed to
 some end.

And which end is that ? why the end which
 prevails,
 Ploughs, ships, birds, and fishes, are steer'd by
 their tails :
 And tho' man and wife for the head may contend,
 I'm sure they're best pleas'd when they gain t'other
 end.

The end of our wishes, the end of our wives,
 The end of our loves, and the end of our lives,
 The end of conjunction, 'twixt mistress and male,
 Tho' the head may design, has its end in the tail.

'Tis time tho' to finish, if aught I intend,
 Lest like a bad husband, I come to no end ;
 The ending I mean is, what none will think wrong,
 And that is, to make now an end of my song.

THE BOWER.

FROM ANACREON. BY E. G. B. ESQ.

HERE, my Chloe, charming maid,
 Here, beneath the genial shade,
 Shielded from each ruder wind,
 Lovely Chloe, lie reclin'd !

Lo !

Lo! for thee the balmy breeze
 Gently fans the waving trees!
 Streams that whisper through the grove,
 Whisper low the voice of love,
 Sweetly bubbling wanton sport,
 Where persuasion holds her court.

Ye who pass th' enamell'd grove,
 Through the rustling shade who rove,
 Sure my blis your breast must fire!
 Can you see, and not admire?

CAPTAIN CUPID.

BY LORD E——M.

ERST, in Cythera's sacred shade,
 When Venus clasp'd the god of war,
 The laughing loves around them play'd,
 One bore the shield, and one the spear.

The little warriors Cupid led,
 The shining baldric grac'd his breast,
 The mighty helmet o'er his head
 Nodded its formidable crest.

Hence oft, to win some stubborn maid,
 Still does the wanton god assume
 The martial air, the gay cockade,
 The sword, the shoulder-knot, and plume.

Phyllis had long his power defy'd,
 Resolv'd her conquests to maintain;
 His fruitless art each poet try'd,
 Each shepherd tun'd his pipe in vain.

Till Cupid came, a captain bold,
 Of trenches and of pallisadoes
 He talk'd, and many a tale he told
 Of battles, and of ambuscadoes.

How oft' his godship had been drunk;
 What melting maids he had undone;
 How oft' by night had storm'd a punk,
 Or bravely beat a saucy dun.

He swore, drank, whor'd, sung, danc'd with spirit,
 And o'er each pleasing topic ran.
 Till Phyllis sigh'd, and own'd his merit,
 The Captain's sure a charming man.

Ye bards, on verse let Phœbus doat,
 Ye shepherds, leave your pipes to Pan,
 Nor verse nor pipe will Phyllis note:
 The Captain is the charming man.

S O N G.

BY THE HON. MR. H——.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
 Who trip in this frolicksome round,
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
 The sexes at once to confound;
 What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
 With each motion design'd to perplex?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And softness the test of your sex.

The

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
 May call ev'ry art to her aid :
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade.
 But you, on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare ;
 Should slyly attack us, with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent air.

The Venus whose statue delights all mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,
 And kindly shou'd seem by the artist design'd
 To serve as a model for you.
 Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal ;
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure ;
 Oh ! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure.
 But if Amazon-like you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
 But, believe me, you'll never be wives.

SONG.

S O N G.

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN JACKSON.

AS pensive on the Severn's side,
 Cleora, soon to be a bride,
 Soft sighing to the breeze was laid;
 Was ever so forlorn a maid?
 Yet all you from her plaint cou'd learn,
 Was, when will Isidore return?
 My Isidore, ah! when will Isidore return?

The panting swain her plainings heard,
 And instant at her feet appear'd;
 But mark the coy dissembling fair,
 And learn of virgins to beware;
 At once she slyly chang'd her tune
 To, Isidore returns too soon,

My Isidore, ah! Isidore returns too soon.

Entranc'd he snatch'd a glowing kiss,
 Ambrosial antepast of bliss;
 The bashful damsel hung her head,
 And thus with fault'ring lips she said,
 With lips that far bely'd her heart,
 My Isidore again depart,

My Isidore, ah! Isidore again depart.

Regardless of her fancied fears,
 For joy as well as grief has tears;
 The youth, all eager to be blest,
 Next dawn decoy'd her to the priest;
 And if you now her note wou'd know,
 'Tis Isidore no more shall go,

My Isidore, ah! Isidore no more shall go.

A LOGICAL

A LOGICAL SONG.

WHY, Chloe, thus squander your prime,
 In debate between fear and temptation?
 If adulterous love be a crime,
 Why quarrel with plain fornication?
 But your beauties with age you may lose:
 Then seize the short moment of joy!
 If not—then with confidence use,
 What by using you cannot destroy.
 Come, come, bid our transports begin,
 Ere we lose both our youth and our leisure:
 Come, 'tis better repenting a sin,
 Than regretting the loss of a pleasure.

CELIA VANQUISHED.

CELIA! you'll kill me, by the lord!
 You know I've suffer'd like a martyr;
 Nor have I yet had one kind word,
 Nor seen an inch above your garter.
 Can you forget, ungrateful maid,
 How long my constant flame has lasted?
 What nonsense have I sung and said,
 What ink and paper I have wasted?
 Ah, cruel nymph! you know full well,
 With what a pure becoming zeal,
 I've begg'd your snowy bosom's swell,
 And ev'ry other swell to feel!

And

And round your taper waist to twine,
 Each inlet of delight to prove!
 Our hearts, our lips, our souls to join!
 And can you still, still doubt my love!

What, unconvinc'd? the Devil's in it!
 Well then, this proof shall calm your fears,
 And if one warm expressive minute,
 Speak not more love than days of tears.

Unless each palpitating nerve,
 Each kindling vein confess me true,
 Treat me at length as I deserve,
 And banish me from joy and you!

A N S W E R.

BE quiet, Sir, begone, I say!
 Lord bless us! how you romp and tear!
 There!
 I swear!

Now you have left my bosom bare!
 I do not like such boisterous play,
 So take that saucy hand away.—
 Why now, you're ruder than before!
 Nay, I'll be hang'd if I comply.
 Fie!
 I'll cry!

Oh—I can't bear it—I shall die!
 I vow I'll never see you more!
 But—are you sure you've shut the door?

MARIA.

M A R I A.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—*Ianthe the lovely, the joy of the plain.*

ONE day, by appointment, Maria I met,
 That day of delight! I remember it yet:
 As the meadow we cross'd, to avoid the town's
 crowd,
 The sun seem'd eclips'd by a black spreading cloud,
 Escaping the shower, to barn we fast fled,
 There safe heard the pattering rain over head.

Some moments I suffer'd my fair to take breath;
 Then sighing, she cry'd, "Lord! I'm frightened
 to death;

"Suppose, nay, now, by any one I should be seen?

"Nay, nay, now,—nay, pray now—dear what
 do you mean?

"Had I thought you wou'd be half so rude—fye!
 for shame!

"I wish I'd been wet to the skin e'er I came.

"You will have a kiss, then!—why, take one
 or two!

"I beg you won't teaze me!—Lord! what
 wou'd you do?

"You'll tear all one's things—I ne'er saw such a
 man!

"I will hold your hands tho'!—Aye, do if you
 can:

"Is this your love for me?—Is this all your care?

"I'll never come near you again,—now, I swear!

As

As she push'd me away, love explain'd by her
eyes,

Resistance was only to heighten the prize ;
Her face chang'd alternate, from scarlet to snow,
Her neck rose and fell fast, her language was low ;
Such beauty ! but more of that scene was not
shewn—

For decency here bids her curtain drop down.

The storm being over, all sunshine the air,
When instant rose up, the yet love-looking fair,
Crying, hark ! there's one listens—do look out,
my dear,

I must be bewitch'd, I am sure, to come here,
My things how they are rump'd !—Lord ! let
me be gone ;

What have you been doing ? and what have I done ?

Into this fatal place, I most solemnly vow,
I innocent enter'd—but am I so now ?

I'm ruin'd,—I never myself can forgive—

I'll leap in the brook,—for I'm sure I can't
live !—

If I do, my whole life will be wasted in grief,
Unless here to-morrow you'll give me relief.

CHASTITY.

CHASTITY.

A SONG. BY G. A. STEVENS.

Tune,—*Good people I'll tell you no rhodomontade.*

I WONDER, quoth dame, as her spouse she
embraces,

How strumpets can look, how they dare shew their
faces ;

And those wicked wives who from husbands' arms
fly,

Lord ! where do they think they must go when
they die ?

But next day, by husband, with 'prentice boy
caught ;

When she from the bed was to toilet-glass brought,
Her head he held up, with this gentle rebuke—

My dear ! you was wishing to know how whores
look !

Turn your eyes to that table, at once you will see
What faces jades wear ; then, my dear, behold me :
Your features confess the adulterers clear,
My visage exhibits how cuckolds appear.

You ask'd, where bad wives go ? why really,
my chick,

You must, with the rest of them, go to Old Nick !

If Belzebub don't such damn'd tenants disown,
For bad wives, he knows, make a hell of their
own.

H

All

All the world wou'd be wed, if the clergy could
shew

Any rule in the service to change I for O :
How happy the union of marriage wou'd prove,
Not long as we live join'd, but long as we love.

At his feet she sunk down, sorrow lent her such
moans,

That resentment was gagg'd by her tears and her
tones.

What cou'd Hubby do then? what cou'd then
Hubby do?

By sympathy struck, as she cry'd, he cry'd too.

Oh Corregio! cou'd I Sigismunda design,
Or exhibit a Magdalen, Guido, like thine,
I wou'd paint the fond look which the penitent
stole.

That pierc'd her soft partner, and sunk to his soul.

Transported to doating! he rais'd the distress'd,
And tenderly held her long time to his breast ;
On the bed gently laid her, by her gently laid,
And the breach there was clos'd the same way it
was made.

KISS OF NEÆRA.

FROM SECUNDUS. BY THE D— OF Q—.

WHILE you, Neæra, close entwine
In frequent folds your frame with mine ;
And hanging o'er, to view confest,
Your neck, and gently heaving breast ;

Down

Down on my shoulders soft decline
 Your beauties, more than half divine ;
 With wand'ring looks that o'er me rove,
 And fire the melting soul with love.

While you, Næra, fondly join
 Your little pouting lips with mine ;
 And frolic bite your am'rous swain,
 Complaining soft if bit again ;
 And sweetly-murm'ring pour along
 The trembling accents of your tongue
 Your tongue ! now here now there that strays,
 Now here now there delighted plays ;
 That now my humid kisses sip,
 Now wanton darts between my lips :
 And on my bosom raptur'd lie ;
 Venting the gently-whisper'd sigh ;
 A sigh ! that kindles warm desires,
 And kindly fans life's drooping fires ;
 Soft as the zephyr's breezy wing,
 And balmy as the breath of spring.

While you, sweet nymph ! with am'rous play,
 In kisses suck my breath away ;
 My breath ! with wasting warmth replete,
 Parch'd by my breast's contagious heat ;
 Till, breathing-soft, you pour again
 Returning life thro' ev'ry vein ;
 And thus elude my passion's rage,
 Love's burning fever thus assuage.
 Sweet nymph ! whose sweets can best allay
 Those fires that on my bosom prey,
 Sweet ! as the cool refreshing gale,
 That blows when scorching heats prevail.

Then, more than blest, I fondly swear,
 " No pow'r can with love's pow'r compare !
 " None in the starry court of Jove
 " Is greater than the God of Love !
 " If any can yet greater be,
 " Yes, my Neära ! yes, 'tis thee !"

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF ACHILLES AND
 DEIDAMIA.

FROM BION. BY FAWKES.

MYRSON.

SAY, wilt thou, Lycidas, sweet shepherd-swain,
 Begin some soothing, soft Sicilian strain,
 Such as the Cyclops, on a rock reclin'd,
 Sung to the sea-nymph, to compose his mind,
 And sent it in the whispers of the wind ?

LYCIDAS.

What can I sing that Myrson will commend ?
 With pleasure I would gratify my friend.

MYRSON.

Repeat the song which most my take approves
 Achilles' stol'n embrace, and hidden loves ;
 How the bold hero laid his arms aside,
 A woman's robe the manly sex belied,
 And Deidamia soon became his bride.

LYCIDAS

LYCIDAS.

When with fair Helen Paris cross'd the deep,
 Brought her to Troy, and made Oenone weep ;
 The injur'd states of Greece were all alarm'd,
 Spartans, Mycenians, and Laonians arm'd ;
 The treachery flung their souls, and bloody ven-
 geance warm'd :

In close disguise his life Achilles led
 Among the daughters of King Lycomed :
 Instead of arms the hero learn'd to cull
 The snowy fleece, and weave the twisted wool,
 Like theirs, his cheeks a rosy bloom display'd,
 Like them he cover'd with a veil his head :
 But in his veins the tides of courage flow'd,
 And love's soft passion in his bosom glow'd ;
 By Deidamia's side from morn to night
 He sat, and with ineffable delight
 Oft kiss'd her snow-white hand, or gently press'd
 The blooming virgin to his glowing breast.
 His soul was all enraptur'd with her charms,
 Ardent he long'd to clasp her in his arms ;
 Oft in her ear these words enamour'd said,
 " By pairs your sisters press the downy bed ;
 " But we, two maids of equal age and bloom,
 " Still sleep divided in a separate room.
 " Why should the night, more cruel than the day,
 " Steal the sweet virgin, whom I love, away ?

* * * * *

THE MARRIAGE MORN.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM,

AT THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.

THE Marriage-morn I can't forget,
 My senses teem'd with new delight ;
 " Time," cried I, " haste the coming night,
 " And Hymen give me sweet Lisette !"
 I whisper'd softly in her ear,
 And said, " the God of night draws near."
 O how she look'd! O how she smil'd! O how she
 sigh'd!
 She sigh'd——then spent a joyful tear.

Now nuptial-night her curtain drew,
 And Cupid's mandate was " commence,
 " With ardour break the virgin fence !"
 Then to the bed sweet Lisette flew——
 'Twas heav'n to view her as she lay,
 And hear her cry, " come to me, pray !
 " O how I feel! O how I pant! O I shall die!
 " Shall die before the break of day !"

Soon manhood rose with furious gust ;
 And Mars, when he lewd Venus view'd,
 Ne'er felt his power so closely screw'd
 Up to the standing post of lust !
 But when the stranger to her sight,
 Sweet Lisette saw in rampant plight !
 O how she scream'd! O how she scream'd! O how
 she scream'd!
 She scream'd, then grasp'd the dear delight !

Now

Now lustful nature eager grew,
 And longer could not wanton toy,
 So rushing up the path of joy,
 Quick from the fount love's liquor flew!—
 At morn, she cried, " full three times three,
 " The vivid stream I've felt from thee.
 " O how I'm eas'd! O how I'm pleas'd! gods
 " how I'm charm'd!
 " I'm charm'd, with rapt'rous three times three!"

THE ECONOMY OF LOVE.

BY DR. ARMSTRONG.

THY bounties, Love, in thy soft raptures when
 Timeliest the melting pairs indulge, and how
 Best to improve the genial joy, how shun
 The snakes that under flow'ry pleasure lurk,
 I sing: if thou, fair Cytherea, deign
 Gracious to smile on my attempt. Though thou
 None of the muses nine, yet oft on thee
 The muses wait, oft gambol in thy train.
 Though virgins. Come, nor leave thy boy behind,
 Blind but unerring archer. Hymen, raise
 Aloft thy sacred torch. Your gifts I sing.
 Ye youths and virgins, when your generous
 blood,

Has drunk the warmth of fifteen summers, now
 The loves invite; now to new rapture wakes
 The finish'd sense: while stung with keen desire
 The madd'ning boy his bashful fetters bursts;

H 4

And,

And, urg'd with secret flames, the riper maid,
Conscious and shy, betrays her smarting breast.

Yet nature not in all her sons maintains
An equal progress. This with kindly warmth
Concocts to manly vigour straight; while that
Pines, crude and chill, and scarce at last attains
Imperfect life. Some slight their varnish'd steed,
And (wondrous instinct!) bent on manlier sport,
Cope with the maids. Alcides thus, they say,
Rose brawny from his cradle, while the snakes
Hung hissing round him, horrible and fell,
Sent by enrag'd Saturnia to destroy
Her rival's hope: the mighty infant grasp'd
His speckled foes, and smiling dash'd them down
To hell, their native clime; the spumy gore
Blotted the frighted pavement. Early thus
Was future chivalry presag'd.—Meantime
Others slow ripen: men there are who scarce
Feel the soft thrillings of untaught desire,
While pallid maids scarce ruminate on man
Till twenty; well if then. It boots thee much
To study the complexion, much the clime,
And habitudes of life. Meanwhile with me
Credit these signs. The boy may wrestle, when
Night-working fancy steals him to the arms
Of nymph oft wish'd awake, and, 'mid the rage
Of the soft tumult, every turgid cell
Spontaneous disembogues its lucid store,
Bland and of azure tinct. Nor envy thou
Waking fruition while such happy dreams
Visit thy slumbers; liveliest then the touch
Thrills to the brain, with all sensations else
Unshaken, uneduc'd. The maid demands

The dues of Venus, when the parting breasts
 Wanton exuberant and tempt the touch,
 Plump'd with rich moisture from the finish'd growth
 Redundant now: for late the shooting tubes
 Drank all the blood the toiling heart could pour,
 Infatiate; now full grown, they crave no more
 Than what repairs their daily waste. But still
 There must be loss, nor does the superplus
 Turn all to thrift. For from love's grotto now
 Oozes the sanguine stream through many a rill,
 Startling the simple lass, that anxious glows
 Inward, till bold necessity o'ercomes
 Her fond reluctant blushes, to consult
 Her nurse, well vers'd in mystic cases deep,
 At christ'nings oft-discuss'd: when warm'd with
 wine

The mellow matrons, by the midnight fire
 Lewd orgies hold; while naked roams around,
 His torch high-flaming from the spicy bowl,
 Lust-full of glee, and through each lab'ring breast
 His sacred fury pours. The sibyl solves
 Sagely th' alarming case.—The rising down
 Then too begins to skirt the hallow'd bounds
 Of Venus' blest domain. In either sex
 This sign obtains. For nature provident,
 Now when both sides stand equal for the fray,
 This graceful armour spreads; and, but for this,
 Excoriate oft the tender parts would rue
 The close encounter; now they fight secure
 Thus harness'd, and sustain the mutual shock
 Of war, unhurt, for many a well fought day.

But if to progeny thy views extend
 Paternal, and the name of sire invites;

Wouldst thou behold a thriving race surround
 Thy spacious table ; shun the soft embrace
 Emasculent, till twice ten years and more
 Have steel'd thy nerves, and let the holy rite
 License the bliss. Nor would I urge, precise,
 A total abstinence ; this might unman
 The genial organs, unemploy'd so long,
 And quite extinguish the prolific flame,
 Refrigerant. But riot oft unblam'd
 On kisses, sweet repast ! ambrosial joy !
 Now press with gentle hand the gentle hand,
 And, sighing, now the breasts, that to the touch
 Heave amorous. Nor thou, fair maid, refuse
 Indulgence, while thy paramour discreet
 Aspires no farther : thus thou mayst expect
 Treasure hereafter, when the bridegroom, warm,
 Trembling with keen desire, profusely pours
 The rich collection of enamour'd years,
 Exhaustless, blessing all thy nuptial nights.

But, O my son, whether the generous care
 Of propagation, and domestic charge,
 Or soft encounter more attract, renounce
 The vice of monks recluse, the early bane
 Of rising manhood. Banish from thy shades
 Th' ungenerous, selfish, solitary joy.
 Hold, Saticide, thy hand ; for thee alone
 Did nature form thee ? for thy narrow self
 Grant thee the means of pleasure ? dream'st thou so ?
 That very self mistakes its wiser aim ;
 Its finer sense ungratify'd, unpleas'd,
 But when from active soul to soul rebounds
 The swelling mingling tumult of delight.
 Hold yet again ! ere idle callus wrap

In sullen indolence th' astonish'd nerves;
 When thou mayst fret and teaze thy sense in vain,
 And curse, too late, th' unwisely-wanton hours.
 Impious, forbear! thus the first general hail
 To disappoint, "increase and multiply!"
 To shed thy blossoms through the desert air,
 And sow thy perish'd offspring in the winds.
 Unhallow'd pastime!—though the factious chief
 Oft brew hot insurrection, rather hie
 To bagnio lewd, or tavern, nightly where
 Venereal rites are done, from Draco's ken
 Remote, and light of heaven (as erst retir'd
 The heaving Gallic saints to the kind gloom
 Of cleft, or cave, or trusted barn, to hold
 Forbidden sabbaths): rather visit thou
 Those haunts of public lewdness, oft though there
 Sore ills dismay. Purse, or the golden pride
 That decks thy finger, gorgeous with the spoils
 Of Mexico, Peru, and farther Ind,
 Or watch, time measuring, oft subtracted fly,
 Sink in the dark profound. And oft, to crush
 Thy slacken'd manhood, in the mid career
 Of puissant deed, untimely rushes in
 A forward boist'rous wight, and from thy arms
 The passive spouse of all the town demands.
 Him, hung'ring after gold, nor words can charm,
 Nor more persuasive wine: thy gold must pay
 The violation of the public bed;
 Or braver steel must prove thy manly arm,
 In dubious fight. Yet well, if here could end
 The misery: worse perhaps ensues; a train
 Of ills of tedious count and horrid name.
 Such as of old distress'd the man else squar'd

To God's own heart, but that his wiles debauch'd
 Jerusalem's fair daughters to his flames ;
 Nor did he from the holy marriage-bed
 Refrain his loose embraces, when the wife
 Of wrong'd Urias he seduc'd; nor stopt
 Till murder crown'd his lust. Hence him the wrath
 Of righteous Heaven, awaking, long pursu'd
 With sore disease, and fill'd his loins with pain.
 All day he roar'd, and all the tedious night
 Bedew'd his couch with tears ; and still his groans
 Breathe musical in sacred song. What woes !
 What pains he tried ! but now this plague attacks
 With double rancour, and severely marks
 Modern offenders : sily undermines
 The fame and nose, that by unseemly lapse
 Awkward deforms the human face divine
 With ghastly ruins. Though this breach, they say,
 Nice Taliacotius' art, with substitute
 From porters borrow'd, or the callous breech
 Of sedentary weaver, oft repair'd :
 Precarious, for no sooner fate demands
 The parent stock, than (pious sympathy !)
 Revolts th' adopted nose——Such ills attend
 Obscene and bought embraces. Wiser thou,
 Find some soft nymph, whom tender sympathy
 Attracts to thee ; while all her captives else,
 Aw'd by majestic beauty, mourn aloof
 Her charms, to them reserv'd alone to thee
 Discreetly lavish'd. Sacrifice to her
 The precious hours, nor grudge with such a mate
 The summer's day to toy or winter's night.
 Now clasp with dying fondness in your arms,
 Her yielding waist : now on her swelling breast

Recline

Recline your cheek, with eager kisses press
 Her balmy lips, and drinking from her eyes
 Resistless love, the tender flame confess,
 Ineffable but by the murmuring voice
 Of genuine joy; then hug, and kiss again,
 Stretch'd on the genial couch, while joyful glows
 Thy manly pride, and throbbing with desire
 Pants furious, felt through all the obstacles
 That intervene: but love, whose fervid course
 Mountains nor seas oppose, can soon remove
 Barriers so slight. Then, when her lovely limbs,
 Oft lovely deem'd, far lovelier now beheld,
 Thro' all your trembling joints increase the flame;
 Forthwith discover to her dazzled sight
 The stately novelty, and to her hand
 Usher the new acquaintance. She perhaps,
 Averse, will coldly chide, and half afraid,
 Blushing, half pleas'd, the tumid wonder view
 With neck retorted, and oblique regard;
 Nor quite her curious eye indulging, nor
 Refraining quite. Perhaps when you attempt
 The sweet admission, toyful she resists
 With shy reluctance: nathless you pursue
 The soft attack, and warmly push the war,
 Till quite o'erpower'd with love, the melting maid
 Faintly opposes. On the brink at last
 Arriv'd of giddy rapture, plunge not in
 Precipitant, but spare a virgin's pain;
 Ah! spare a gentle virgin! spare yourself!
 Lest sanguine war love's tender rites profane
 With fierce dilaceration, and dire pangs,
 Reciprocal. Nor droop because the door
 Of bliss seems shut and barricadoed strong;

But

But triumph rather in this faithful pledge
 Of innocence and fair virginity
 Inviolate. And hence the subtle wench,
 Her maiden honours torn, in evil hour
 Unseemly torn, and shrunk her virgin rose;
 Studious how best the guilty wound to heal,
 Her shame best palliate with fair outward shew,
 Inward less strict, with painful hand collects
 The sylvan store. The lover myrtle yields
 Her styptic berries, and the horrid thorn
 Its prune austere; in vain the caper hides
 Its wand'ring roots; the mighty oak himself,
 Sole tyrant of the shade, that long had 'scap'd
 The tanner's rage, spoil'd of his callous rhind,
 Stands bleak and bare. These, and a thousand more
 Of humbler growth and far inferior name,
 Bistort, and dock, and that way-faring herb
 Plantain, her various forage, boil'd in wine,
 Yield their astringent force; a lotion prov'd
 Thrice powerful to contract the shameful breach.
 Beware of these, for in our dangerous days
 Such counterfeits abound, whom next to know
 Concerns. And here expect no dye of wound;
 No wound is made: the corrugated parts,
 With ill-dissembled virtue (though severe,
 Nor wrinkled into frowns when genuine most)
 Relapse apace, and quit their borrow'd tone.
 Yet judge with charity the varied work
 Of nature's hand. Perhaps the purple stream,
 Emollient bath, leaves flexible and lax
 The parts it lately wash'd. But hapless he,
 In nuptial night, on whom a horrid chasm

Yawns

Yawns dreadful, waste and wild; like that thro'
which

The wand'ring Greek, and Cytherea's son,
Diving, explor'd hell's adamantine gates :
An unessential void, where neither love
Nor pleasure dwells, where warm creation dies,
Starv'd in th' abortive gulf; the dire effects
Of use too frequent, or for love or gold.

Now hear me, lovers! ye whose roving hearts
No sacred nuptial chains have yet confin'd;
Attentive hear, and daily, nightly weigh
The counsels sage, which thro' my raptur'd breast,
To you th' auspicious heavenly muse conveys;
The muse, no soothing minister of vice;

Though now in sportive vein in youthful ears
She tunes her song, to give instruction grace.

Attend, ye wise! no frantic Bacchanal,
No shameless bard, of the licentious rout
Or flush'd Silenus, sings.—What nature bids
Is good, is wise; and faultless we obey.

We must obey; howe'er hard stoick dreams
Of apathy, much vaunted, seldom prov'd:

For oft beneath the philosophic gloom
Sly lewdness lurks, and oftner mazy guile,
That with well-mimick'd love th' unwary heart
Lures to its fate, and hails while it betrays!

There bloated pride too dwells, and baneful hate,
And dark revenge, than which a deadlier fiend
Ne'er pour'd its venom through a human breast;
Far hence be these! we know great Nature's
pow'r,

Mother of things, whose vast unbounded sway
From the deep center all around extends

Wide

Wide to the flaming barriers of the world.
We feel her power : we strive not to repress
(Vainly repress'd, or to deformity)

Her lawful growth : ours be the task alone
To check her rude excrescences to prune
Her wanton overgrowth ; and where she sports
In shades too wild, to lead her gently back,
With prudent hand, to better form and use.

For wisest ends this universal power
Gave appetites : from whose quick impulse life
Insidious else, unactive, unenjoy'd.
Hence too this peopled earth ; which, that extinct,
That flame for propagation, soon would roll
A lifeless mass, and vainly cumber heaven.
'Then love of pleasure sways each heart, and we
From that no more than from ourselves can fly.
Blameless when govern'd well. But when it errs,
Extravagant, and wildly leads to ill,
Public or private ; there its curbing power
Cool reason must exert.——This lesson weigh,
Ye tender pairs. Indulge your gentle flames,
Each fondest wish, and bathe your souls in love.
But let discretion guard the hour of bliss,
Virtuous in pleasure. So you shall enjoy
Pleasure unmix'd, and without thorn the rose.
This caution scorn'd, beware the event perverse ;
Expect, for pleasure, pain and sharp remorse ;
For love, aversion and each broken vow,
The jest of fools, the pity of the wise.

Be secret, lovers. Let no dangerous spy
Catch your soft glances ; as oblique they deal
Mutual contagion, darting all the soul
In missive love, nor hear your lab'ring sighs ;

But

But chiefly when the high-wrought rapture calls,
 Impatient, to soft deeds, then, then retire
 From every mortal ken. The Sapient King
 (Whose loves who could defame?) in the mild
 gloom,

Deep in the centre of his gardens, hid,
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
 Find then some soft obscure retreat, untrod
 By mortal else, where thick-embowering shades
 Condense to darkness and embrown the day :
 There, safe from all profane access, pursue
 Love's bashful rites. For oft the curious eye
 Of prying childhood, and th' aspect malign,
 Waning and wan, of virgin stale in years,
 Shed baneful influence on the rites of love.
 And thou, my son, when floods of mellowing wine
 And social joys have loosen'd all thy breast ;
 When every secret gushes ; this at least,
 This one reserve, of love and bounteous charms
 Of trusting beauty, venturing all for thee,
 For thy delight her fortune and her fame ;
 For her thou nothing. Hold ! ingrateful, hold
 Thy wanton tongue ! leave to the last of fools,
 Of villains ! that ungenerous vanity,
 Cruel and base, to vaunt of secret joys ;
 Of joys on thee, so vaunting, ill bestow'd.
 O dare not thus with mortal sting to wound
 The tender helpless sex ! Does thy vile breath
 So blast my sister's or my daughter's fame.—
 By Heav'n thou diest ! thy treacherous blood alone
 Can wash my honour clean ! Prudent, meantime,
 Ye generous maids, revenge your sex's wrong ;
 Let not the mean destroyer e'er approach

Your

Your sacred charms. Now muster all your pride,
 Contempt, and scorn, that shot from beauty's eye,
 Confounds the mighty impudent, and smites
 The front unknown to shame. Trust not his vows,
 His labour'd sighs, and well-diffembled tears,
 Nor swell the triumph of known perjury.

Meanwhile, my son, if angry fate, or love
 Grown indiscreet, or loud Lucina, tell
 'Th' important secret: is thy mate well form'd,
 Virtuous, and equal for thy lawful bed?
 Save her, I charge thee, from foul infamy,
 And lonely shame: let wedlock's holy tie
 Legitimate th' indissoluble flames.
 If abject birth, dishonourable, and mind
 Incultivate or vicious, to that height
 Forbid her hopes to climb; at least secure
 From penury her humble state, by thee
 Else humbled more, and to necessity,
 Stern foe to virtue, fame, and life betray'd,
 A helpless prey. O! let no parent's woe,
 No plaints of trusting innocence, nor tears
 Of pining beauty, blast thy guilty joys.
 Shall she, so late the softener of thy life,
 Thy chief delight, whose melting essence oft
 Lay with thy melting essence kindly mix'd
 (As far as bodies and embodied souls
 Can mingle); she who deem'd thy vows sincere,
 Thy passion more than selfish, and thy love
 To her devoted, as was her's to thee:
 Shall she, (O! cruel perfidy!) at last,
 When with her tainted name the winds grow sick,
 When envious prudery chides, affecting scorn
 Of natural joys, and they of public fame,
 Insulting,

Insulting, hail her sister ; while each friend
 Disgusted flies ; shall she not find in thee
 Unshaken amity ? when to thy arms,
 Well-known, with wonted confidence she flies,
 To pour her sorrows forth, and sooth her cares ;
 Shall she then find thy faithless heart from home,
 From her estrang'd ? at that disastrous hour
 Wilt thou ungently spurn her from thy love ?
 To waste in sickly grief her once-priz'd charms,
 Forlorn to languish out her life, to lead
 Despis'd, unwedded, her dishonour'd days ?
 Or, if her barren fortune, hard like thee,
 Scowls meagre Want (whose iron empire Pride,
 Reluctant, and her offspring Modesty,
 Blushing at last obey) unskill'd in arts
 Of mercenary Venus, to increase
 The rompish band, that, without pleasure lewd,
 With deep-felt sorrow gay, through Trivia's reign
 Nightly solicit lovers ; oft repuls'd ;
 Oft, when invited to the barren toil,
 Thankless deserted by their slippery loves !
 Or to the salt of years, where tedious lust
 Uncooth and monstrous creeps thro' freezing loins,
 Patient submitted ! to the boist'rous will
 Of midnight ruffians ! to abhorr'd disease,
 Hourly expos'd, and Draco's fiercer rage !
 Spare, mighty Draco ! spare a hapless race,
 By their own sex to wretchedness betray'd !
 A woman bore thee, by each tender name
 Of woman, spare ! hast thou or daughter fair,
 Or sister ? they, but for a happier birth,
 The gift of fate, and honour's guardian, pride
 Early inspir'd, had swell'd the common stream.

While

While she whom now thy awful name dismays,
 Portentous heard from far, with fortune's smiles
 And fair example, might have grac'd thy bed,
 A virtuous mate, in every charm complete.

A pious duty next, neglected oft,
 Demands my song. If from thy secret bed
 Of luxury unbidden offspring rise,
 Let them be kindly welcom'd to the day.
 'Tis nature bids: to nature's sacred voice
 Attend; and from the monster breeding deep,
 The ravag'd air, and howling wilderness,
 Learn parent virtues. Shall the growling bear
 Be more a fire than thou? an infant once,
 Helpless and weak, but for paternal care,
 Thou hadst not liv'd to propagate a race
 To misery, to resign to step-dame Fate
 Perhaps a worthier offspring than thy fire
 Tenderly rear'd. For from the stol'n embrace,
 Untir'd with worn acquaintance, keenly urg'd,
 Elate with gen'rous rapture, likeliest springs
 The noblest breed, most animated, best.
 What heroes hence have issued! what fam'd chiefs!
 And demi-gods, of old! the stealth of love
 Gave Greece her Hercules, and mighty Rome
 First rose beneath a random son of Mars.
 Thy vigour too, the blossoms of thy strength,
 Reckless and wild profus'd, in dangerous days,
 Or in the senate wise, and nobly warm
 To public good, may save the rushing state;
 Or, bold in arms, may roll her thunders forth
 To shatter distant skies; and, rous'd to blood,
 Usher the British lion to the field.
 Thy country claims thy care; nurse well her hopes,
 And

And thine ; nor thou her church's hungry wolves,
Hight Overseers, with thy own children's gore
Sate, if rapine know satiety.

For, bred to death, and of sagacious nose,
A prowling herd, lur'd with the recent smell
Of secret birth, their carnage sweet, or led
By infant wailings, querulous and shrill,
Beset thy frightened gates. These timely thou
Prevent, or mourn too late thy ravish'd gold
And captive son ; to the street-dunning tribe
Of mendicants let out, fictitious badge
Of low distress : there to what life of pain
Led up who knows ? to what disgraceful fate,
What gibbet, bred ? or from his parent's arms,
With nurse unpitying, unbenign'd exil'd
To squalid lodge, to find in Famine's cave
A lingering death ; or by a deadlier hag,
Than her that rides the lab'ring night, oppress'd,
Untimely sunk beneath a heavier fate.
While they, the sons of licens'd rapine, screen'd
Under the altar of the God of life,
With murder stain'd ! on what should raise thy son
Nightly regale, carnivorous ; for them
The heifer bleeds, or for her slaughter'd young
Roams wild the woodland bounds ; and what
should now

To thy young hopes run soft in balmy rills
Lacteous, to them in deep Oporto flows,
Or hot Madeira. Thus the sanguine feast
They crown, nor dread the cry of infant blood.

These precepts wisely keep ; by these direct
Thy steps through pleasure's labyrinth. Unhurt
And unoffending, thus thy tutor'd feet

May

May tread the wilds of else delusive joy.
 So shall no sorrows wound, no ruder cares
 Disturb thy pleasures, nor remorseful tears
 Attend thy gay delight ; nor sighs make way.
 But such as heave the pleasure-burden'd breast,
 As utter love, with speechless eloquence
 Well understood ; and breathe from soul to soul
 The soft infection, fondly still receiv'd.
 Almighty Love ! O unexhausted source
 Of universal joy ! first principle
 Of nature ! all-creating harmony,
 By which her mighty movements all are rul'd !
 Soft tyrant of each element, whose sway
 Resistless through the wilds of air is felt,
 Through earth, and the deep empire of the main !
 Thy willing slaves, we own thy gentle power,
 In us supreme, with kind endearments rais'd
 Above the merely sensual touch of brutes.
 By thy soft charm the savage breast is tam'd,
 The genius rais'd. Thy heavenly warmth inspires
 Whate'er is noble, generous, or humane,
 Or elegant ; whate'er adorns the mind,
 Graces or sweetens life ; and without thee,
 Nothing or gay or amiable appears

Yet not to Love (thus polishing the soul,
 Thus charming ; though of every finer breast
 The sovereign joy), yet not to Love alone
 Yield languid all your hours. The self-same cates
 Still offer'd, soon the appetite offend ;
 The most delicious soonest. Others joys,
 Other pursuits, their equal share demand
 Of cultivation. These with kindly change
 Will cheer your sweetly-varied days ; from these

With

With quicker sense you shall and firmer nerves
 Return to love, when love again invites.
 Be those the least neglected which inform
 With virtue, sense, and elegance, the mind :
 Those what before was amiable improve,
 And lend to love new grace and dignity.
 Life too has serious cares, which madly scorn'd,
 The means of pleasure melt.—And age will come,
 When love, alas ! the flower of human joys,
 Must shrink in horrid frost. O hapless he !
 Thrice hapless then ! whose only joy was that :
 Whose young desires tumultuous still engage
 To wield a load of unobedient limbs,
 With vain attempt. Him the inclement power
 Of craving impotence, to fonder toys
 Than other dotage knows, or easy-dup'd
 Credulity can well believe, incites.
 Him all the nymphs despise, and the young loves
 With leering scorn behold ; while vigorous heat
 Has fled his shaken limbs, surviving still
 In his green fancy. Thence what desperate toil
 By flagellation, and the rage of blows,
 To rouse the Venus loitering in his veins !
 Fruitless, for Venus unsolicited
 The kindest smiles, abhorring painful rites.
 Cease, reverend fathers ! from those youthful sports
 Retire, before unfinish'd feats betray
 Your slacken'd nerves. The hoary years, design'd
 For wisdom, for sedate philosophy,
 And contemplation, ill agree with love.
 Cheerful retire : nor grudge in peevish saws,
 Like envious monitors, the sprightly joys

Of

Of lusty youth. You had your genial time
Of pleasure;—ours is on the rapid wing!

And you whose youthful blood impetuous rolls,
With generous spirits fraught and kindly balm,
Husband your vigour well; if aught or health,
Or offspring numerous, beautiful and strong,
Or pleasure weigh. For from the trite embrace
Follow faint relaxation, strength impair'd,
Disgust, and mutual apathy, love's bane.

Some boast, I know, their vigour to renew,
And keen desire, by food restorative,
Or pharmacy more noxious. Orchis hence,
Lascivious bulb, satyrion better nam'd;

And that maritime, which the sea-born queen
Feeds with her native spume, eryngo, mild;
Boletus, fam'd among the fungous tribe;
And fell cantharides; in various forms

Are us'd. But what ensues? diseases more
Than ever burden'd Auster's drooping wings.

Cold tremors, spasms, and cephalœas dire,
Eternal flux of nature's balmy dew,

Tabes, and gaunt marasmus, hideous loss
Of godlike reason, and th' imprison'd rage
Of fierce lipyria, whose collected fires
The vitals only seize. Or if the sons

Of jaded luxury those plagues escape,
They waste their melting youth, and bring grey
hairs

Before their time, grey hairs and idle years.
Leave nature to herself, nor covet more
Than nature gives, that but to real wants
Each well-conducted appetite provokes.

But chiefly thee, fair nymph, behoves to know
That love and joy, when in their prime, must fear,
Decay, the fate of all created things.

Be frugal then : the coyly-yielded kifs
Charms most, and gives the most sincere delight,
Cheapness offends ; hence on the harlot's lip
No rapture hangs, however fair she seem,
However form'd for love and amorous play,
Hail modesty ? fair female honour, hail !

Beauty's chief ornament, without whose charm
Beauty disgusts ; or gives but vulgar joys.
Thou giv'st the smiles its grace ; the heighten'd
kifs

Its balmy essence sweet ! and, but for thee,
The very raptures of the lawful bed
Were outrage and foul riot, rites obscene !
Celestial maid ! far be it that with lips
Profane I name thee, and in wanton song.
But in these vicious days great nature's laws
Are spurn'd ; eternal virtue, which nor time
Nor place can change, nor custom changing all,
Is mock'd to scorn ; and lewd abuse instead,
Daughter of night, her shameless revels holds
O'er half the globe, while the chaste face of day
Eclipses at her rites. For man with man,
And man with woman (monstrous to relate !)
Leaving the natural road, themselves debase
With deeds unseemly, and dishonour foul.
Britons, for shame ! be male and female still.
Eradicate this foreign vice ; it grows not here ;
It dies neglected ; and in clime so chaste
Cannot but by forc'd cultivation thrive.
But cultivated swells the more our shame,

The more our guilt. And shall not greater guilt
 Meet greater punishment and heavier doom:
 Not lighter for delay. Did justice spare
 The men of Sodom erst? like us they sinn'd,
 Like us they sought the paths of monstrous joy;
 Till, urg'd to wrath at last, all-patient Heaven
 Descending wrapt them in sulphureous storm.
 And where proud palaces appear'd, the haunts
 Of luxury, now sleeps a sullen pool:
 Vengeful memorial of Almighty ire,
 Against the sons of lewdness exercis'd!

ANACREON ON HIS MISTRESS'S PICTURE.

FROM THE GREEK.

BEST and happiest artisan,
 Best of painters, if you can,
 With your many-colour'd art,
 Paint the mistress of my heart.

Describe the charms you hear from me,
 (Her charms you could not paint and see)
 And make the absent nymph appear
 As if her lovely self were here.

First draw her easy-flowing hair,
 As soft and black as she is fair;
 And, if your art can rise so high,
 Let breathing odours round her fly.

Beneath the shape of flowing jet,
 The ivory forehead smoothly set,

With

G
Thy
Thy
Dec

With care the fable brows extend,
 And in two arches nicely bend ;
 That the fair space, which lies between
 The meeting shade, may scarce be seen.
 The eye must be uncommon fire,
 Sparkle, languish, and desire ;
 The flames, unseen, must yet be felt,
 Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
 The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
 Amidst the white of new-fall'n snow.

Let her lips persuasion wear,
 In silence elegantly fair ;
 As if the blushing rivals strove,
 Breathing and inviting love.

Below her chin be sure to deck
 With every grace her polish'd neck ;
 While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet,
 In the swelling bosom meet.
 The rest in purple garments veil,
 Her body, not her shape, conceal.
 Enough !——the lovely work is done,
 The breathing paint will speak anon.

THE ADIEU AND RECALL TO LOVE.

BY MR. P. *Mc*

GO, idle boy ! I quit thy pow'r ;
 Thy couch of many a thorn, and flow'r ;
 Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,
 Deceitful beauty's timid mien ;

The feign'd surprize, the roguish leer,
 The tender smile, the thrilling fear,
 Have now no pangs, no joys for me,
 So fare thee well, for I am free!
 Then flutter hence on wanton wing,
 Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,
 Or take thy bev'rage from the rose,
 Or on Louisa's breast repose:
 I wish thee well for pleasures past,
 Yet bless the hour, I'm free at last.

But sure, methinks, the alter'd day
 Scatters around a mournful ray;
 And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,
 And ev'ry stream untuneful flows;
 No rapture swells the linnet's voice,
 No more the vocal groves rejoice;
 And e'en thy song, sweet bird of eve!
 With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,
 Now scarce regarded meets my ear,
 Unanswer'd by a sigh or tear.
 No more with devious step I choose
 To brush the mountain's morning dews;
 To drink the spirit of the breeze,
 Or wander midst o'er arching trees;
 Or woo with undisturb'd delight,
 The pale-cheek'd virgin of the night,
 That piercing thro' the leafy bow'r,
 Throws on the ground a silver show'r.
 Alas! is all this boasted ease,
 To lose each warm desire to please,
 No sweet solicitude to know
 For others bliss, for others woe,

A frozen apathy to find,
 A sad vacuity of mind?
 O hasten back, then, idle boy,
 And with thine anguish bring thy joy!
 Return with all thy torments here,
 And let me hope, and doubt, and fear.
 O rend my heart with ev'ry pain!
 But let me, let me love again.

*An Imitation of the tenth Elegy of the second Book
 of the Amours of that meretricious, polite, Roman
 Gentleman,*

PUBLIUS NASO OVID,

BY DR. W——.

REMEMBER, George, with warmth 'twas
 said by you,

No man at once could be in love with two.
 Deceiv'd by you: unarm'd—I had no fears;
 But now, in love with two o'er head and ears.
 They both are handsome; and, they both dress
 well;

But which I cannot say doth most excel.
 My heart for this, then that, alternate burns,
 By heav'n I love these angels in their turns.
 Thus like a ship, the sport of wind and tide,
 My heart divided beats from side to side.

Why would you, love, redouble thus my smart,
 One pretty girl's enough to teaze one heart ?
 Love brought to me—is bringing leaves to trees,
 Stars to the skies, and waters to the seas ;
 I'm full ; 'tis better than to've none at all ;
 Let that damn'd curse my enemies befall.
 'This curse attend my foe (if I have one)
 To deeply love, and yet to lie alone.
 Love from my senses every slumber move,
 O ! make me active on thy bed of love ?
 If one sweet girl my manhood can subdue,
 Let her—if not—then bring me sweeter two.
 Fine slender limbs with me and love suffice,
 I want no vigour, but I may want size.
 Desire still fans the flame, if strength does fade,
 No beauty slept with me and rose a maid.
 Oft' have I spent in love a luscious night,
 And rose next morning eager for the fight :
 Blest are those lives which mutual raptures spend,
 Give me, ye gods ! so wish'd, so sweet an end.
 Let the tough soldier glory in his scars,
 And search for honour in the field of Mars ;
 Let him who thirsts for riches cruise the main,
 Let him, when ship-wreck'd, sink and drink his
 gain.
 Let me in love's soft battles fall a slave,
 And dig with rapture there my own soft grave,
 Some feeling fair shall at my exit cry,
 " Thus did he live, thus did my Naso die."

THE WARMING-PAN.

BY CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

THE coach arriv'd, impatient all
For diff'rent things begin to call!

But I, who have no trade
But love, far sweeter morsels try;
I search, and fix an am'rous eye
Upon the Chambermaid.

I wait, and catch her as she flies
From room to room, with eager eyes:

"My dear, permit my aid!"
I seize her, and she cries a-done,
I kiss her quick, and let her run;
The pretty Chambermaid.

The supper comes, and Betty Grove,
'Tis Hebe waiting upon Jove;
The reck'ning next is paid;
Yawning the passengers retire,
I, burning like the kitchen fire,
For Betty Chambermaid.

Kneeling, my bed the beauty warms,
When furious I attack her charms:

"Get out, you naughty man!"
The port is gain'd by quick surprise,
I kiss, she kicks, and faintly cries,
"O! move the warming-pan!"

There

There—there, again—the bed—it burns,
I move—she moves—we move by turns;

“What are you at, dear man?”

Hush! there’s a noise—the bed—the joy,
Hark! hark! how sweet my amorous boy,
Hold there—the warming-pan.

Whene’er I pass the high North-road,
I knock at Betty’s soft abode,
Where happy I am laid;
The neatest inn, the softest thatch,
And tell me, where a place can match
My pretty Chambermaid.

E P I G R A M,

BY MONS. VOLTAIRE, ON MADAM POMPADOUR
BEING MADE MISTRESS TO LEWIS
THE FIFTEENTH.

IN early youth this lovely maid,
By art and nature form’d to please,
In brothel, cot, or masquerade,
And captivate each heart with ease.

Whom her mamma, discreet and wise,
Intended for a farmer’s bed,
But love, a better judge of eyes,
Gave to a king her maidenhead.

THE JUDGMENT REVERSED, OR CHLOE
TRIUMPHANT.

BY SIR JAMES J——.

OFT had I talk'd of the Idalian grove,
And fancied beauties of the queen of love,
When Paris, slighting all of grand, or wise,
Decreed to Paphian shafts the golden prize;
'Till Chloe, fixt the tedious tale to end,
And eager with a goddess to contend,
In wanton whisper nam'd the blissful hour,
When yielding Venus should confess her pow'r; }
—Myself the Paris to decide the dow'r.

The hour arriv'd; the ecstatic summons came—
While all my bosom quicken'd into flame.

—Darkness around her sable mantle threw!

—At once the envious shutters open flew!

Gods, what a scene!—in all her charms she lay,

On a black velvet couch, expos'd to day;

The room with spacious mirrors hung around;

That at each view her lovely form was found;

No niggard veil between disturb'd the sight,

But the sense ach'd with over-charg'd delight.

One polish'd arm her beauteous head sustain'd;

(An arm of Parian marble richly veil'd;)

The other, negligently thrown below,

Seem'd meant to hide, what more is serv'd to shew.

Less bright the tints the dazzling prism displays,

When fill'd, refulgent, with meridian rays,

Than beam'd, in wild exuberance of grace,

The roseate wonders of her matchful face.

Her

Her eyes shot flames of ever-living fire,
 That kindled all th' enthusiasm of desire ;
 —Yet seem'd, in melting mercy to mankin'd,
 To pity most and gentle love inclin'd—
 The taper'd brow, high-arching, lightly flood
 A magic bridge to pass th' enchanted flood.
 Her lips, delicious contrast to her teeth,
 Sigh'd softly all Arabia's balmy breath.
 But oh ! what image aptly can declare
 The wavy glories of her wanton hair !
 —Defects and charms meet nearer than they seem,
 —Nature here verg'd to beauty's grand extreme—
 The pow'rful auburn struck the chestnut dead ;
 —Another tinge had wander'd into red.—

In glossy curls th' enamour'd tendrils prest,
 To shade the ripening clusters of her breast ;
 Her breast, as Hecla cold, as Ætna warm ;
 And form'd in each vicissitude to charm.
 —Nor weak each fairy mound the semblance shews,
 —Its summit glowing thro' surrounding snows—
 The proudest tint that Titian ever drew,
 Was pale, was languid to their vivid hue ;
 Like rival beauties, that with envy burn,
 With looks averted various ways they turn ;
 Yet each—as if itself alone were fair—
 Swell'd, conscious, to the touch, and courted all
 our care.

In warm transparence exquisitely thin,
 Shone the rich polish of her fragrant skin :
 Of purest white ; yet, through, reflected high,
 Stream'd the mild twilight of a summer's sky.
 'Twas firmness' self ; but not the rude rebuff
 Of aught abrupt, irregular, or rough ;

'Twas the mole's satin into marble grown ;
 The swan's soft plumage, and the ermine's down.
 —In Leda's luxury the hand might glide
 Adown the sleeky surface of her side—

Her stature such, as with a perfect whole
 Seem'd well imagin'd just to fill the soul ;
 In nice approaches verging to the tall ;
 —The least diminish'd, had defin'd her—small.

Her limbs—if all the dulcet flow of ease
 Soft-trac'd to strictest harmony could please ;
 Her limbs—but check the sacrilegious tale ;
 Nor draw, like Pompey, the all-hallow'd veil ;
 Suffice—that all which Ovid ever sung,
 Or wanton'd on Petronius' honied tongue ;
 That Guido's hand in happiest hour essay'd,
 Or Rubens lavish'd on his darling maid,
 In blest assemblage here its force display'd. }
 The wand'ring eye in wild amaze was lost ;
 —Her very foot had thaw'd a hermit's frost.

Entranc'd I stood—'twas nature's true sublime,
 Idolatry was here at least no crime—
 In trembling sounds my fault'ring praises broke ;
 But Chloe's conquest all my frame bespoke.
 Swift o'er her cheek the blush of triumph stole,
 And flash'd a ten-fold lustre on my soul.

Take then, she cried, the prize, too happy boy ;
 —A Helen, guiltless of the fate of Troy—
 So saying, wide her circling arms she threw,
 While all Elysium open'd to my view !
 Heav'n's, what a sound !—'twas lightning pierc'd
 my breast—

—Let bards of richer fancy paint the rest.

THE

THE LOVE DRAUGHT.

FROM ANACREON. BY FAWKES.

AS late of flow'rets fresh and fair
 I wove a chaplet for my hair,
 Beneath a rose, gay summer's pride,
 The wanton god of love I spy'd;
 I seiz'd him, resolute of soul,
 And plung'd him in my flowing bowl,
 Resolv'd to have a draught divine,
 And fairly swallow'd him in wine:
 E'er since his fluttering wings impart
 Strange titillations to my heart.

PRAYER TO VENUS.

BY W. S——, ESQ.

KIND Venus, hear thy suppliant's pray'r,
 Hear, and indulgent grant;
 For love I ask—you well may spare
 The little I shall want.

No storms of passion I desire,
 No boundless transports claim,
 Give me that gentle doubtful fire,
 Which feeds a sportive flame.

For oh! I've known the soft delights,
 That warm the breast sincere;
 The anxious days and sleepless nights,
 That nurse the tender fear.

Have

Have shar'd the fond endearing kifs,
Which mutual ardour fires,
And tasted oft that genuine blifs,
Which mutual truth inspires.

I've felt the fierce extreme of love,
Which utterance would destroy;
When speechless raptures silent prove
The soul's sublimest joy.

But then its bitterest pangs I've borne,
Deprest with tenfold care;
And many an hour with anguish torn,
Sat brooding o'er despair.

Whelm'd with such violence of woe
Would melt a heart of steel,
Which only those who love can know,
Who lose can only feel.

Hence, let me calmly view the sex,
Contented to enjoy
That blifs, which absence cannot vex,
Or perfidy destroy:

O Venus! let me favour win,
Secure from Cupid's dart,
Still let it gently pierce my skin,
But never probe my heart!

K

PALLAS

PALLAS AND VENUS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF H——.

THE Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
 And beauty's pow'r obtain'd the golden fruit;
 When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
 Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms:
 The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
 From head to foot, and tauntingly she said;
 Yield, sister; rival, yield; naked, you see
 I vanquish; guess how potent I should be,
 If to the field I came in armour dress'd,
 Dreadful like thine my shield, and terrible my
 crest.

The warrior goddess, with disdain, reply'd,
 Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
 Let a brave enemy for once advise,
 And, Venus, (if 'tis possible) be wise.
 Thou, to be strong, must put off every dress;
 Thy only armour is thy nakedness:
 And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)
 By Mars himself that armour has been try'd.

THE HUSBAND.

BY A LADY.

THE poets sing, of old, that am'rous Jove,
 In various shapes perform'd the feat of love:

Chang'd

Chang'd to a swan, he rifled Leda's charms,
 And, with a rival whiteness, fill'd her arms.
 On Danae's lap he fell a golden shower :
 (Gold is the surest friend in an amour.)
 Now in a bull's, or satyr's grisly shape,
 He on some beauty makes a welcome rape.
 Nor think it strange, that Jove's almighty power,
 Thro' these base forms, taught females to adore.
 A likeness less agreeable he try'd,
 He came a husband to Amphytrion's bride :
 And, in a husband's shape, could welcome prove,
 Who must not own th' omnipotence of Jove?

E P I G R A M.

The Marriage of Margaret and Moses.

MMARG'RET to Moses wed, and pray'd to
 God,
 Her spouse might have both Aaron's beard and
 rod,

E P I T A P H.

*The following was pinn'd to a Lady's Bed Curtains
 upon her Wedding Night.*

BY THE E — OF S — .

Hic jacet STELLA,

LÆTA spe carnis resurrectionis:
 Eximæ puella pulchritudinis,
 Miræ sua vitatis, comitatisque:
 Nulla venustas animo deficit.

K 2

Nullus

Nullus corpori dicor,—amore
 In omni ciebat pectore,
 Egregia sua sibi soli

Latuere merita.

Tandem in illius senum recepta,
 Quem maxime concupiverat :
 Lubenter naturæ persolvens debitum,
 Placide obdormit.

ENGLISHED.

Here lieth STELLA,
 In the joyful hope of the resurrection of the flesh:
 A virgin of surpassing beauty,
 No charm was wanting to complete her mind,
 No ornament her body ;
 The fire of love she stir'd in ev'ry breast ;
 Yet to herself was all this worth unknown.
 Folded at last within the arms of him
 She most desir'd,
 Nature she joyfully repaid,
 And pleasing sunk to rest.

ROGER AND MOLLY.

BENEATH a weeping willow's shade,
 Melting with love, fair Molly laid,
 Her cows were feeding by :
 By turns she knit, by turns she sung,
 While ever flow'd from Molly's tongue :
 " How deep in love am I ! "

Young

Young Roger chanc'd to stroll along,
And hearing Molly's am'rous song,

And now and then a sigh:
Straight o'er the hedge he made his way,
And join'd with Molly in her lay;

"How deep in love am I!"

The quick surprise made Molly blush,

"How rude," she cried; "now pray be hush!"

Yet show'd a yielding eye:

"My needle's bent, my worsted's broke,

"Roger, I only meant in joke,

"How deep in love am I."

"You're rude—get out—I won't be kiss'd,

"Pray don't—yes do! begone—persist!

"Roger, I vow I'll cry!

"What are you at—you roguish swain?"

He answer'd, in a dying strain,

"How deep in love am I."

A R I D D L E.

BY L—W——R——.

IN infancy I knew a spot,
Where flowers ne'er had blown,
Where creeping moss had never got,
Where seed was never sown.
But when to years maturer grown,
The spot was deck'd with flowers,
Seed flourish'd whensoever sown,
And lik'd reviving showers.

Within this little snug retreat,
 A cooling fountain plays:
 Here, Venus did Narcissus treat,
 And spent their youthful days.
 The stream, they nam'd the milky way,
 Cause of its cooling pow'r,
 Here 'Titus sigh'd to lose a day!
 And I to lose an hour.

Around this fount a shady grove,
 To lovely Venus dear:
 Where all the loves and graces rove,
 And wanton all the year.
 The only grove where Ida's dove,
 Is known to build her nest:
 Wherein the little god of love
 Creeps, from his mother's breast.

A smoother plain beyond the fount
 Extends than Tempe sweet,
 Whereon appears a little mount,
 Which Cupid makes his seat.
 Two snowy mountains rise above,
 Fairest beneath the skies:
 Which Venus nam'd the hills of love,
 Because, when prest they rise.

LYDY, CHURNING.

BRIM full of love fat Lydy fat,
 Cheeks like a blooming plum;
 Sweating with all a maiden's strength,
 To make the butter come.

In vain she churn'd, in vain she try'd;

O, would our Roger come!

For nothing but a Roger's strength,

Can make my butter come.

Within the pantry Roger skulk'd,

And heard this am'rous hum;

Then fixing fast on Lydy's churn,

He made her butter come.

Lydy cried out—O Roger,—on—

That day may I be dumb;

If once I toil—when you so soon

Can make my butter come.

SONNET TO MELISSA'S LIPS.

BY DR. W——

DEAR balmy lips of her who holds my heart
 In the soft bondage of a love sincere!——
 Dear balmy lips! your cherub smiles impart
 To your adoring suppliant's earnest pray'r.
 Nor the fresh rose-bud, charg'd with vernal dew,
 Nor the warm crimson of the blushing morn,
 Nor the gay blossoms of the summer thorn,
 Are half so glowing, or so sweet as you!
 Dear lips!——permit my trembling lips to press
 Your ripen'd softness, in a tender kiss:
 And, while my throbbing heart avows the bliss
 Will you—(dear lips!) the eager strangers bless?
 "Ah fondrequest!"—the beauteous owner cries,
 "Cease, wayward youth!—whoever touches—
 dies!"

SONNET TO MELLISSA.

BY DR. W——.

HER dark-brown tresses negligently flow
 In curls luxuriant, to her bending waist ;
 Her darker brows in perfect order plac'd,
 Guard her bright eyes, that mildly beam below.
 The Roman elegance her nose displays——
 Her cheeks—soft blushing, emulate the rose,
 Her witching smiles, the orient pearls disclose:
 And o'er her lips, the dew of Hybla strays.
 Her lib'ral mind, the gentler virtues own ;
 Her chasten'd wit, instructive lore impart ;
 Her lovely breast is soft compassion's throne,
 And honour's temple is her glowing heart.
 But I, like patriarch Moses, praise and bless
 The Canaan which I never shall possess !

 EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF STRA-
 TOCLES AND MYRILLA.

FROM ANACREON. BY FAWKES.

VENUS, fair queen of gods above,
 Cupid, thou mighty power of love,
 And Hymen bland, by Heav'n design'd
 The fruitful source of human-kind :
 To you, as to the lyre I sing,
 Flows honour from the sounding string ;
Propitious

Propitious to the numbers prove,
O Venus, Hymen, God of love.

View, gentle youth, with rapture view
This blooming bride, ordain'd for you ;
Rise quick, and feast on all her charms,
Lest, like a bird, she fly your arms.

O happy youth, by Venus blest,
But happier on Myrilla's breast :

" See how the fair-one, sweetly coy,

" All soft confusion, meets the joy,

" Blooming as health, fresh as May flowers,

" And bright as radiant noon-tide hours."

Of all the flowers upon the plains,
The rose unmatch'd in beauty reigns ;

Myrilla thus in charms excels,

She shines the rose among the belles.

O may, blest youth, the god of day

The pleasing toils of love survey ;

And may a beauteous blooming boy

Crown your soft vows with lasting joy !

WELL JUDGED.

A TALE. BY MR. T—L.

AN alderman, a wealthy cit,
One morning met a man of wit ;
Dear Dick, said he, I like your way,
You're always chearful, ever gay :
Yet, if what I have heard be true,
Fortune has been unkind to you,

K 5

And

And has denied the only blessing
 We citizens think worth possessing;
 'Tis wealth I mean, and that your sense
 Is oft more current than your perce.

Good faith, replied our merry spark,
 My worthy friend, you've hit the mark,
 I very often know the curse
 Of being with an empty purse:
 A sad disease, and, I am sure,
 I gladly would find out a cure:
 For, since the truth must be confess'd,
 It very often breaks my rest;
 It blunts my humour, dulls my wit;
 'Tis very well, replied the cit,
 The sickness known, the cure is easy,
 And I shall do my best to please ye.
 What think you of a wealthy wife?
 Could you endure the married life?
 A woman with ten thousand pound,
 Young, blooming, chearful, fair, and sound,
 May soon be had, if you incline;
 What answer give you, friend of mine?

The merry spark a while was dumb,
 He scratch'd his head, and bit his thumb,
 Look'd very wise and very grave,
 Then to the cit this answer gave,
 My friend, I am not such a sot,
 (If such a marriage could be got)
 As to refuse to tie the knot:
 But I'm afraid, you'll scarcely find
 A fortune of that generous mind,
 Who will her hopes of greatness quit,
 And wed a poor man for his wit;

Nay,

Nay, I for ever must despair
To get a wife both rich and fair.

The alderman replied, I see
Your want of faith and trust to me;
But ere to-morrow come, I may
Shew you a proof of what I say;
Come, dine with me; I know what's what,
I have three girls, but mum for that:
You'll have for dinner beef and fish,
And wine as good as you can wish.
My girls can dance, can sing, and play,
And are, like you, for ever gay.
My wife, you know, is dead long since,
And I live merry like a prince:
You know enough's as good's a feast,
And you shall be a welcome guest.

I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,
Said Dick, you act a friendly part;
Would I could shew my gratitude,
To one so very kind and good:
But what's within my pow'r I'll do,
And be obedient still to you.

The alderman, with great content,
Home to his house with Richard went;
Who, tho' he there had often been,
Yet never had the daughters seen:
But now the father meant that he
Should have a sight of all the three.
Down stairs they came; and Richard swore,
He ne'er beheld such charms before;
Beauty and youth, and ev'ry grace,
Alike adorn'd each smiling face;
A sprightliness in all appear'd,
And ev'ry look his bosom cheer'd;

His

His soul was ravish'd with delight,
And flutter'd at the joyous sight.

And now they all at dinner sat,
And past their time in merry chat,
But love had ruffled Richard's quiet,
And made him quite neglect his diet :
By turns the sisters he survey'd,
And thus at length his wit display'd.
The haughty wife of thund'ring Jove,
Minerva, and the queen of love,
Three goddesses (as we are told)
From heav'n came down, in days of old ;
The prize of beauty was the end,
That made these goddesses descend,
Since Discord had an apple giv'n,
That much disturb'd the peace of heav'n ;
For she, till then, had been a guest
At ev'ry marriage, ev'ry feast ;
But, with her endless malice tir'd,
Her presence they no more desir'd.
This so enrag'd the spiteful dame,
That she to high Olympus came,
And 'mongst the goddesses she threw
A golden apple, then withdrew,
And, grinning said, let this be giv'n
To her that fairest is in heav'n.

Each goddess strove to seize the fruit,
And rais'd in heav'n a great dispute ;
But when the three that I have nam'd,
Each for herself the apple claim'd,
The lesser goddesses were mute,
And left with grief the golden fruit ;

Yet

Yet would no god in heav'n decree
 Who had th' advantage of the three.
 At last the gods desir'd that they
 To Ida's mount would take their way,
 And there find out some shepherd youth,
 Whose untaught soul knew only truth,
 Free from ambition and from pride,
 Who only could the cause decide.

O happy Paris! it was you
 Three naked goddesses did view,
 And to love's queen gave up the prize;
 But, spite of sense, and spite of eyes,
 If you had these bright sisters seen,
 The choice had not so easy been;
 You ne'er had ended the dispute,
 Nor known to whom to give the fruit.
 Dick's flatt'ry all the sisters pleas'd,
 While raptures on the father seiz'd;
 Dear Dick, he cried, to tell the truth,
 Thou art a most bewitching youth:
 Whate'er you do with ease is done,
 I wish I had you for a son;
 And now, my friend, and daughters dear,
 To what I say, pray lend an ear:

I wish'd, dear Richard, you'd agree
 To take a wife out of the three;
 Ten thousand pounds to each I'll give,
 And make it better, if I live;
 And she on whom my Dicky pitches,
 Shall ne'er complain for want of riches.

Dick, at this strange discourse amaz'd,
 Upon the blushing sisters gaz'd,

He

He fear'd it was the effect of drink,
 And knew not what to say or think ;
 No wealth, no money, had he got,
 Nor was he worth a single groat.

But th' alderman began again,
 And did his former speech explain :
 Dear daughters, I of wealth have store,
 Nor do I ask or wish for more :
 Dick is my friend, but Dick, you know,
 No kind of jointure can bestow ;
 But Dick has sense, and Dick has wit,
 And Dick for ev'ry thing is fit,
 While elder brothers, as you know,
 Are good for nothing but for show ;
 I ne'er cou'd bear these gaudy boys,
 Of all mankind Dick is my choice.

The smiling sisters own'd for truth,
 They had no quarrel to the youth ;
 But yet they thought it was but fair
 That Richard should his mind declare.
 On this the charming maids withdrew,
 And left poor Dick, I know not how.

The alderman, his daughters gone,
 And he and Richard left alone,
 A bumper fill'd, why Dick, said he,
 Here is a health to all the three ;
 Take which of them best pleases thee.
 Dear Sir, said Dick, I cannot tell,
 I love them all so very well ;
 They all of them such charms possess,
 That I am puzzl'd, I confess ;
 Had I but one bright beauty view'd,
 With ease she had my heart subdu'd ;

But

But when that three with equal charms,
A heart like mine at once alarms,
Each form'd alike for heav'nly joys,
I know not how to make a choice.

Paris, as I have lately told,
(But that was in the days of old)
When three bright ladies of the sky
To him, as umpire, did apply,
Made them their heav'nly robes unpin,
And stripp'd each goddess to the skin.
But now such freedoms will not pass,
Tho' we with ease may find a lass,
'Who will all night lie by our side,
Yet such is now the sex's pride,
That tho' we flatter, fawn and beg,
The saucy thing won't show her leg.

Your daughters, Sir, are heav'nly fair,
But when their beauties I compare,
I freely own I can't discover
To which of them I'm most a lover ;
But, if their wit you'll let me try,
I'll soon find out the mystery.

Yet let each mind keep on her mask,
Till I one single question ask ;
For I must honestly confess,
It favours much of wantonness,
And on their cheeks may raise a blush,
And that, I swear, I do not wish ;
But since I am to chuse a wife,
And that the comfort of my life
Depends upon the lucky chance,
Forgive me this extravagance :

The

The alderman was well content,
 And for his charming daughters sent,
 To whom he told what Dick had said;
 And hop'd they would not be afraid,
 Since sure it would be no hard task,
 To answer what his friend would ask,
 And begg'd, since one must be a bride,
 They'd lay all bashfulness aside.

The maids consent, and Dick, on this,
 Of each fair sister took a kiss;
 These kisses set his heart on fire,
 And in him raised such strong desire,
 That he stood trembling and amaz'd,
 And on each lovely charmer gaz'd.

The masks were fix'd, and Dick begun,
 I wish, dear ladies, I could shun
 The asking questions, but I find
 I am so much to all inclin'd,
 That, in my soul, I can't agree,
 Who is the dearest of the three;
 Whoe'er I get, I'm sure of joys,
 Yet I'm confounded in my choice;
 But since you gen'rously submit
 To make a trial of your wit,
 Forgive me, fair ones, then, if I
 Your knowledge by a question try;
 And pardon me, if to your ears,
 The question something odd appears:
 Whether the mouth that's in your face,
 Or that in a more hidden place,
 The eldest is? Who answers best
 Shall triumph in my happy breast,

If with that breath the fair one gives
A reason why she so believes.

The masks the rosy cheeks conceal'd,
While blushing necks their shame reveal'd.

The first-born daughter, said in truth
I think the eldest is my mouth,
Since in it there are teeth of bone,
In that below, I'm sure are none.

The second said, the seat of love
Is eldest; for the mouth above,
Upon its lips no hair can show,
But I have got a beard below;
And added, with a kind of rage,
Is not a beard a sign of age?
The youngest sister, smiling, said,
I'm but a young and silly maid;
But yet I think the mouth above
Is elder than the seat of love;
And what I say, I thus evince;
My upper mouth was wean'd long since,
And flesh and fish, and bones can eat,
But mouth below longs for the teat.

Richard on this embrac'd the fair,
And for the youngest did declare;
He married her with great content,
And never did his choice repent.

EPITAPH.

ON A MAID.

BENEATH these stones a lovely maid's re-
pos'd,
Who, while alive a secret ne'er disclosed :
She on her back is still supinely laid,
The pious posture of a dying maid.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Sir John to my lady, as together they sat,
My dear, shall we sup first, or do you know what?
With an innocent smile, replied the good lady,
Sir John, what you please—but supper's not
ready.

ON A FAMOUS TOAST.

BELINDA has such wond'rous charms,
'Tis heav'n to lie within her arms :
And she's so charitably giv'n,
She wishes all mankind in heav'n.

A LOVER'S

A LOVER'S ANGER,

BY THE D—OF M—.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
 I, peevish, began, where so long could you stay?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
 You promis'd at two, and pray look child, 'tis
 four:

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals:
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear——
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me, cry'd she, let a body but speak;
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fell into my neck,
 It has hurt me, and vex't me to such a degree,
 But I know you wou'd never believe one, pray see,
 On the left side my breast, what a mark it has
 made:

So saying, her bosom she careless display'd;
 That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

ON LADY T—RC—L's RING.

BY MR. S—.

YOUR husband gave to you a ring,
 Set round with jewels rare;
 You gave to him a better thing——
 —A ring set round with hair.

THE RAMBLERS; OR, AN IMITATION OF THE
FIRST LOVE SCENE IN OPEN AIR;

A TALE.

So pass'd they naked on————

MILTON.

BY L—J—R——.

ONCE on a day when summer dress'd the
green,
And nought around but fragrant flow'rs were
seen.

When golden Phœbus shot a gentle ray,
Olympus smil'd and all the fields were gay.
Athwart the meads advanc'd a lovely pair,
Daphnis the young, and Rosalind the fair,
Of equal fortune both, of equal years,
Both warm in youth, and both devoid of cares,
With mutual ardour fir'd; as on they went,
The pleasing hours in am'rous talk they spent.
The youth industrious to allure his love,
Brought ev'ry flow'r that bloom'd in meadow
grove.

He cull'd the fairest to adorn her breast,
And fondly wish'd to be as closely press'd.

Now they arrive at the long wish'd-for place,
Kind nature deck'd with a peculiar grace.

There cooling zephyrs fann'd the op'ning glade,
There flow'd a gentle stream, there rose an am-
bient shade.

As here they sat protected from the sun,
With a fond smile the loving youth begun.

“ Behold

“ Behold, fair maid, how bounteous nature
round

With flow’ry gems bespangles all the ground ;
Their birth to know, makes reasoning blockheads
pause :

O blind to truth—productive love’s the cause.
When the soft cloud descends in kindly show’rs,
And thro’ the earth its genial moisture pours,
The juice prolific makes each bud appear,
And thence arise the glories of the year.

“ The feather’d wooers in the shady grove,
Loudly proclaim the energy of love.
The purling stream that flows beneath our feet
Murmurs its love in melody so sweet.
Since then all things kind Venus’ transports
know,

Ah, why shou’d we the pleasing task forego ?
O let us now the precious time employ,
While whisp’ring nature prompts us on to joy.”

Thus spoke the youth, and with a kiss instill’d
Th’ inciting passion—the warm virgin thrill’d
In ev’ry vein—the ardour gains her heart ;
But miss must play the coy coquettish part.
Her heaving breasts with indignation swell ;
She calls him villain, reprobate most fell.

The phantom honour starts before her eyes,
Rapid as lightening from the youth she flies.

He, not to lose the conquest of the day,
Pursues the fair thro’ ev’ry winding way.

At length she turns to make this stern reply :
“ From whence, bold youth, take you this liberty ?
Lost is my fame, shou’d we be seen alone.”
Of fame she talks, and in a haughty tone.

The

The youth persists his fair one to implore :
She still denies, but he still urges more.

Cupid by chance lit near them in the grove,
And saw the fond contention of their love.
The partial god to Daphnis' succour flies,
Plies quick his bow, " Yield, yield, fair maid,"
he cries.

Stricken she feels love's sharp resistless dart,
Sighs, falls, to Daphnis yields a willing heart.

Of conquest sure, the charm'd impatient boy,
Rushes impetuous to inviting joy.

Cupid around them draws a fragrant veil,
From prying eyes their raptures to conceal.
Soon as the endearments of their love were o'er,
And the god waded to Idalia's shore,
Expos'd to sight shone Rosalinda's charms ;
The raptur'd youth lay panting in her arms.
Amaz'd, they started, as they heard me near :
He fled for shame ; she cried, " good Sir, what
cheer ?

Pray make no noise, for this is sacred ground,
I and my cousin have a bird's nest found.
Did'st meet him, Sir ? he's just about my age :
The bird belongs to him, but mine the cage."

Smiling I heard, and smiling went away,
Pleas'd at th' adventure of the sportful day.

FROM ANACREON.

BY FAWKES.

WHEN gold, that fugitive unkind,
With pinions swifter than the wind,

Flies

Flies from my willing arms away,
 (For gold with me will never stay)
 With careless eyes his flight I view,
 Who would perfidious foes pursue?

When from the glittering mischief free,
 What mortal can compare with me?
 All my inquietudes of mind
 I give to murmur with the wind:
 Love sweetly tunes my melting lyre
 To tender notes of soft desire.

But when the vagrant finds I burn
 With rage, and flight him in his turn,
 He comes my quiet to destroy,
 With the mad family of joy:
 Adieu to love, and soft desire!
 He steals me from my soothing lyre.

O faithless gold! thou dear deceit!
 Say, wilt thou still my fancy cheat?
 This lute far sweeter transport brings,
 More pleasing these love-warbled strings:
 For thou with envy and with wiles
 Me of my dearest love beguiles,
 Dashing the cup of sweet desire,
 And robb'st me of my golden lyre.
 Then, for with me thou wilt not stay,
 To faithless Phrygians speed'st away,
 Proud and assiduous to please
 Those sons of perfidy and ease.

Me from the muse thou woudst detain,
 But all thy tempting arts are vain;
 E'er shall my voice forget to sing,
 For this right hand to touch the string:

Away

Away to other climes! farewell;—
 Leave me to tune the vocal shell.

THE NINEVITE.

A TALE.

WHOE'ER believes that want of sense
 Can be to virtue a defence,
 And keep a maid from doing ill,
 May, if he pleases, think so still;
 For me, of two things I am sure,
 That honour cannot be secure,
 And virtue may be soon ensnar'd,
 When folly is its only guard.

To prove the truth of what I've said,
 In Durham liv'd a charming maid,
 A prebend's daughter, young and fair,
 Her father's darling, mother's care;
 Never was finer figure seen,
 But, ah! she was a mere machine,
 From wit, from sense, from knowledge free,
 She wonder'd one and two made three;
 Yet her eyes threw darts around,
 And Sally many lovers found.

Achilles' spear, the poets say,
 Could wound, and pains of wounds allay;
 So Sally's tongue brought quick relief
 To those who suffer'd amorous grief.

Her parents, conscious how she charm'd,
 With constant fears the fair alarm'd,

And

And begg'd their daughter to beware
 Of men, who would her heart ensnare;
 And that she would her honour mind,
 And keep at distance from mankind,
 Who still would make attempts upon her,
 And strive to rob her of her honour.

But such was Sally's ignorance,
 That it was only by a chance,
 (As with a girl she talk'd one day)
 She learn'd the place where honour lay;
 Till then it was to her a riddle,
 If 'twas in head, in feet, or middle:
 But now she knew its situation,
 She shew'd her virtue and discretion;
 And to secure it, night and day,
 Upon her honour sat or lay;
 On this position she rely'd,
 And honour's enemies defy'd;
 Asleep or waking, 'was the same,
 And when into a room she came,
 Still mindful of the main affair,
 Secur'd her honour on a chair.

Her silly parents were amaz'd,
 And in their hearts her conduct prais'd;
 They saw she minded what they said,
 Nor fear'd she now could be betrayed;
 And therefore begg'd that she would go
 To ev'ry ball and ev'ry show.

Her parents she in this obey'd,
 But yet the ninny was afraid,
 And never could be brought to dance,
 Lest she should meet with some mischance;
 But to her cousin Tom declar'd
 Her love to honour and its guard:

L

That

That, when she sat on't, she was sure
 Her dear lov'd honour was secure,
 But if she danc'd or jump'd about,
 She fear'd her honour might drop out.

The lewd young dog, o'erjoy'd at this,
 To Sally said, my pretty miss,
 What you, my dear, have said is true,
 But I will tell you what I'll do ;
 Pray come to me before you sup,
 And close I'll stitch your honour up,
 That without other guard you may
 Be free from fear by night or day.

See how a fool may be deceiv'd,
 This foolish girl the boy believ'd ;
 And, stealing out, ask'd of the spark,
 If he could stitch her in the dark.

Yes, yes, said Tom. But Sally said,
 'Twill hurt my honour I'm afraid :
 The first stitch only, said the rake,
 Perhaps may make your honour ake.

Tom stitch'd and stitch'd as long's he could,
 And swore his workmanship was good ;
 But when he meant to go away,
 Wife Sally cried, dear Tommy, stay ;
 You have not stitch'd me half, I fear,
 Feel, Tommy, what a gash is here!

Tom, sighing, said, that's true, indeed,
 But now I am run out of thread ;
 And going off, the fair one cries,
 Dear Tommy, you are telling lies,
 And only make a false excuse,
 You still have left two swinging clews,
 Which Will shall stitch, if you refuse.

IDYLLIUM I.

OF MOSCHUS. BY FAWKES.

IN search of her son, to the listening crowd,
 To other day lovely Venus thus cry'd him aloud :
 Whoever may chance a stray Cupid to meet,
 My vagabond boy, as he strolls in the street,
 And will bring me the news, his reward shall be
 this,

He may freely demand of fair Venus a kiss ;
 But if to my arms he the boy can restore,
 He's welcome to kisses, and something still more.
 His marks are so plain, and so many, you'll own
 That among twenty others he's easily known.
 His skin is not white, but the colour of flame ;
 His eyes are most cruel, his heart is the same :
 His delicate lips with persuasion are hung ;
 But, ah ! how they differ, his mind and his
 tongue,

His voice, sweet as honey ; but nought can
 controul,
 Whene'er he's provok'd, his implacable soul.
 He never speaks truth, full of fraud is the boy ;
 And woe is his pastime, and sorrow his joy.
 His head is embellish'd with bright curling hair ;
 He has confident looks, and an insolent air.
 Though his hands are but little, yet darts they
 can fling

To the regions below, and their terrible king.
 His body quite naked to view is reveal'd,
 But he covers his mind, and his thoughts are
 conceal'd.

- ' Like a bird light of feather, the branches among,
 ' He skips here and there, to the old, to the
 young,
 ' From the men to the maids on a sudden he strays,
 ' And hid in their hearts on their vitals he preys;
 ' The bow which he carries is little and light,
 ' On the nerve is an arrow wing'd ready for flight,
 ' A little short arrow, yet swiftly it flies
 ' Through regions of æther, and pierces the skies,
 ' A quiver of gold on his shoulders is bound,
 ' Stor'd with darts, that alike friends and enemies
 wound :
 ' Ev'n I, his own mother, in vain strive to shun
 ' His arrows—so fell and so cruel my son.
 ' His torch is but small, yet so ardent its ray,
 ' It scorches the sun, and extinguishes day.
 ' O you, who perchance may the fugitive find,
 ' Secure first his hands, and with manacles bind;
 ' Show the rogue no compassion, though oft he
 appears
 ' To weep—his are all hypocritical tears.
 ' With caution conduct him, nor let him beguile
 ' Your vigilant care with a treacherous smile.
 ' Perhaps with a laugh kisses sweet he will proffer
 ' His kisses are poison, ah! shun the vile offer.
 ' Perhaps he'll say, sobbing: ' No mischief I
 know ;
 " Here, take all my arrows, my darts, and my
 bow !"
 ' Ah, beware! touch them not—deceitful his
 aim !
 ' His darts and his arrows are all tipt with
 flame.'

THE EGGS.

A TALE.

Pilles, suiez, suiez la pique,
 Cui vous mettrat aux abbois,
 Car cela produit un enfleur,
 Qui ne ce guerit qu'en neuf mois.

BY L — W — — R — — .

MEN who are set on doing evil,
 Have no regard to God or devil,
 But impiously pursue their course,
 Without reflection or remorse ;
 And to accomplish their intent,
 Ten thousand wicked tricks invent,
 And make the cheating maids and wives,
 The joy and bus'ness of their lives ;
 For, when they have a wife betray'd,
 Or stole the honour from a maid,
 They pride themselves in what they've done,
 And boast the conquest they have won.

To prove the truth of what I've said,
 Not long ago a handsome maid,
 Bred in the country, innocent,
 To London to a sister went,
 A virtuous woman, and discreet,
 Who lodgings let in Suffolk-street.

O'erjoy'd she was to see her sister,
 And, running to her, kindly kiss'd her ;
 Then, soon as they had set them down,
 Said gravely to her, Nanny Brown,
 Since I have brought you up to town,
 I hope you will be rul'd by me,
 Who always have been rul'd by thee ;

}

I see, dear child, you're very fair,
 But of thy beauty have a care ;
 Believe me, in this wicked place,
 A handsome shape, a lovely face,
 Brings many a woman to disgrace :
 Beware, dear Nanny, what you do,
 And let the men in vain pursue.

Nanny a country court'sey dropp'd,
 And, blushing, answer'd, that she hop'd
 To be observing of her duty,
 But she was sure she had no beauty :
 She said, the beauties all are fair,
 Have light blue eyes, and flaxen hair ;
 But mine is like the down of crows,
 And eyes are black as any sloes,
 No man will think me worth their while ;
 Her sister answered with a smile,
 'Trust not to that, but have a care,
 Tho' you are black, they'll think you fair ;
 Never believe a word they say,
 For all they mean is to betray.
 The men are all in morals loose ;
 And I've a lodger in the house,
 Who, tho' he seems exceeding young,
 Has cunning and a flatt'ring tongue ;
 And, though I'm something past my prime,
 Has tried my virtue many a time ;
 And Nanny, to confess the truth,
 He is a most bewitching youth.
 But I have all his wiles defied,
 And to this hour his suit denied ;
 Yet as I freely own, I doubt
 If I can hold much longer out :

But

But I'll call pride to my assistance,
And, if I can, still make resistance.

Yet, dearest Nanny, should I grant
Those favours that he seems to want,
And yield him all, I am secure,
I cannot any harm endure,
For I an honest husband have,
And marriage will my honour save;
Nay, though my spouse should be beguil'd,
He never will suspect the child.

On th' other hand, my dear, if you,
A thing like what I speak of do,
'Twould be your ruin and disgrace,
Nor could you e'er hold up your face;
If you should lay your legs aside,
Or make your virgin-passage wide,
Till you in church are made a bride.

Dear Nanny Brown, if you have sense,
Till then preserve your innocence;
For, if your maidenhead you touch,
The nature of the thing is such,
'Twill slip away, and you in vain
Shall wish to have it back again,
And, if your belly chance to grow,
As what may happen none can know;

Then all the men will from you run,
And you, my dear, will be undone.
But, above all things, see that you
With my young lodger nothing do;
Speak not to him, for he has sense,
And will corrupt your innocence;
But I, your ruin to prevent,
Will rather to his wish consent,

Since

But

Since it no harm can do to me,
 But it would surely ruin thee.
 My husband is gone down to York,
 And I'm depriv'd of nightly work ;
 Since then my spouse is out of sight,
 I think I'll do't this very night.

Poor simple Nanny, for her part,
 Return'd her thanks with all her heart,
 And said, I'll carefully obey
 All your commands by night and day :
 Nay, I so close my legs will keep,
 That, whether waking, or asleep,
 It shall not be an easy matter
 For the most rampant fornicator,
 Though he should slip within my bed,
 To rob me of my maidenhead.

As thus these prudent sisters talk'd,
 Into the room the lodger walk'd ;
 And Nanny, who had got her cue,
 A court'sey made and then withdrew.

The spark, who had not seen her face,
 Was glad that she had left the place ;
 And, sitting down just by her sister,
 First felt her breast, then warmly kiss'd her.

Good Mrs. Jones (that was her name)
 Told him, it was a burning shame
 Still to be kissing at that rate
 A woman he thought out of date.

What ! out of date ! with great surprize
 The lover said, by those dear eyes,
 By all that's holy, all that's dear,
 To me you handsomer appear,

Than

Than any maid in bloom of youth !
 Believe me, fair one, that is truth.
 Again he hugg'd, again he kiss'd,
 Till she, unable to resist,
 (As the young rake did oft avouch)
 Fell backwards on a velvet couch,
 On which they did solace a while,
 And in sweet love the time beguile ;
 Nay more, to shew his love sincere,
 From thence adjourn'd to elbow-chair.
 The yielding dame, brimful of joy,
 With rapture kiss'd the amorous boy,
 And begg'd, when all were fast asleep,
 He'd softly to her chamber creep,
 Where he might pass the happy night,
 Within her arms, in soft delight ;
 For tho' she had oppos'd his will,
 She now would let him take his fill.

The kindly summons he obey'd,
 And in her room till morning stay'd ;
 Where he so oft embrac'd the fair,
 That her fond heart was void of care ;
 Nor fear'd she that her sister's charms
 Could draw her lover from her arms.
 Alas ! said she, what fool was I,
 That did this charming youth deny ?
 No man alive can give the joy
 I've met with from this beardless boy.
 Tho' I have known my spouse in trim,
 He's but a jest compar'd to him,
 Happy, thrice happy, shall I be,
 If he continues true to me ;

Than

And

And sure I need not doubt the youth,
 He is all love, he is all truth,
 He is all goodness; and I see,
 That he will slight the world for me:
 I know he's ravish'd with my charms,
 And I'll so fold him in my arms,
 That, while with me he nightly lies,
 I'll make him useless ere he rise;
 Thus I'll secure the lovely elf,
 And keep him wholly to myself.
 But mistress Jones mistook in this,
 And made the boy so often kiss,
 That he was surfeited with bliss.

'Tis certain there is not in nature,
 Such an inconstant, fickle creature
 As man, who cannot be at rest,
 When love once gets within his breast;
 But when he has the fair enjoy'd.
 The faithless monster soon is cloy'd.

Our spark had now seen Nanny Brown,
 And tho' clad in her country gown;
 And that his skin stuck to his bones,
 Thro' his fatigues with mistress Jones,
 Yet seeing such a beauteous figure,
 Restor'd him to his wonted vigour.

But yet he durst not own his flame,
 Lest it should vex the elder dame.
 With whom he still past ev'ry night
 To her great comfort and delight:
 Till her fond heart was wholly free,
 From any kind of jealousy:
 For he to Nanny never spoke,
 But only by the way of joke,

As long as mistress Jones was by,
And she, poor fool, still answer'd fie.

But when her sister's back was turn'd,
He told the ideot how he burn'd :
How for her love he suffer'd pain,
But all his speeches were in vain ;
She did not understand his language,
Nor knew she what he meant by anguish ;
Besides, she thought it would be sin,
Did she her sister's lover win,
Since 'twas to save her maidenhead,
She took the lodger to her bed.
For I must give the maid her due,
Young Nanny was a virgin true,
And neither love nor loving knew ;
But, mindful of the sage advice
Her sister gave, was always nice,
And always seem'd to be afraid
To hear a word the lodger said ;
Who finding all he said was vain,
That wit and love could nothing gain ;
He soon bethought him of a way,
That would the thoughtless fool betray.
No more he talk'd of flames and darts,
Of piercing eyes and wounded hearts ;
But did at greater distance keep,
Till he had lull'd her fears asleep.

The rake at last found out a time
Was fit to execute his crime ;
For master Jones from York return'd ;
Whose coming, faithful madam mourn'd ;
For in her bed he nightly lay,
And scarcely left her in the day.

The lodger now resolv'd to try,
 This happy opportunity ;
 And sitting one day by the maid,
 He gravely thus to Nanny said ;
 My charming creature, I declare
 I never saw a maid so fair
 As what you were : but I have skill,
 And see that you are growing ill ;
 Your eyes that you might justly boast,
 Have now much of their lustre lost ;
 The rose and lilies on your cheek,
 Are faded much within this week.
 Alas ! said Nanny, what's the matter ?
 In all my life I ne'er was better.
 You may, said he, think what you please,
 But that's a sign of your disgrace ;
 You'll soon find out your sad mistake,
 When ev'ry limb begins to ake,
 Would heav'n these eggs had all been addle,
 With which your sister mix'd your caudle ;
 For now the sad effect is seen.
 What do you by a caudle mean ?
 Poor Nanny cries, in dreadful fright ;
 I still took caudle ev'ry night,
 And never thought it did me harm,
 For it was always sweet and warm.
 'Tis true, said he, but yet the dregs,
 Have fill'd your belly full of eggs ;
 And, dearest Nanny, I'm in fear
 A brood of chickens soon appear ;
 I know, my dear, 'twill be your case.
 On this the tears ran down her face.
 Dear Sir, she cried, oppress'd with grief,
 Am I then lost past all relief ?

O, how the shame my sorrow quickens;
 Must I a mother be of chickens;
 I see you are a skilful man,
 For heav'n's sake help me if you can.
 Is there no cure? Yes, yes, said he,
 If you will come this night to me,
 I'll do my best, I do assure you,
 To save your honour, and to cure you:
 Mean time, if you desire to know,
 If I have told the truth or no,
 Put in your finger 'twixt your legs,
 And try if you can reach the eggs.

His wicked orders she obey'd,
 And to the place her hand convey'd;
 Then said, altho' my finger's small,
 Yet I can make no way at all,
 The passage is so very strait.
 My dear, said he, till midnight wait:
 If then you'll to my chamber creep,
 I'll break three eggs before I sleep;
 The rest I'll in the morning break:
 But see, my dear, you do not speak
 A single word of what I've said.
 Trust me for that, replied the maid.

Night came, the people were asleep,
 When Nanny from her bed did creep,
 And to her longing lover went,
 Who waking lay in great content.
 Her taper legs by far excell'd,
 All that was ever yet beheld,
 Nor could the statues of old Greece,
 Shew such a fair and finish'd piece.

This charming fight inspir'd the boy
 With love and longing after joy ;
 While little Nanny play'd her part,
 And gave him thanks with all her heart ;
 And, fondly kissing, said, my dear,
 Should any sign of eggs appear,
 Will you, to free me from my grief,
 Afford poor Nanny such relief ?

He swore he would. She swiftly rose,
 And in a hurry pin'd her clothes :
 But, stealing gently to her bed,
 Her sister knew poor Nanny's tread ;
 This brought strange fancies in her head ;
 For guilty minds are never free,
 From fears, and doubts, and jealousy.

So slyly slipping on her gown,
 Up stairs she came to Nanny Brown :
 And, coming suddenly upon her,
 Where have you been, my dame of honour ?
 Said mistress Jones : Come, tell me, sister.
 Poor witlefs Nanny run and kiss'd her.
 My dear, said she, since all is over,
 I think I may the truth discover.
 The caudles I have lately taken
 (Would th' eggs had all been eat with bacon)
 Had sad effects ; for let me tell ye,
 They fill'd with eggs my virgin belly :
 Your lodger, blessings on his face,
 'Twas he who first found out my case,
 And told me what a sad disgrace
 It would be, were it understood
 That I of chickens had a brood.

This fill'd my tender heart with grief,
 But he, kind youth, brought quick relief;
 And said, if I'd come to his room,
 He would restore me to my bloom.

I went; he stripp'd me to the skin,
 He laid me down, thrust something in,
 Just here, good sister, 'twixt my legs,
 And in an instant crush'd the eggs.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Wo's my heart that we should sunder.*

IS Hamilla then my own?
 O! the dear, the charming treasure;
 Fortune now in vain shall frown;
 All my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
 Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;
 Smiling heav'n is in her face,
 All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,
 Rosy smiles, and kindling blushes!
 Love sits laughing in her eyes,
 And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from th' Idalian grove,
 Infant smiles, and sports, and graces;
 Spread the downy couch for love,
 And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,
 This fair happy night surround us ;
 While a thousand sprightly joys
 Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unsour'd with care or strife,
 Heav'n still guard this dearest blessing !
 While we tread the path of life,
 Loving still, and still possessing.

THE 'SQUIRE.

A TALE. BY MYSELF.

*Chers ami, fuyons le mariage,
 Il n'est pas l'age qui s'engage
 Pour plus d'un jour.*

NOT long ago, in Lincolnshire,
 There dwelt a rich and errant 'Squire,
 Who only lov'd a country life,
 And with all foxes was at strife ;
 Nor could a single hare have peace,
 The 'Squire so much admir'd the chace :
 And it was still his worship's way,
 To wind his horn at break of day :
 The huntsman answer'd note for note,
 And ev'ry beagle strain'd his throat,
 From Rowzer down to little Lady,
 Impatient till the 'Squire was ready ;
 Who dress'd as fast as he was able,
 Then call'd the butler to the stable.
 And said, pray, Harry, have a care,
 That we this day have noble fare ;

The hunting club must dine with me,
 Some twenty-two or twenty-three :
 Let's have enough, be sure of that,
 I know the brindled ox was fat ;
 Roast you a sirloin, boil a rump.
 My geese and turkeys all are plump ;
 And, if I am not much mistaken,
 You still may get us beans and bacon ;
 The mutton now is very good,
 Pray roast a shoulder in the blood :
 My sucking pigs are in their prime,
 Stuff them with spearmint, chives, and thyme ;
 Make draw the ponds, and get a dish
 Of carp and tench, and other fish.

But, pox confound me for a sot,
 The venison I had forgot,
 Which seems to me exceeding odd ;
 Give us a pasty deep and broad,
 And see the crust be season'd high,
 'Twill make my honest neighbours dry :
 And still the more my neighbours drink,
 The more they'll of thy master think,
 My pork is good and strong my beer,
 Pray, Harry, let no want appear ;
 You know they come but thrice a year.

But now I fear lest I be late ;
 Come, Roger, bring me Creeping Kate,
 Let Richard ride on Wanton Willy,
 And Tom upon the Yorkshire silly :
 Let huntsman Dick, and little Sloat,
 Ride on old Crop, and trusty Roan ;
 And mounted thus, I might defy
 The king (God blefs him) was he by ;

For 'tis well known, I never wait
 The opening of a five-bar gate ;
 But jump the gate, the hedge or ditch,
 Nor care a six-pence which is which ;
 Pray, Harry, see that all be ready.
 Hoist Ruler, Rover, bonny Lady !

Away he rode, the day was fair ;
 They only meant to chase a hare,
 But riding near some bushy rocks,
 The 'Squire rous'd up a swinging fox :
 He hoop'd the dogs, they got a view,
 The hunters eagerly pursue :
 Tho' over hill and dale they ran,
 The 'Squire was still the foremost man :
 He stopp'd at nothing in his way,
 But follow'd close the stinking prey :
 He saw his neighbours far behind,
 This fill'd with joy his booby mind ;
 Their laziness he did despise,
 While triumph sparkled in his eyes ;
 Then to his mare his speech address'd :
 Ah ! Kate of hunters far the best,
 What honour have we got this day ?
 There Jowler, Tickler, there the way :
 See, Kate, our dogs are foremost too,
 A joyful sight, a view, a view !

Kate seem'd to know her master's mind,
 And left the very dogs behind :
 And, riding up, they turn'd the fox,
 When he had almost reach'd the rocks ;
 Never was heard a sweeter sound,
 The 'Squire cheer'd up each breathless hound,
 And echo answer'd all around.

Poor Reynard saw the dogs appear,
 And knew his death was drawing near,
 Yet shed not one unmanly tear :
 And, tho' all hopes of life were past,
 Resolv'd to fight it to the last
 The dogs came up, and stately Toper,
 A hound the 'Squire had got from Roper,
 Went boldly in; but Reynard rose,
 And bit the fav'rite by the nose ;
 His howling cries declare his smart,
 And pierc'd his master to the heart.

}

Lady came in to help her brother,
 Her sire the same, the same her mother ;
 But Reynard let the dog escape,
 And, never minding Lady's shape,
 Scratch'd all her face, and tore her ear,
 That to this day the scars appear ;
 Poor Lady fill'd the air with cries,
 And tears ran from her master's eyes ;
 He saw his dearest friends in pain,
 And curs'd, but curses were in vain.

But Rowzer, tho' his teeth were gone,
 And useless now to gnaw a bone ;
 Came angry up to her assistance,
 And shew'd the folly of resistance,
 For by the reins he seiz'd the fox,
 (That murderer of hens and cocks)
 And, throwing him upon his back,
 Made every nerve and sinew crack.

While Reynard thus expiring lay,
 The dastard hounds, that stood at bay,
 Now valiantly rush on the prey ;

}

The

'The danger over, all grew stout,
And tofs and draw the fox about.

Thus have I often seen, of late,
A haughty minister of state,
With insolence bear all before him,
While sycophants and knaves adore him;
Till one, aspiring to be greater,
Impeach'd the statesman for a traitor.
A while he makes a brave defence,
Insisting on his innocence;
But when they make a home attack,
And once have thrown him on his back,
The little yelping curs come in,
And tear and strip him to the skin.

But, laying families aside,
The happy 'Squire did homewards ride,
The stinking vermin at his belt;
How powerful the booby smelt!

With grief he view'd poor Lady's ears,
And Toper's bloody nose, with tears:
His heart was sore to see their pain,
But hoping they'd be well again,
And having honour got that day,
Rode chearfully upon the way,
Till meeting with the hunting crew,
He from his side dead Reynard threw;
His eyes their laziness upbraid,
And to them thus insulting said.

See what I've got by being keen!
Such sport I'm sure was never seen.
Then half an hour in nonsense spent,
To tell the way that Reynard went;

And brought his story to a close,
 By shewing Toper's bloody nose.
 While thus the 'Squire rehears'd the chace,
 Envy appear'd in ev'ry face ;
 They grin'd at Kate that ran so fast,
 And curs'd the 'Squire himself at last ;
 But he, ne'er angry at the matter,
 Declar'd that Crop still gallop'd better,
 And leap'd o'er all came in his way,
 As he could shew them any day ;
 But now he by his stomach knew
 That it was drawing near to two.
 Come let's away to Booby-Hall,
 We'll get enough to serve us all.

They went, and had a plenteous meal ;
 But it would quite debase my tale,
 Should I repeat their rustic sayings,
 Or mirth more loud than asses' brayings :
 But, after four hours pass'd at dinner,
 The company grew something thinner,
 For all went off but eight or nine,
 Who meant to sup as well as dine.

The 'Squire, who lov'd to toss the cann,
 Now thought himself a happy man :
 He kiss'd his friends ; and rung for Hall,
 And bid him go to cook-maid Mall,
 And, as she hopes to be a bride,
 Tell her this moment to provide
 A supper, that is good and right,
 To please the taste as well as sight :
 Meantime he drove the glass about,
 Some swallow'd port and others stout ;

And gravely all their stories told,
And feats of hunting new and old.

When a young Knight, an artful man,
To talk of womankind began ;
But first a bawdy catch he sung,
My friends, said he, you all are young,
And in the chace your time employ ;
But if you once would taste the joy,
The rapture, and the vast delight,
That women can afford at night,
You soon would slight this toilsome life,
And each of you would take a wife ;
If you would only take the leisure,
To think upon the nightly pleasure
That it would be, when, after sport,
You weary to your homes resort,
To find a young and handsome lady,
That's ever willing, every ready,
To fold you in her snowy arms,
And let you taste much sweeter charms,
Than e'er you dreamt of in your life :
O the dear comfort of a wife !

The 'Squire, who had at London been,
And had the toasts and beauties seen,
Burst out a-laughing at the tale,
And said, may thunder pour my ale,
If I would give a truss of straw
For any woman e'er I saw,
At London, for I have been there ;
I saw a woman they call'd fair,
But, when compar'd with little Tipsey,
The London lady is a gipsy ;

And

And may I never want the itch,
If I'd not sooner kifs that bitch,
Than any woman e'er I knew ;
Believe me, friends, I tell you true.

The Knight replied, 'tis very well ;
Strange stories of yourself you tell ;
But pray, good 'Squire, have ever you
With womankind had aught to do ?

Not I, good faith, replied the 'Squire,
Nor ever had the least desire ;
Nor did I e'er my mind perplex,
To know the diff'rence of the sex.
My cook-maid brews me ale and beer,
Can roast and boil, and make good cheer ;
My maids can wash and darn my linen,
While others are employ'd in spinning ;
I have a dairy-maid beside,
Who Sunday next will be a bride ;
Farther than that, upon my life,
I nothing know of maid or wife ;
But I have talk'd with those who had,
Who swore they all were bitter bad.

They told you so, the Knight reply'd ;
Believe me, 'Squire, the villains ly'd,
As you will own, if you but try
A maid I'll shew you by and by,
With whom I meant to pass the night ;
The girl is handsome, young, and tight :
Ah, friend ! if you but knew the pleasure,
You'd dote upon it out of measure ;
No more you'd on fox-hunting think,
Nay, for a woman, leave your drink.

At

At this the booby shook his head,
 And smiling, said, 'Od strike me dead,
 If I believe that I shall find
 Such mighty joys in womankind
 As what you speak of ! Let me die,
 Did I with twenty women lie,
 If I should like, or Nan, or Joan,
 By half so well as Crop or Roan ;
 Yet faith, my friend, I can't deny
 But that I have a mind to try ;
 And, if what you have said is true,
 I'll own myself oblig'd to you :
 But you must put me on the way,
 To get a girl that's frank and gay,
 Who will no scruple make to shew
 A learner what he ought to do.

The Knight on this grew wond'rous merry,
 And, smiling, said, you've seen young Cherry,
 The daughter of the parish clerk,
 This night will meet me in the dark :
 There's not a lass in Lincolnshire,
 Has half her beauty, half her fire.
 Black ey'd and wanton, young and fair,
 (I'm sure she'll fit you to a hair)
 I'll try to fetch her to your bed,
 She well deserves your maiden-head ;
 Such is the love I bear to you,
 That this, or any thing I'll do,
 That can afford you any pleasure,
 For, faith, I love you out of measure.
 When Cherry comes, I'll to her go,
 And let the little charmer know,

That

That I desire that she, this night,
 May entertain you with delight ;
 She shall consent, and you will find
 What joys are found in womankind.

The 'Squire was overjoy'd at this,
 And gave the Knight a hearty kiss.
 The pimp went out to meet the punk ;
 The supper came, the 'squires got drunk
 With Bar-a-Bar, and old October ;
 Our 'Squire alone continued sober,
 For on his new adventure thinking,
 Had ta'en away the thoughts of drinking.

Meantime his friend, the pimping spark,
 Had met the daughter of the clerk,
 To whom he all the story told.
 Cherry at first began to scold ;
 But when he argu'd on the matter,
 She came to like the prospect better.
 Cherry, said he, there s none can tell,
 But what we've done may make you swell ;
 If so, my dear, had you not rather
 Chuse for your child a richer father ?
 For though I am a knight, yet he
 Has greater wealth by far than me,
 And may maintain both it and you.
 Good faith, said Cherry, that is true,
 And I shall do what you desire ;
 But, ere you bring me to the 'Squire,
 I beg, sweet Sir, (and here she stopp'd,
 And a low country court'sy dropp'd)
 You'd mind the cause that brought me here.
 No doubt of that, said he, my dear.

Then

'Then kissing the kind-hearted las,
 Did lay her gently on the grass,
 And there so well young Cherry pleas'd,
 That she confess'd her heart was eas'd ;
 And, springing up, when all was over,
 Begg'd he would lead her to her lover.

He told her, as they walk'd along
 That tho' the 'Squire was young and strong,
 Had store of health, was never ill,
 Yet that he was a virgin still ;
 And begg'd that she would play her part.
 She, laughing, said, with all my heart.
 A virgin 'Squire ! I'm glad of that,
 I soon shall teach him what is what.
 'That's all I ask, replied the knight ;
 But I'll go see if all be right.

Away he went ; in haste came back,
 The 'Squire, said he, is on the rack,
 Has made his bed in his best room,
 And has this half hour burnt perfume ;
 Drest in his night-gown, and in linen,
 He swears is of his grannum's spinning.
 'The guests and servants are asleep,
 And in the house such snoring keep,
 A drum can't wake them : let's away,
 You must not make his honour stay.

Then leading Cherry to the 'Squire,
 Her beauty set his soul on fire ;
 Dear Knight, he cried, what charms are there ?
 Confound me, but she's very fair !
 Dare I adventure on a kiss ?
 Art sure she will not take't amiss ?

Amiss !

Amifs ! faid Cherry, not at all ;
 What brought me here to Booby-Hall ?
 I mean to lie with you all night,
 And to inſtruct you in delight.

By Jove, he cried, 'tis kindly faid !
 And, bluſhing, kiſs'd the wanton maid.
 Cherry repays the kiſs, and ſlip
 Her tongue betwixt his honour's lips ;
 This to the 'Squire was wholly new,
 Dear Knight, he cried, you've told me true ;
 I never felt the like of this,
 Can there be yet a greater bliſs ?

Yes, to be ſure, replied the Knight,
 And you ſhall know it all to-night.
 Come, Cherry, my dear wanton elf,
 Come quickly and undreſs yourſelf ;
 The girl was in a merry mood,
 And in a moment naked flood ;
 The 'Squire, all trembling and amaz'd,
 Upon the wanton harlot gaz'd :
 But ſoon the Knight the ſheets laid down,
 And made the 'Squire throw off his gown :
 And ſaid, to bed. They both obey,
 But yet the 'Squire at diſtance lay,
 Till Cherry, turning to the Knight,
 Tipp'd him the wink, and ſaid, good-night ;
 'Tis now high time that you retire,
 And leave me with the modeſt 'Squire.

The Knight withdrew, the candles burn'd,
 When Cherry to the booby turn'd ;
 And, not deſigning to be nice,
 Down went the bed-cloaths in a trice :
 She ſhew'd her ſhapes, the gazing 'Squire
 Was overcome with ſtrong deſire ;

A fever

A fever seiz'd on ev'ry part,
 The blood went mantling to his heart ;
 His bosom heav'd, his eyes grew dim,
 And quiv'ring nerves shook ev'ry limb :
 While Cherry, who his transports saw,
 Did nearer to his worship draw ;
 Nature, she saw, had done her part,
 The booby only wanted art :
 And, fearing he'd let go his fire,
 She twin'd her arms about the 'Squire,
 And, turning him upon her breast,
 She made him ; you may guess the rest.

Quite ravish'd with th' ecstatic blessing,
 Unutterable, past expressing,
 The happy 'Squire transported lay,
 And breath'd in sighs his soul away ;
 But coming to himself at last,
 And thinking on the pleasure past,
 He laid all bashfulness aside,
 And warmly hugg'd his loving guide ;
 No longer trembling, nor afraid,
 He view'd with joy the panting maid ;
 He saw her lovely bosom bare,
 Her strawberry nipples made him stare ;
 But as he thus her beauties ey'd,
 Cherry all farther sight deny'd ;
 And, giving him a dove-like kiss,
 Provok'd him to renew the bliss :
 Such dove-like kisses never fail
 To raise the spirits of the male ;
 For lips to lips, and tongue to tongue,
 Will make a man of sixty young ;

No wonder then our youthful 'Squire
 With such a kifs was set a-fire,
 That, without any more delay,
 He vigourously renew'd the play.

This rapture far excell'd the first,
 And only did increase his thirst:
 Cherry was pleas'd with what he did,
 Nor from him any secret hid:
 The 'Squire now lower turn'd his eyes,
 And view'd her belly with surprise;
 It was so round, so smooth, so white,
 That, overcome with new delight,
 He needed now no dove-like kifs,
 To prompt him on to farther blifs.

This joy excell'd the other two,
 And ev'ry kifs still sweeter grew,
 That now he meant to please his sight,
 And view the seat of soft delight.

Cherry, who was content that he
 Should every thing about her see,
 Without a blush upon her face,
 Pulled up her smock, and shew'd the place;
 But, when he saw it look'd so grim,
 A trembling seiz'd on ev'ry limb:
 Alas! he cried, What's that I see!
 I am bewitch'd, it cannot be:
 Have you, he said, no other toy?
 For that could never give me joy.

No, faith, replied the laughing dame,
 I have no play-thing but the same;
 But if, my dear, you think I lie,
 'Tis only getting up to try.

Yes,

Yes, marry will I, said the 'Squire,
 I find I am again a-fire ;
 Then laying her fair legs aside,
 No more would trust it with a guide ;
 For it seem'd very strange to him,
 A thing so hairy, and so grim,
 And what might stoutest hearts affright,
 Should yield such pleasure and delight.

Kind Cherry let him take his way,
 And would not interrupt his play,
 But, soon as he had hit the place,
 Inclos'd him in a strict embrace ;
 Her pliant limbs were round him twin'd ;
 And, while in amorous folds confin'd,
 His eyes and lips with fervor kiss'd,
 And almost made him more than blest'd,
 While in his mouth her nimble tongue,
 To love the last alarum rung ;
 The joyous summons both obey,
 And in soft raptures melt away ;
 Of speech and breath at once depriv'd
 They lay, when their kind pimp arriv'd,
 Who, by their looks, perceiv'd that they
 His coming curs'd, and that of day.
 Good 'Squire, said he, I hope you're merry,
 What think you of your little Cherry ?
 Have I told lies, or spoke the truth ?
 By Jove, replied the panting youth,
 No tongue can speak, no pen can write
 The pleasure and the vast delight,
 I have enjoy'd this happy night !
 I ne'er can weary of this sport,
 And think the night has been too short ;

Indeed

Indeed, my friend, you're come too soon,
Would it had not been day till noon ;

'Tis true I have not shut my eyes,

But sleep's a trifle I despise,

Nor can I let dear Cherry rise.

Ah friend ! can we not find a way

To keep the charmer all the day ?

I scorn my hounds, despise the chase,

While thus the fair one I embrace :

The fields no more can give delight,

'Tis very well, replied the Knight,

I told you, if you'd try the bliss,

You would no more the beagles kiss :

And now you see I've told you true.

But what shall we with Cherry do,

If she consents to stay with you ?

Your friends and servants all will stare.

For that, said he, I do not care,

Since I can order matters so,

They never shall the secret know.

Yet, why should I my pleasure steal ?

Or be at trouble to conceal

The rapture, and the vast delight,

That Cherry gives me in the night ?

My servants chearfully obey,

And shall to Cherry homage pay ;

Tell me, dear child, do you agree

To stay for good and all with me ?

She hugg'd him close, and stopp'd his breath,

Then said, my dear, I'll stay till death ;

And to the Knight said, with a smile,

I beg your absence for a while.

The

The pimping Knight on that withdrew,
 And staid away an hour or two ;
 When he was gone, she kiss'd the 'Squire,
 And fondly said, if you desire
 To keep me here, I'll gladly stay,
 And serve you, both by night and day,
 In ev'ry thing, and ev'ry way :
 I'll stitch, and sing, while it is light,
 And to your bed dance ev'ry night,
 New joys I shall each hour afford,
 And wanton be at bed and board.
 Last night, when to your bed I came,
 You were a novice at the game ;
 I've taught you now a little skill,
 But I have more to teach you still.
 Lie thus, dear Sir, I'll get above,
 And teach you a new feat of love ;
 When I have got you once below me,
 Kick as you will, you shall not throw me ;
 For tho' I ne'er a hunting rid,
 I'll sit as fast as if I did ;
 Nor do I any stirrup need,
 To help me up upon my steed.

This said, her legs she open'd wide,
 And on her lover got astride,
 And, being in her saddle plac'd,
 Most lovingly the 'Squire embrac'd,
 Who view'd the wanton fair with wonder,
 And smil'd, to see her keep him under ;
 While she, to shew she would not tire,
 Spur'd like a fury on the 'Squire,
 And tho' she ne'er had rid in France,
 She made him caper, curvet, dance,
 Till both of them fell in a trance :

'Twas long ere either did recover,
 At last she kiss'd her panting lover,
 And, sweetly smiling in his face,
 She ask'd him how he lik'd that chace?
 He scarce could speak, his breath was short,
 But, sighing, answer'd, noble sport!
 I'd give the best horse in my stable,
 That either you or I were able
 To ride another, for I own
 There never was such pastime known.

This answer pleas'd the frolic maid,
 She suck'd his breast, and laughing, said,
 If you, good Sir, resolve to try
 Another gallop, here am I,
 Ready to answer your desire,
 Nor will you find me apt to tire
 In such a chace: I'll lay a crown,
 Start you the game, I'll run it down.

The 'Squire o'erjoy'd at what she said,
 Hugg'd to his breast the sprightly maid;
 For he was young, and full of vigour,
 And Cherry was a lovely figure;
 Was ever chearful, brisk, and gay,
 And had a most enticing way;
 She kiss'd his eyes, she bit his breast,
 Nor did her nimble fingers rest,
 Till he had all his toil forgot,
 And found his blood was boiling hot.
 While Cherry, who was in her prime,
 Still knew, and always nick'd her time,
 Bestid the amorous 'Squire once more,
 And gallop'd faster than before;

Fearing

Fearing the Knight might interrupt he,
 She tofs'd and twirl'd upon her crupper;
 Nor did she let her tongue lie idle,
 But thrust it in by way of bridle,
 And, giving him a close embrace,
 Did finish the delightful chace.

The Knight came in, and found them lying
 Quite breathless, speechless, fainting, dying;
 Depriv'd of sense, depriv'd of sight,
 Absorb'd in bliss and fond delight:
 Dear 'Squire, he said, get up, for shame,
 Are you not weary'd with that game?
 Your guests are dress'd, and in the hall,
 And for strong beer and nutmeg call;
 'They ask for you; get up, I pray,
 Else all of them will go away.

The 'Squire look'd up, and with a groan,
 Said, would to heav'n they all were gone!
 Sure you may see it by my eyes,
 That I have little heart to rise;
 Then kissing Cherry, said, dear Knight,
 This girl has giv'n me more delight
 Than in my life I ever knew,
 Believe me, faith, I tell you true,
 And, while I live, I still shall own,
 That all the joys that I have known,
 I owe to you, and you alone;
 'Twas you bro'tight Cherry to my arms,
 And made me know ten thousand charms.
 What tho' my way and speech be rude,
 My soul is full of gratitude:
 Heav'n grant that I may find a way,
 Your matchless favours to repay.

Hol^d,

Hold, cried the Knight, too much you've said,
 I'm glad you like the pretty maid?
 I own, dear 'Squire, it gave me pain,
 To see you waste your time in vain,
 Pursuing foxes, hares, and deer,
 And swallowing floods of ale and beer;
 While you would never take the leisure,
 To think, on love the greatest pleasure;
 I wanted you should taste the bliss,
 But since you know what loving is,
 I hope you'll now on woman think,
 And value beauty more than drink:
 And now, I think, since you approve
 The maid who taught you first to love,
 You'd better keep her to yourself?
 I'll answer for the smiling elf,
 She's young and handsome, frank and kind,
 And to no wickedness inclin'd;
 Tho' I, quite ravish'd with her charms,
 Decoy'd her to my longing arms;
 Yet I dare pawn my soul, that she
 Ne'er knew another man but me,
 Until last night I brought her here.
 Speak boldly, Cherry; do, my dear.
 The fair one blush'd, and smiling, said,
 I own the Knight my youth betray'd;
 I'm very young, have little seen,
 Till May-day I am not sixteen;
 The Knight is handsome, young and gay,
 And made my thoughtless heart his prey;
 When that was gone, you may believe,
 I gave him all I had to give;

But

But may I ever be accurs'd,
 If, from the day I saw him first,
 If any other man but he,
 Had any thing to say to me ;
 And little did I think last night,
 To meet with any but the Knight,
 I lov'd him ; nay, I love him still,
 And he can tell, I took it ill
 When he desir'd I'd come to you ;
 Indeed Sir, what I say is true ;
 I wept, I scolded, and look'd sour,
 But over me he had such pow'r,
 That I no longer could resist.
 This said, the list'ning 'Squire she kiss'd,
 And said, I never shall repent
 That to his will I gave consent ;
 For, let him take it ill or well,
 The truth, and nothing else I'll tell,
 That he in this one happy night,
 Has let me know much more delight
 Than e'er you gave me in a week,
 And you may, by his blushing cheek,
 Perceive that I have told the truth ;
 And now, my dear, my charming youth,
 Do with poor Cherry what you will,
 And let me go, or keep me still ;
 Yet it will break my tender heart,
 If you and Cherry ever part.

On this the loving creature cried.
 No fear of that the 'Squire replied ;
 Dry up your tears, from grief be free,
 I ne'er intend to part with thee ;

I've wealth enough ; I'll keep thee high ;
 I'm young enough ; then why should I,
 Now that I know what pleasure is,
 Deny myself in any bliss ?
 But now, dear Cherry, I must rise ;
 And, since you have not shut your eyes,
 Come, try to sleep ; and when my guests,
 Those noisy, hunting, drunken beasts
 Are gone, I'll come to bed, and try
 If I can sleep when you are by :
 And now, dear Knight, to whom I owe
 Those joys those raptures that I know ;
 With me, and mine, do what you will,
 We shall be at your service still.

He kiss'd the nymph, put on his gown,
 And to the hall in haste went down :
 Mean time the Knight with Cherry staid,
 And ask'd if all was true she said
 About the 'Squire. She said, so true,
 That, if he thus his love pursue,
 I'll be too weak ; for I discover
 Such actions in this youthful lover,
 That, if he nightly thus performs,
 I'll die love's martyr in his arms ;
 For I with toil am quite oppress'd,
 And beg you'd leave me to my rest,
 Dear Sir, farewell ; the pimp retir'd,
 And lock'd the door, as was desir'd.

He found the 'Squire among his guest,
 Who talk'd of hunting, and of feasts :
 The 'Squire confess'd, that for his part,
 He lov'd fox-hunting in his heart ;

N

But

But I've, said he, somewhat to do,
 That will take up a week or two ;
 A fortnight hence you may command me.
 Here, Harry, bring the orange-brandy !
 Before we part, let's have a dram.
 The butler and the bottle came ;
 They drank it out, on horseback got,
 And homewards to their dinners trot.

The pimping Knight still with him staid,
 And told him how he left the maid,
 Fatigu'd and weary, fast asleep ;
 And now, if you're resolv'd to keep
 The charming creature for your use,
 'Tis fit the folks about the house
 Should every one receive their cue,
 And pay your mistress what's her due.

Leave that to me, replied the 'Squire ;
 But I've a favour to desire,
 Yet I'm afraid you'll take it ill.
 Not I, said he, be what it will ;
 I shall not, by this friendly kiss,
 Take any thing you ask amiss ;
 Nay, any thing I'll undertake,
 For you, or your dear Cherry's sake.

Dear friend, I thank you, said the 'Squire ;
 The favour that I would desire
 Is, that you'd take my coach and go
 To Lincoln straight, and there bestow
 Two hundred pounds ; for I design
 To make the charming creature shine,
 In ev'ry thing that's rich and fine ;
 I'd go myself, but that, I swear,
 I do not know what women wear,

Nor know I any one can do,
 A thing like that so well as you :
 And now, dear Knight, do you agree
 To be at all this toil for me ?

Yes, said the Knight, with great content,
 The coach was got, away he went.
 Mean time the 'Squire bid Harry call
 The other servants to the hall.
 They came, and thus his worship spoke,
 Altho' I hate the marriage yoke,
 Yet I have got a friend above,
 Whom better than a wife I love :
 And here I tell you, I expect
 You'll treat my mistress with respect.

The butler answer'd for the rest,
 And bowing, said, they'd do their best.
 'Tis very well, replied the 'Squire,
 And you may for this time retire ;
 But as they went, he call'd to Harry,
 And bid him brew some old Canary,
 With sugar, eggs, and cinnamon,
 And bring it to his room anon ;
 The damask room, for there I lie,
 Perhaps my mistress may be dry.

The servants, who their master lov'd,
 And ev'ry thing he did approv'd,
 To shew their zeal for their new lady,
 Made haste to get the caudle ready.
 The 'Squire had got to bed by this,
 And wak'd his dear one with a kiss :
 My life, said he, the guests are gone,
 And you and I are left alone ;

The Knight is likewise gone to Lincoln,
 To do what you but little think on ;
 I've call'd the servants to the hall,
 And there have told them one and all,
 That from this hour, I did expect
 That they would treat you with respect ;
 For, tho' I did not mean to wed,
 Yet I had got a friend in bed,
 That I would keep while I had life,
 And love far better than a wife :
 They all were glad, and swore that they
 Would cheerfully your will obey :
 And trusty Hall, and my nurse Mary,
 Are bringing up some warm Canary,
 Mix'd with sugar, eggs, and spices :
 For nurse is good at these devices.

As thus he spoke, they both came up,
 The nurse brought in the caudle-cup,
 While Harry, who was half a quack,
 To fortify his master's back,
 Brought sily up, upon two plates,
 Eringo roots and strength'ning dates.

The nurse fell down upon her knees,
 And did the fair one's finger seize ;
 A thousand times her hand she kiss'd,
 And said, be thou for ever bless'd ;
 This sight is what I long'd to see,
 Ten thousand blessings light on thee :
 These many years I've been afraid,
 He never would have kiss'd a maid ;
 But now my heart o'erflows with joy,
 To see this spirit in the boy :

Dear

Dear creature, grant me one request,
Hug my dear fondling to your breast.

Cherry obey'd the nurse in this,
And gave the 'Squire a glowing kiss;
This he with zeal did soon repay,
And almost suck'd her breath away.

Nurse wept for joy, and call'd to Harry,
I see it is no time to tarry;
I'll leave the cup, leave you the plate,
When they are hungry let them eat;
But now, for all this world's vast treasure,
I would not interrupt their pleasure.

Down stairs the nurse and Harry run,
While Cherry and the 'Squire begun
Their loves, till both, with joy oppress'd,
Sunk down at once to pleasing rest.

Mean time their pimp, with great content,
In coach and six to Lincoln went,
Where he did every thing provide,
That might become the gayest bride;
Her gowns of silver were and silk,
Her Flauders lace was white as milk;
Of finest Holland were her smocks,
Her stockings white, with silver clocks;
Gloves, shoes, and ribbons, all things fit,
Nor did he the large hoop omit:
All these he saw pack'd up with care,
And did not any labour spare
To serve his friend? but ah! who can
Find out the treachery of man?

For, tho' the Knight appear'd so kind,
He was a traitor in his mind;

He never knew what friendship was,
 But meant to make the 'Squire an ass :
 He saw him careless, young and rich,
 And thought, if once he could bewitch
 His soul with joys, till then unknown,
 He might secure him as his own :
 'Twas for this end that he betray'd
 Fair Cherry, fond believing maid ;
 Hoping her beauty would inspire
 The thoughtless youth with warm desire ;
 And, when he had his passion eas'd,
 He'd make him change her when he pleas'd.

He had a sister of his own,
 The fairest creature e'er was known ;
 At London bred, a flaming toast,
 But lately had her honour lost ;
 For she, from shame or virtue free,
 Gave up herself to that degree,
 That, notwithstanding all her charms,
 The youngest men forsook her arms.
 Thus was it when an honest tar,
 A captain of a man of war,
 Return'd from sea, beheld the maid,
 And, by her matchless charms betray'd,
 Wedded the dame ; but he next day,
 His orders got, and sail'd away ;
 And such his haste to get the tide,
 He wanted time to see his bride ;
 Who now had scarce left any thing,
 Except her cloaths and wedding-ring,
 And now not knowing what to do,
 No lover left her, old or new,

She in the coach secur'd a place,
 And to her brother wrote the case :
 He in the country pass'd his days,
 And ne'er had heard of Fanny's ways ;
 So, when the doleful letter came,
 He mourn'd the ill conducted dame :
 He went to Grantham, met her there.
 She cried and sob'd ; he said, forbear ;
 Forbear, dear Fanny, cease to grieve,
 We cannot what is past retrieve ;
 Take comfort, child, and live with me,
 The wicked wretch that ruin'd thee
 Ere this lies buried in the sea :
 The country ladies will be glad,
 That any one in London bred,
 Comes down, to shew them something new,
 And they will all be fond of you.

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This said, she with her brother went,
 But by the way shew'd discontent ;
 And did, by thoughtless hints discover,
 The tar was not her only lover.

Fanny, said he, I pray be plain,
 Since all evasions are in vain :
 Tell me, if you have been too free ?
 I fear the worst ; confess to me :
 Your by-past faults I will conceal,
 And serve you with a brother's zeal :
 I never lik'd your London breeding ;
 Tell me the life you have been leading.

Brother, said she, I must confess,
 I've past my time in wickedness ;
 In ev'ry thing I've been to blame,
 But why should I repeat my shame !

Think

Think what you will, but God forbid,
 That I should tell you what I did.
 But yet I meant to change my life,
 And so became the captain's wife :
 But he, base monster, soon at morn
 Left me distracted and forlorn.
 On this whole floods ran from her eyes,
 She kneel'd, her brother bid her rise ;
 And said, poor Fanny, I am sorry
 To hear your melancholy story :
 You cannot what is past repair,
 But for the future have a care ;
 Lay all your wanton airs aside,
 Let virtue seem your only guide,
 Your loose desires with care controul,
 Nor let your eyes betray your soul :
 Seem innocent, exceeding nice,
 Appear a foe to ev'ry vice ;
 If this you cautiously behave,
 We may perhaps your credit save.

Poor Fanny kiss'd his hand, and said,
 He should in all things be obey'd ;
 Each thing that's ill, with care I'll shun,
 But can you pardon what I've done ?

Yes, by this kiss, the Knight reply'd.
 But, Fanny, let your eyes be dry'd ;
 If any understand your grief,
 Then you are ruin'd, past relief ;
 Let no fond look your guilt betray,
 You may be innocent and gay.
 If thus you will be rul'd by me,
 I hope I shall poor Fanny see

In marriage join'd to a young 'Squire,
The richest in all Lincolnshire.

'Twas thus they talk'd, and long ere night,
They reach'd the dwelling of the Knight :
Miss Fanny put on decent airs,
And manag'd all the Knight's affairs,
Liv'd very modest, yet look'd gay,
And quite had chang'd her London way :
Her neighbours prais'd the virtuous dame,
And fill'd the country with her fame.

The Knight who was from honour free,
Long thought upon a way how he
Might foder up poor Fanny's fame,
And get a husband for the dame;
Who, smitten by her pow'rful charms,
Might blindly take her to his arms :
Riches was what he did desire,
This made him pitch upon the 'Squire ;
Besides, he saw he little knew,
And only did his sport pursue,

Resolv'd that he should be the man,
The Knight most artfully began
To flatter the unthinking 'Squire,
And doing what he did desire.
With him he would the fox pursue,
Yet keep his sister in his view ;
And 'midst of all their noisy drinking,
Was still upon lost Fanny thinking :
Yet one thing did his heart perplex,
He saw the 'Squire despis'd the sex ;
Yet thought, if he could find a way
To make him try the amorous play,

He

He then might bring the easy 'Squire
 To do whate'er he did desire.
 'This made him like a hellish imp,
 Debauch young Cherry, then turn pimp ;
 And it was for his sister's sake
 He did his shameful journey make ;
 And run about from door to door,
 To buy new rigging for a whore ;
 But, when a man's from morals free,
 He soon forgets his pedigree,
 And may do things yet more sinister,
 Than pimping for a friend or sister.

But, to return where I digress'd,
 The crafty Knight such zeal express'd,
 That he of each thing got the best,
 That by a duchess might be wore ;
 All this into an inn he bore,
 Then brought a trunk, and pack'd up all,
 And drove away to Booby-hall.

'Twas fix at night ere he got there,
 And found the nurse at mighty care,
 That not so much as cat or mouse
 Should make disturbance in the house.

Dear Sir, said she, but whisper'd low,
 While her old eyes with pleasure glow,
 Our 'Squire has got a maid a-bed,
 Whose face is purest white and red,
 Had you but seen their close embraces,
 Their mixing legs, their joining faces,
 It would have made you mad with joy—
 O the sweet girl, and dearer boy !
 They have not stirr'd ; I won't say that,
 Since you may guess what they've been at ;

But

But yet they have not call'd this day,
 Since your good worship went away :
 All day I've kept the house in quiet,
 While Harry is preparing diet,
 Such as was ne'er in Booby-hall,
 And will be ready at a call.

The Knight reply'd, 'tis very well :
 But nurse, I must a secret tell :
 He pass'd the night in wanton play,
 And if he likewise adds the day,
 The tender youth may be the worse :
 But, hark ! they call. Up wen' the nurse,
 And running in, dear Sir, she said,
 The Knight's below, and is afraid
 That you and she, dear lovely elves,
 Have over-toil'd and kill'd yourselves.

The 'Squire reply'd, his fears are vain ;
 Tho' we have fought, we are not slain.
 Said Cherry, bid the Knight come up,
 But reach me first the caudle-cup.

The nurse with cheerfulness obey'd :
 The Knight, who heard each word she said,
 In his own arms brought up the trunk,
 When Cherry, smiling, to him drunk.
 Pledge me, dear Knight, 'tis to the 'Squire,
 My heart's delight, my soul's desire :
 Long may he live, and still employ
 His days in mirth, his nights in joy,
 And may his pleasures never cloy.

God's blessing on your heart, my fair,
 Said nurse ; I thank you for that prayer,
 And may he dangle on a tree,
 Whoever wishes harm to thee ;

There

There let him hang, there let him rot,
And be his memory forgot.

• Well pray'd on both sides, said the Knight,
But now 'tis wearing towards night ;
Had you not better rise a while,
And with good cheer the hours beguile ?
Supper was ready ere I came :
Get up, good 'Squire : for you, my dame,
Since you belong unto the 'Squire,
'Tis fit you change your coarse attire :
I've brought you clean and dainty linen,
Much finer than this country's spinning ;
The nurse will shift you, I presume,
Till then 'tis fit I leave the room ;
When that is over, I desire
To dress you in your new attire.

This said, he took the caudle-cup,
While Cherry and the 'Squire got up ;
But who can Cherry's joy express,
When she beheld the charming dress.
In all her life she ne'er had seen,
Linen by half so sweet or clean :
Her stockings gave her vast delight,
And in her heart she bless'd the Knight ;
Her under-petticoat was stitch'd,
And with a silver lace enrich'd ;
But when the Knight put on the rest,
Her wonder could not be express'd :
She look'd on all things with surprise,
And pleasure sparkled in her eyes.

At last, from head to foot equipp'd,
She to the mirror nimbly tripp'd

But, missing the plain country lass,
 She saw a lady in the glass ;
 So richly dress'd, so red, so white,
 She was astonish'd with delight ;
 But when she knew her image there,
 Strange rapture seiz'd the wond'ring fair.
 Her soul was fill'd with vast content,
 Yet to the hall she trembling went.

The 'Squire, with joy, beheld her charms,
 And clasp'd her in his loving arms :
 Welcome, he said, my charming fair,
 However chang'd in dress and air !
 Let other women value dress,
 Who to the shops owe their success,
 Each thing you wear a charm conceals,
 And from my eyes a beauty steals ;
 'Tis you, my dear, alone can boast,
 That naked you can charm the most.

As thus they talk'd, the supper came :
 The servants all admir'd the dame ;
 They made good cheer ; and, while they sat,
 Did pass the time in merry chat ;
 The 'Squire and Cherry prais'd the Knight,
 And wish'd to heav'n they could requite
 His favours to them, for they swore,
 They ne'er had known such joys before.

The Knight upon his soul declar'd,
 He scorn'd the thoughts of all reward,
 And said, I had no other end,
 But to oblige and serve my friend ;
 And if I could do any thing
 That to the 'Squire would pleasure bring,

O

I would

I would be happy ; for in truth,
I long have lov'd the hopeful youth.

'Twas thus they talk'd, when careful nurse,
Fearing the 'Squire should be the worse
With sitting up, came smiling in,
And Cherry chuck'd beneath the chin,
And said, my dear, and pretty lady,
Your chamber and the posset's ready ;
'Tis wearing late, the nights are raw,
I wish you would to bed withdraw.
Last night, my little wanton elves,
You stole to bed quite by yourselves ;
But now I hope to tuck you in,
And ere your gambols you begin,
I hope you will my posset try ;
You'll break my heart if you deny.

To bed they went, and there they pass'd
That night as they had done the last ;
Such happy nights they long enjoy'd,
Nor was the 'Squire nor Cherry cloy'd :
For he was constant, she was true,
And fonder by enjoyment grew.
But, while they bill'd like turtle doves,
The Knight grew weary of their loves ;
He saw the 'Squire so lov'd the maid,
That he began to be afraid
His sister, spite of all her charms,
Would scarcely gain him to her arms.
This made him all his wit employ,
In thinking how he might destroy
The peace of those two happy lovers ;
But yet his fraud with friendship covers.

One day, while in the house he staid,
 He slyly did the 'Squire upbraid.
 Dear friend, said he, I wonder you
 No more the fox nor hare pursue ;
 Your jolly neighbours rise ere day,
 And chase till noon the trembling prey,
 Then o'er their cups insulting say,
 Where is the 'Squire, so fam'd of late ?
 Or where is Roan, or Creeping Kate ?
 No more he hunts, no more makes merry,
 But stays at home and toys with Cherry.

E'en let them laugh, the Squire reply'd,
 I laugh'd at love before I try'd ;
 But, since I know what loving is,
 In it I've center'd all my bliss.

'Tis very true, reply'd the Knight,
 Dear Sir, I think you in the right ;
 Yet you have time for love and sport,
 For now the nights are not so short,
 But, tho' you ride about all day,
 You'll find them long enough for play ;
 Beside, dear friend, if you pursue,
 Your pleasure at the rate you do,
 Of love you'll lose the relish quite,
 And get a surfeit of delight ;
 But if that, twice or thrice a-week,
 You'd in the fields your pleasure seek,
 And meet your friends by break of day,
 Hunt hare and fox, be brisk and gay,
 Dine where they dine, and never shrink ;
 And, like yourself pull off your drink,
 At night in Cherry's arms embrac'd,
 You'll find each kiss much sweeter taste ;

Believe me, friend, 'tis truth I say;
 Besides, you know, next hunting day
 It is my turn to entertain
 The sportsmen and their jolly train;
 But if, dear friend, you do not come,
 Their presence will be troublesome;
 Tho' I might ask this boon of you,
 As what is to my friendship due,
 Yet I shall make it my request,
 That you may come and be my guest.

The 'Squire, tho' now he scorn'd the chace,
 Yet gave his friend a strict embrace;
 And, looking on him, smiling, said,
 Dear friend, how could you be afraid
 That I'd refuse what you desir'd,
 Tho' you a greater thing requir'd?
 No, I am thine to that degree,
 That thro' the world I'd go with thee;
 Then seal'd his promise with a kiss.
 The Knight was overjoy'd at this,
 And told him that the squires had fix'd
 To dine with him on Tuesday next;
 That now he must go home to see,
 That every thing in order be.

He took his leave, and homewards went.
 But, on his neighbour's ruin bent,
 Thought how he might his heart betray,
 By throwing Fanny in his way.

The wish'd-for day at last appear'd,
 And nought but hounds and horns were heard;
 The 'Squire abruptly left his joys,
 While Cherry trembled at the noise:

Her lovely cheeks were bath'd with tears,
 Yet knew no reason for her fears.

The hunters met : they rous'd a deer :
 The 'Squire at first lagg'd in the rear ;
 But, fearing he might lose his fame,
 Or Roan or Cherry get the blame,
 Pour'd up, and to the foremost came ;
 Then rode so fast, that all did yield
 To him the honour of the field.

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The 'Squire, with his just praises proud,
 Smil'd inwardly, but spoke aloud :
 You see, my friends, tho' I of late
 Have neither rode on Roan or Kate,
 Yet we can shew, when there is need,
 That none of us have lost our speed.

Spoke like a young man in his prime,
 The Knight reply'd ; but now 'tis time,
 We go and eat. They all consent,
 And with the Knight to dinner went,
 Who kindly welcom'd ev'ry guest,
 But hugg'd our 'Squire close to his breast.

t.

The dinner and Miss Fanny came,
 All eyes were fix'd upon the dame ;
 The country squires were all amaz'd,
 And on the fair with wonder gaz'd ;
 In all their lives, they ne'er had seen
 Such beauty, nor so free a mien ;
 So sweet a face, so fine an air,
 Her smiling mouth, her coal-black hair,
 Her rising breast, her sparkling eyes,
 Smil'd ev'ry booby with surprise ;
 That, quite confounded with the sight,
 They stood astonish'd, till the Knight

heard :

Told them it was his only sister;
 On this they all went up and kiss'd her;
 And, while her praises they proclaim'd,
 Poor modest Fanny seem'd ashamed.

They took their places at the last,
 But still their eyes on Fanny cast,
 Who carv'd, and gave about the meat,
 As long as any guest could eat;
 Yet seem'd to be at greater care
 To serve the 'Squire than any there;
 Who, in a bumper, drank her health,
 And took a look or two by stealth.
 But, when the cloth was ta'en away,
 Fair madam would no longer stay;
 But making court'ies to them all,
 Most decently forsook the hall.

With sportsmen, soon as they had din'd,
 'T has been the way, time out of mind,
 To tell the feats at hunting done,
 And how their dogs and horses run;
 But now they nam'd nor dog nor horse,
 But chang'd the subject of discourse:
 They only talk'd how Fanny charm'd,
 How ev'ry look their bosom warm'd;
 That he'd be more than mortal blest'd,
 Who such a charming wife possess'd.

Pugh! said the Knight, let's mind our drink,
 Of such a bauble never think,
 A thousand fairer may be found:
 Come, let the cheerful glass go round.

The 'Squire reply'd, may I be curs'd,
 If I had seen your sister first,

(Although

(Although I hate a slavish life)
 But I had ask'd her for a wife ;
 And yet I wish, as I'm a sinner,
 That I had staid at home to dinner :
 But I'll go home, forget her charms,
 In little Cherry's wanton arms.

A friend, acquainted with the cheat,
 Reply'd, a very good receipt,
 If you was sure that it would do ;
 But, when you've ta'en a kiss or two,
 You'll weary of your Cherry's arms,
 And think on Miss's brighter charms :
 Mean time, she may her heart bestow
 Upon another ere you know ;
 You then will think your time mispent,
 And, when it is too late, repent :
 The Knight's your friend, you know he is,
 Perhaps he may agree to this,
 And Fanny's will depend on his.

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Besides, I think, I've heard it said,
 Your handsome Cherry was no maid,
 When first you took her to your bed ;
 Think, think upon a maidenhead.

The 'Squire was young, and much in drink,
 For was he very apt to think,
 But said he'd the proposal make,
 If it were not for Cherry's sake.

The other answer'd, never fear,
 A hundred pounds a year
 Upon the little girl for life,
 And ask this virgin for a wife ;
 I hope the Knight will not deny you,
 And our fat parson fast shall tie you.

The 'Squire a little while withdrew,
 To think on what he had to do ;
 But 'twas in vain ; for crafty Fanny,
 Who slightly listen'd at a cranny,
 And heard and saw each thing was done,
 Snatch'd up a China jar and run
 Just by the door ; the 'Squire amaz'd,
 Stood still, and on the charmer gaz'd,
 And, Cherry's love forgetting quite,
 View'd the false virgin with delight ;
 Then, falling down upon his knees,
 Did trembling on her fingers seize,
 And, sighing said, I have no art,
 Yet, fair one, you have won my heart ;
 I'm rich and young, nay, honest too,
 But in my life could never woo :
 If you agree, I'll tell the Knight,
 And make you mine this very night,

Good Sir, said she, I pray forbear,
 I would not any one should hear
 What you have said ; they'd surely think
 That you were very much in drink,
 Or that I did a husband need,
 If I should marry with such speed :
 I love my brother, and I still
 Shall be obedient to his will,
 And, if you find that he's content,
 You shall not fail of my consent :
 Nay, farther, I'll confess this truth,
 I think you a bewitching youth ;
 But if you mean not what you say,
 For heav'n's sake come no more this way,

Then, stooping down, she kiss'd the 'Squire,
And set his bosom all on fire.

He paid the kiss, and glowing, said,
Believe me, fair and gentle maid,
That it shall be no fault of mine,
If I this moment am not thine ;
I'll go, and to the Knight discover,
That I'm your true and faithful lover.

Again she kiss'd him, then withdrew.
The 'Squire, who now had got his cue,
Went straightway back into the hall,
And told his mind before them all,
Begging the Knight to hear his pray'r,
And give him the enchanting fair ;
You still have been my friend, he said,
Deny me not the charming maid.

The faithless Knight embrac'd with joy
The offer, and the amorous boy ;
And, smiling said, my much-lov'd 'Squire,
I grant you all you can desire,
So far as in my power lies,
But I with Fanny must advise ;
'Tis fit I ask if she's content,
Then straightway to his sister went,
Who told him all the 'Squire had said,
And begg'd it might not be delay'd ;
It is not fit that he should cool ;
The 'Squire, said she, is no such fool,
But that he may our tricks discover,
And then farewell my wealthy lover ;
If so, I am undone for ever,
The very thought on't makes me shiver ;

Make haste, I pray. Away he went,
 And for a scriv'ner quickly sent ;
 He knew the parson was at hand,
 And still would be at his command.

When this was o'er, the Knight came back,
 And found the 'Squire upon the rack,
 Impatient of the long delay,
 But, coming in, did smiling say,
 Dear brother, so I'll call you now,
 My sister doth your suit allow,
 And, if you are resolv'd to wed,
 This night will take you to her bed ;
 The time is short, I can't provide
 What things are proper for a bride,
 But, if you rather would delay,
 A week or two, your wedding day——

The 'Squire did interrupt him here,
 And pressing him, replied, My dear,
 For heav'n's sake talk not at that rate,
 And make your friend unfortunate ;
 Upon my knees, I beg, dear Knight,
 You'll let our marriage be to-night.

The company join'd with the 'Squire,
 The Knight complied with their desire ;
 The deeds were drawn, the parson came,
 And tied the 'Squire and lovely dame ;
 The bridegroom mighty joy express'd,
 The bride went off to be undress'd ;
 Who knowing something was more wide
 Than what beseem'd a virgin-bride,
 Thrust in (to make the way less patent)
 An Apple-John in road adjacent !

And

And surely none could Fanny blame,
If thus she could conceal her shame.

The eager 'Squire jump'd into bed,
In hopes to gain the maidenhead,
(Tho' what it was he never knew)
And friends with decency withdrew.

The 'Squire propos'd a deal of pleasure,
In breaking up the virgin treasure ;
But when he tried the bold adventure,
It was in vain, he could not enter ;
Again he kiss'd, again he tried,
But all admittance was denied ;
Fanny, mean while, cried out with pain,
And fear'd no less than being slain ;
But when she long enough had griev'd,
The apple and the 'Squire reliev'd.

And now the youth, of joy possess'd,
Gave Fanny very little rest,
But with his labour thirstily grown,
Look'd for a drink, but finding none,
Complain'd to Fanny of his grief :
My dear, said she, there's some relief,
Holding the apple in her hand,
You may, whate'er is mine command.

Ten thousand thanks, my dear, my life,
My joy, my fair obliging wife ;
The 'Squire replied, and ate in haste,
But by no means admir'd the taste ;
Tho' he for niceness little car'd,
But wish'd the apple had been par'd.
Yet, thus refresh'd, in great delight
Made Fanny pass away the night :

At morn they rose both fresh and gay,
Nor seem'd fatigu'd with wanton play.

But yet the 'Squire, when left alone,
Did Cherry's wretched state bemoan,
And in soliloquy thus spoke :
Why was I tempted by a joke ?
I left my Cherry's snowy arms,
To dote upon another's charms,
Who may, for any thing I know,
No better be than just so, so ;
For I declare, (as God shall save me)
That Cherry greater pleasure gave me :
At first I was obliged to wait,
I found my wife so very strait ;
But afterwards I found the bride,
'Than my dear Cherry twice as wide ;
I wish that ev'ry thing be right,
I've some suspicions of the Knight ;
But now I am tied up for life,
And have (God bless me !) got a wife,
And must no more on Cherry think ;
A curse on hunting and on drink !
But I must shew myself a man,
And bear it now the best I can.

This said his friends about him came,
And ask'd him how he lik'd the dame ?
So very well, he smiling said,
I wish that each had such a maid ;
You then would know the joys of life,
In having such a charming wife.

The Knight, on this discourse, grew pale,
And scarcely could his fears conceal ;

But, when he found he said no more,
 Became as easy as before,
 And was as merry as the rest,
 Until the time the bride was dress'd.

The 'Squire went up, and saw the fair
 Before the glass, her bosom bare,
 Her hair so black, her skin so white,
 That he no more could bear the sight,
 But, thrusting out th' officious maid,
 Upon a couch the fair one laid ;
 While she who knew the whole affair,
 And oft had tried both couch and chair,
 Brought him as good as he could bring,
 Nor did she fail in any thing.

When this was done, he call'd the maid,
 And panting, by the fair one staid ;
 Who did such matchless charms discover,
 That he again became her lover,
 And to his heart his Fanny press'd,
 Who begg'd he'd leave her till she dress'd :
 But he not minding what she said,
 Still with her wanton bosom play'd,
 Until his blood was all on fire,
 Then bid the maid again retire.

My life, said he, tho' I, last night,
 Found joys, and raptures, and delight,
 Yet all I did was out of sight,
 But now I mean to view your charms,
 And take you naked to my arms.

Dear Sir, said she, I beg that you
 Would nothing so indecent do ;
 For me, my dear, I'd die for shame ;
 Indeed, indeed, you are to blame :

}

A

At night I'll do whate'er you please
 To give you joy, or give you ease ;
 I'm almost dead with what you've done,
 And would your kind embraces shun ;
 Yet do not think, my dearest 'Squire,
 That I'll refuse what you require,
 All due regard to you I'll pay,
 And, as in duty bound, obey.

The 'Squire laid all her dress aside,
 And in a moment stripp'd the bride ;
 And sure there never was a sight,
 That could afford so much delight ;
 Her hair, that was as raven black,
 Hung o'er her shoulders and her back :
 Her breasts were like the driven snow,
 On which her nipples warmly glow ;
 Her arms, her waist, her legs, her thighs,
 The 'Squire beheld with wond'ring eyes,
 'Till love could brook no more delay,
 But seizing on the charming prey,
 In height of rapture died away.

But short and transient are our joys,
 Our bliss, our very bliss destroys,
 And, let our joys be e'er so strong,
 We're sure they can't continue long,
 As, Fanny and the 'Squire confess'd,
 Who left the room till she got dress'd.

The friends came up, the bride was kiss'd,
 They shook the bridegroom by the fist ;
 The jests went round, and Fanny smil'd,
 Yet look'd as harmless as a child ;
 The merry bridegroom, too, was baited,
 Until they heard that dinner waited.

Down

Down stairs they march'd, and in the hall
They saw a sight surpriz'd them all :

A gentleman in scarlet dress'd,
That thro' the crowd of servants press'd,
And running up embrac'd the bride,
Who could not her amazement hide ;

She struggled, but he held her fast,
And kissing, said, have I at last
Found out my dear, my joy, my life,
My better part, my soul, my wife ?

With grief I left thy snowy arms,
And thy, almost, untasted charms ;
I curs'd the wind, I curs'd the sea,
And ev'ry kind of thing but thee ;
Since then I have both Indies seen,
And in a thousand dangers been :

I met a pirate, whom I fought,
And all his wealth to England brought :

But when I set my foot on shore,
I from my heart sincerely swore,
Never to tempt the ocean more ;
But live at home in wealth with thee,
Who dearer art than life to me ;

I went to London, hoping there
To find the object of my care,
But for a quarter of a year,

I could no tale nor tidings bear ;
'Till, coming to thy brother's house,
I found at last my charming spouse.

Fanny, who had both wit and sense,
Spoke with becoming eloquence :
My charming captain, it is true,
That I was married once to you ;

But

But yet, next morn, you left me quite
 Forlorn, and lost to all delight ;
 Long time I did your absence mourn,
 And wish'd in vain for your return ;
 But when I heard my dear was slain,
 Who can express the dreadful pain
 That I endur'd ? I tore my hair,
 And long I liv'd in deep despair :
 My brother, there, came up to town,
 And in his chariot brought me down ;
 Since then I've in this castle staid,
 And still have been believ'd a maid.
 This gentleman, a worthy 'Squire,
 I know not how, was set on fire,
 And ask'd to make a wife of me,
 To which my brother did agree ;
 And I, since you had lost your life,
 Did condescend to be his wife ;
 But, heav'n be prais'd, you've come in time
 To save my soul from such a crime ;
 This day we should have married been,
 'Twas that made all these folks convene.

The honest 'Squire soon took the hint,
 And smiling, said, the devil's in't,
 I thought (deluded by the Knight)
 To've had a maidenhead to-night ;
 But since Miss Fanny is your wife,
 I'll live a bach'lor all my life ;
 The will of heav'n I can't controul,
 But wish you joy with all my soul :
 And here, before you all, declare,
 If e'er the noble captain, there,

At any time will grace my house,
 And with him bring his lovely spouse,
 I'll think myself a happy man,
 And make them welcome, if I can ;
 Farewel, fair lady, I'll begone,
 And find at home an Apple-John :
 For you, sweet Knight, pray keep you merry,
 I thank you for your present, Cherry ;
 And, whispering, said, tho' you have kifs'd her,
 She's as much virgin as your sister ;
 And now I bid farewel to all,
 I'll homewards ride to Booby-hall ;
 And, tho' I've miss'd that lady bright,
 I shall not lie alone to-night.

Away he spur'd, to Cherry came,
 And long liv'd happy with the dame.

S O N G.

Tune,—*I fix'd my fancy on her.*

BRIGHT Cynthia's power, divinely great,
 What heart is not obeying ?
 A thousand Cupids on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.
 She seems the queen of love to reign ;
 For she alone dispenses
 Such sweets as best can entertain,
 The gust of all the senses.

Her

Her face a charming prospect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy blisses ;
 I hear an angel when she sings,
 And taste of heaven in kisses.
 Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
 From nature's richest treasure ;
 Let me the other sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

S O N G.

(Written at an early age).

BY THE D— OF D—

LONG time I've enjoy'd the soft transports of
 love,

I've bill'd like a sparrow, and coo'd like a dove ;
 In woodbine alcove, or in jessamin bow'r,
 To many fond shepherds I've listen'd an hour ;
 But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,
 No bird's in the hand, but one in the bush.

Young Colin's caresses inspir'd me with joy,
 And Damon's soft vows I thought never could cloy ;
 With each I have sat in the fav'rite retreat,
 And beheld with delight each fond swain at my feet ;
 But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,
 No bird's in the hand, but one in the bush

Gay Strephon declares I'm the girl to his mind,
 If he proves sincere, I'll be constant and kind ;
 He vows that to morrow he'll make me his wife,
 I'll fondly endeavour to bless him for life ;
 For all other swains now I care not a rush,
 No bird's in the hand, but one in the bush.

ADVER.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE LOVES OF HERO AND LEANDER.

THIS celebrated poem on the Loves of Hero and Leander has been admired by the politest scholars for many ages: and Mr. Waller, and several other writers of the finest taste, have conjectured it to be one of the stories,

Which old Musæus so divinely sung.

yet many convincing arguments might be brought to prove it to have been the work of a late author, a Grammarian of that name, who lived in the Fifth Century.

Nor let the English reader look upon the title of Grammarian as a term of reproach, though now frequently used as such. The profession, stiled by the ancients ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΗ, was the same with the Belles Lettres among the moderns: and the appellation of Grammarian was particularly applied to those who excelled in every kind of polite writing.

The first English translation of the following poem appeared, in the year 1647, by Sir Robert Stapylton. It has since that time been frequently attempted; but with what success, is left to the judgment of others.

THE
L O V E S
OF
HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM MUSÆUS. BY FAWKES.

Oft, by the covert of night's shade,
Leander woo'd the Thracian maid;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thundering roar.
The conscious virgin, from the sea-girt tower,
Hung out the faithful torch, to guide him to her bower.
Dodsfley's Miscell. Vol. IV. p. 308.

SING, muse! the conscious torch, whose
nightly ray
Led the bold lover through the watry way,
To share those joys which mutual faith had seal'd,
Joys to divine Aurora unreveal'd.
Abydos, Sestos, ancient towns, proclaim,
Where gentlest bosoms glow'd with purest flame.
I hear Leander dash the foaming tide!
Fix'd high in air, I see the glimmering guide!
The genial flame, the love-enkindling light,
Signal of joy that burn'd serenely bright;
Whose beams, in fair effulgency display'd,
Adorn'd the nuptials of the Sestian maid:
Which Jove, its friendly office to repay,
Should plant, all-glorious, in the realms of day,
To blaze for ever 'midst the stars above,
And stile it gentle harbinger of love:

For

For sure on earth it shone supremely kind,
 To sooth the anguish of the love-sick mind,
 Till cloath'd in terrors rose the wintry blast,
 Impetuous howling o'er the watry waste :
 And, O inspire me, goddess! to resound
 The torch extinguish'd, and the lover drown'd.

Against Abydos sea-beat Sestos stood,*
 Two neigh'bouring towns, divided by the flood :
 Here Cupid prov'd his bow's unerring art,
 And gain'd two conquests with a single dart :
 On two fond hearts the sweet infection prey'd
 A youth engaging, and a beauteous maid :
 Of Sestos she, fair Hero was her name ;
 The youth, Leander, from Abydos came.
 Their forms divine a bright resemblance bore,
 Each was the radiant star of either shore.

Thou, whom the Fates commissioned here to
 stray,
 A while the turret's eminence survey ;
 Thence Hero held the blazing torch, to guide
 Her lover rolling on the boisterous tide ;

The

* Abydos was a city of Asia, situated on the Hellespont, over against Sestos, a city in the Thracian Chersonnesus. Geographers are of opinion, that the castles of the Dardanelles were built on the ruins of these two places : but they are manifestly mistaken ; for there are no remains of antiquity to be seen near those castles, but very remarkable ones three miles farther, where the channel is considerably narrower. Le Brun assures us, that the strait at these ruins is only half a mile over ; and that one of them is still called Sestos, and the other Abydos or Avido. Pliny and Herodotus say, the narrowest part of the channel is about seven fadoms, or furlongs.

The roaring Hellespont, whose wave-worn strait
Still in loud murmurs mourns Leander's fate.
Say, heav'nly muse, had Hero charms to move,
And melt the Abydinian into love?

Say, with what wiles the amorous youth inspir'd,
Obtain'd the virgin whom his soul admir'd?

Fair Hero, priestless of th' Idalian queen,
Of birth illustrious, as of graceful mien,
Dwelt on a high sequester'd tower, that stood
Firm on the ramparts, and o'erlook'd the flood:
Chaste, and unconscious of love's pleasing pain,
She seem'd a new-born Venus of the main;
But, nice of conduct, prudently withdrew
Far from the follies of the female crew:
Blest in retreat, she shunn'd the vain delight
Of daily visits, and the dance at night,
Content in sweet tranquillity to screen
Her blooming beauty from malignant spleen;
For where superior beauty shines confest,
It kindles envy in each female breast.
To soften Venus oft with prayer she strove,
Oft pour'd libations to the God of Love;
'Taught by th' example of the heavenly dame,
To dread those arrows that were tipp'd with
flame.*

Vain all her caution, fruitless prov'd her prayer;
Love gains an easy conquest o'er the fair.

For now the sacred Festival appear'd,
By pious Sestians annually rever'd,

* In the first Idyllium of Moschus, Venus complains of
Cupid that

His darts and his arrows are all tipp'd with flame.

At Venus' fane to pay the rites divine,
 And offer incense at Adonis' shrine.
 Vast crowds from all the sea-girt isles repair,
 The day to rev'rence, and the feast to share.
 From flowery Cyprus, circled by the main,
 And high Hæmonia, hastes the youthful train;
 Not one remain'd of all the female race
 The towns, Cythera, and thy groves to grace;
 Afar from spicy Libanus advance
 The throngs unnumber'd, skill'd to lead the dance;
 From Phrygian plains they haste in shoals away,
 And all Abydos celebrates the day.

To Sestos all the mirthful youths repair,
 All that admire the young, the gay, the fair;
 For amorous swains, when rumour'd feasts invite,
 Joy at the news, and follow with delight,
 Not to the gods to pay the rites divine,
 Or offer incense at some sacred shrine;
 Few are their offerings, and concise their prayer,
 Who give their whole devotion to the fair.

As through the temple pass'd the Sessian maid,
 Her face a soften'd dignity display'd;
 Thus silver Cynthia's milder glories rise,
 To glad the pale dominion of the skies.
 Her lovely cheeks a pure vermilion shed.

Like roses beautifully streak'd with red;
 A flowery mead her well-turn'd limbs disclose,
 Fraught with the blushing beauties of the rose:
 But when she mov'd, in radiant mantle drest,
 Flowers half-unveil'd, adorn'd her flowing vest,
 And numerous graces wanton'd on her breast.

The ancient sages made a false decree
 Who said, the graces were no more than three;

When

When Hero smiles, a thousand graces rise,
 Sport on her cheek, and revel in her eyes.
 Such various beauties sure conspir'd to prove
 The priestess worthy of the queen of love.
 Thus as she shone superior to the rest,
 In the sweet bloom of youth and beauty dress'd,
 Such softness temper'd with majestic mien,
 The earthly priestess match'd the heavenly queen.
 The wondering crowds the radiant nymph admire,
 And every bosom kindles with desire;
 Eager each longs, transported with her charms,
 To clasp the lovely virgin in his arms;
 Where'er she turns, their eyes, their thoughts
 pursue,

They sigh, and send their souls at every view.
 Then thus some ardent youth bespoke the rest,
 Cast a fond look, and open'd all his breast:

“ I oft at Sparta, wondering, have beheld
 “ Young maids contending in the list'd field,
 “ Sparta, that boasts the emulated prize
 “ Of fairest virgins, and of brightest eyes:
 “ Yet ne'er till now beheld a nymph so fair,
 “ Such beauty blended with such graceful air:
 “ Perhaps (for sure immortal is her race)
 “ Beneath the priestess Venus hides a Grace.
 “ My dazzled eyes with constant gazing tire,
 “ But my fond fancy ever could admire.
 “ O! make me, Venus, partner of her bed,
 “ Though fate that instant strike the lover dead
 “ Let but my love the heavenly Hero crown,
 “ I on the gods will look superior down.
 “ Should you this boon deny, O queen! decree
 “ To bless my days, a nymph as fair as she!”

Th

Thus spoke the general voice ; the train apart
 Conceal the wound deep rankling in the heart.
 But when Leander saw the blooming fair,
 Love seiz'd his soul instead of dumb despair ;
 Resolv'd the lucky moments to improve,
 He sought occasion to reveal his love ;
 The glorious prize determin'd to obtain,
 Or perish for those joys he could not gain.
 Her sparkling eyes instilling fond desire
 Entranc'd his soul, and kindled amorous fire.
 Such radiant beauty, like the pointed dart,
 With piercing anguish stings th' unguarded heart :
 For on the eye the wound is first impress'd,
 Till by degrees it rankles in the breast.
 Now hope and confidence invade his soul ;*
 Then fear and shame alternately controul :
 Fear through his bosom thrill'd ; a conscious shame
 Confess'd the passion which it seem'd to blame :
 Her beauty fix'd him in a wild amaze ;
 Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze.
 With step ambiguous, and affected air,
 The youth advancing fac'd the charming fair :

* Virgil finely describes the conflict of various passions in the breast of Turnus.

Æneid, Book XII. ver. 606.

— *astuat ingens*

*Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
 Et furiis aggratus amor, & conscia virtus.*

A thousand various thoughts confound the chief,
 He stood, he gaz'd, his bosom swell'd with grief;
 Pride, conscious valour, fury, love and shame,
 At once set all the hero in a flame.

P

PITT.
Each

Each amorous glance he cast, tho' form'd by art,
 Yet sometimes spoke the language of his heart;
 With nods and becks he kept the nymph in play,
 And tried all wiles to steal her soul away.

Soon as she saw the fraudulent youth beguil'd,
 Fair Hero, conscious of her beauty, smil'd;
 Oft in her veil conceal'd her glowing face,
 Sweetly vermilion'd with the rosy grace;
 Yet all in vain to hide her passion tries,
 She owns it with her love-consenting eyes.
 Joy touch'd the bosom of the gentle swain,
 To find his love was not indulg'd in vain.

Then, while he chid the tedious lingering day,
 Down to the west declin'd the solar ray;
 And dewy Hesper shone serenely bright,
 In shadowy silence leading on the night.
 Soon as he saw the dark involving shade,
 Th' embolden'd youth approach'd the blooming
 maid;

Her lily hand he seiz'd, and gently prest,
 And softly sigh'd the passion of his breast:
 Joy touch'd the damsel, tho' she seem'd displeas'd
 And soon withdrew the lily hand he seiz'd.

The youth perceiv'd, through well-dissembled wiles
 A heart just yielding by consenting smiles;
 Then to the temple's last recess convey'd
 The unreluctant, unresisting maid:
 Her lovely feet, that seem'd to lag behind,
 But ill conceal'd her voluntary mind.

She feign'd resentment with an angry look,
 And, sweetly chiding, thus indignant spoke:

“Stranger

" Stranger, what madness has possess'd thy
brain,

" To drag me thus along the sacred fane?

" Go—to your native habitation go——

" 'Tis quite unkind to pull my garments so.

" Rich are my parents—urge not here your fate,

" Lest their just vengeance, you repent too late :

" If not of me, of Venus stand afraid,

" In her own fane soliciting a maid :

" Hence speed your flight ; and Venus' anger

" dread :

" 'Tis bold aspiring to a virgin's bed."

Thus chid the maid, as maids are wont to do,

And show'd her anger, and her fondness too :

The wily youth, as thus the fair complain'd,

Too well perceiv'd the victory was gain'd :

For nymphs enrag'd the more complying prove,

And chidings are the harbingers of love.

He kiss'd her snowy neck, her fragrant breast :

And thus the transport of his soul express :

" O lovely fair, in whom combin'd are seen

The charms of Venus, and Minerva's mien !

For sure no virgin of terrestrial race,

Can vie with Hero in the bloom of face :

I deem your lineage from the gods above,

And stile you daughter of Saturnian Jove.

Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung,

Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,

Blest, doubly blest, the fruitful womb that bore

This heavenly form for mortals to adore.

" Yet, beauteous Hero, grant a lover's prayer,

And to my wishes prove as kind as fair :

" As Venus' priestess, just to Venus prove,
 " Nor shun the gentle offices of love.
 " O let us, while the happy hours invites,
 " Propitious, celebrate the nuptial rites.
 " No maid can serve in Cytherea's fane ;
 " Her eyes delight not in the virgin-train.
 " But would fair Hero secret rites explore,
 " The laws of Venus, and her pleasing lore,
 " Those rites are practis'd in the bridal bed,
 " And there must Hero, yet a maid, be led :
 " Then as you fear the goddess to offend,
 " In me behold your husband and your friend,
 " Ordain'd by Cupid, greatest god above,
 " To teach you all the mysteries of love :
 " As winged Mercury, with golden wand,
 " Made Hercules, with distaff in his hand,
 " To every task of Omphale submit ;
 " Thus love, more powerful than the god of wit,
 " Sent me to you 'Tis needless to relate
 " The chaste Arcadian Atalanta's fate ;
 " Who from th' embraces of Milanion fled,
 " Her faithful lover, and the nuptial bed :
 " But vengeful Venus caus'd the nymph to burn
 " With equal flame, and languish in her turn.
 " O let example warn you to revere
 " The wrathful goddess, and your lover hear ! "

Thus spoke the youth—his magic words con-
troul

Her wavering breast, and soften all her soul.
 Silent she stood, and, rapt in thought profound,
 Her modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground :
 Her cheeks she hid, in rosy blushes drest,
 And veil'd her lily shoulders with her vest :

On the rich floor, with Parian marble laid,
 Her nimble foot involuntary play'd.
 By secret signs a yielding mind is meant;
 And silence speaks the willing maid's consent.
 Now had the wily god's envenom'd dart
 Diffus'd the pleasing poison to her heart;
 Leander's form, instilling soft desire,
 Woo'd her pleas'd eyes, and set her soul on fire.
 While on the ground fair Hero fix'd her sight,
 Leander view'd, with exquisite delight,
 Her swelling breast, and neck as ivory white.
 At length her face with lovely blushes spread
 She rais'd, and thus in sweet confusion said:

“ Stranger, thy words such magic sounds convey,

“ With soft compassion rocks would melt away.
 “ Who form'd thy tongue with such persuasive art,
 “ To pour delightful ruin on the heart?
 “ Ah! tell me, who thus taught thee to explore
 “ My lone retirement on the Thracian shore?
 “ Thy speech, tho' pleasing, flow'd to me in vain:
 “ How can a stranger Hero's love obtain?
 “ Should I in public give to thee my hand,
 “ My parents would forbid the nuptial band.
 “ And should'st thou here in close concealment
 stay,

“ Our secret passion would itself betray;
 “ For soon the voice of scandal-spreading fame
 “ The deed of silence would aloud proclaim.
 “ But, gentle youth, thy name, thy country tell;
 “ For mine, alas! by thee are known too well
 “ In yon high tower, which close to Sestos stands,
 “ And all the roaring Hellespont commands,

- " With one attending damsel I remain ;
 " For so my parents and the fates ordain !
 " No nymphs coeval to sweet music's sound
 " Lead the smooth dance, or lightly beat the
 ground ;
 " But stormy winds eternal discord keep,
 " And blustering bellow through the boundless
 deep."

Thus spake the priestess, and, with modest grace,
 Conceal'd the new-born beauties of her face ;
 For on her cheeks the roseate blush that hung
 Seem'd to condemn the language of her tongue.

Meanwhile Leander feeds the hidden fire,
 Glows in each vein, and burns with fierce desire.
 But anxious doubt his musing breast alarms ;
 How shall he gain admittance to her charms ?
 Nor long he paus'd, for love in wiles abounds,
 Well pleas'd to heal the bosoms which he wounds.
 'Twas he, whose arrows men and gods controul
 That heal'd Leander's love-afflicted soul ;
 Who thus, while sighs upheav'd his anxious breast
 The nymph with artful eloquence address'd :

- " For thee, dear object of my fond desire,
 " I'll cross the ocean, though it flame with fire
 " Nor would I fear the billows' loud alarms.
 " While every billow bore me to thy arms ;
 " Uncheck'd, undaunted by the boisterous main
 " Tempestuous winds should round me roar
 vain :

- " But oft a night her sable pinions spread,
 " I through the storm would swim to Hero's bed
 " For rich Abydos is the home I boast,
 " Not far divided from the Thracian coast.

" L

" Let but my fair a kindly torch display,
 " From the high turret, to direct my way ;
 " Then shall thy daring swain securely glide,
 " The bark of Cupid, o'er the yielding tide, }
 " Thyself my haven, and thy torch my guide;
 " And while I view the genial blaze afar,
 " I'll swim regardless of Bootes' car,
 " Of full Orion, and the northern wain
 " That never bathes his brightness in the main :
 " Thy star, more eminently bright than they,
 " Shall lead the lover to his blissful bay.
 " But let the torch, O nymph divinely fair !
 " My only safety, be thy only care ;
 " Guard well its light, when wintry tempests roar,
 " And hoarse waves break tumultuous on the shore,
 " Lest the dire storms, that blacken all the sky,
 " The flame extinguish and the lover die.
 " More wouldst thou know ? Leander is my name,
 " The happiest husband of the fairest dame."

Thus mutual vow'd the lovers to employ
 The night in raptures of mysterious joy ;
 Her task, secure th' extended torch to keep,
 And his, to cross th' unfathomable deep :
 On promis'd bliss their fruitful fancies fed,
 Ecstatic pleasures of the nuptial bed ;
 Till the fond nymph, when decency requir'd,
 Back to her tower unwillingly retir'd ;
 Leander, ere he left his lovely bride,
 Mark'd well the station of the blazing guide, }
 Then sought Abydos cross the sounding tide.

What now but amorous scenes their thoughts
 employ,

Confus'd ideas of the genial joy?

Slow

Slow rose on leaden wings the morning light,
 Slow noon came on—the lovers wish'd it night.
 At length dark gloom a dusky mantle spread;
 Sleep o'er the world his balmy influence shed.
 All but Leander lay dissolv'd in rest,
 Love kept a ceaseless vigil in his breast.
 Silent he wander'd on the winding shore,
 The deep resounded with tremendous roar:
 Wide o'er the foaming waves his anxious sight
 Explor'd the torch's love-proclaiming light:
 He little deem'd, alas! its flame would prove
 The blaze of death, tho' meant the torch of love.

Soon as fair Hero from her tower survey'd
 Th' horizon darken'd in the fable shade,
 The torch on high she fix'd; its flames inspire
 Leander's bosom with the kindred fire:
 Quick thro' his frame the bright contagion ran,
 And with the glowing signal glow'd th' enamour'd
 man.

But when he heard the hoarse-resounding roar
 Of thundering billows breaking on the shore,
 Aghast he stood, he shrunk, and thus address'd
 These words of courage to his trembling breast:

“ Ah cruel love! whose woe the waves conspire!

“ The waves are water, but I burn with fire:

“ Be bold, my heart! the foaming billows brave,

“ Nor fear the threatnings of the wintry wave.

“ Fair Venus rose propitious from the main:

“ She calms the ocean's rage, and sooths the
 lover's pain.”

He spoke, and straight his lovely limbs undress'd,
 And folded round his head the various vest;

Then

Then dauntless plunging in the foaming tide,
 Dash'd with his arms th' intruding waves aside :
 Foll in his view he kept the shining mark,
 Himself the pilot, passenger, and bark.
 While faithful Hero, to her promise true,
 Watch'd on the turret every wind that blew ;
 Oft with her robe she screen'd the torch's blaze
 From dangerous blasts that blew a thousand ways ;
 Till the tir'd youth, on rolling surges toll,
 Securely landed on the Sestian coast.
 Soon as she saw her lover safe on shore,
 Eager she ran, and led him to her tower,
 Welcom'd with open arms her panting guest,
 And, sweetly smiling, to her bosom prest :
 Then dumb with joy the shivering youth she led,
 Still wet and weary, to the genial bed,
 Wip'd his fair limbs, and fragrant oils apply'd,*
 To cleanse his body from the oozy tide ;
 Then clasp'd him close, still panting, to her breast,
 And thus, with fond endearing words addrest :
 " My life, my lover, thou hast suffer'd more
 " Than fondest bridegroom e'er endur'd before ;

* Thus, in the third book of the *Odyssey*, Polycaeste, the daughter of Nestor, bathes and anoints Telemachus :

Sweet Polycaeste took the pleasing toil
 To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.

On which Dr. Broome remarks, that the practice of women bathing and anointing men, frequently occurs in the *Odyssey* ; neither is this done by women of inferior quality, but we have here a young princess bathing, anointing, and cloathing the naked Telemachus.

" Dettin'd,

"Destin'd, alas ! dread troubles to sustain
 "On the rough bosom of the briny main :
 "Now let sweet joy succeed in sorrow's place,
 "And lull thy labours in my warm embrace."

She spoke : He loos'd her virgin zone, to prove
 The secret rites, and mysteries of love.

No youths with measur'd dance the nuptials
 crown'd,

Nor tuneful hymn's congratulating sound ;
 No bard invok'd the heavenly queen with prayer
 To smile propitious on the wedded pair :

No nuptial torch its golden lustre shed,
 Bright torch of love, to grace the bridal bed !

No Io Pæans musically rung ;

No greeting parents hymenæals sung :
 But all was gloom, and silence all around,
 Instead of music's love-inspiring sound.

Beneath the covert of the night conceal'd,
 They tasted pleasures mutual faith had seal'd :

In close embraces all entranc'd they lay,

In raptures never usher'd to the day :

Till the fond youth reluctant left his bride,
 Still breathing love, and cross'd the foaming tide.

Thus Hero liv'd unnoted, unbetray'd,
 Each night a woman, and each day a maid.

Both wish'd the hours on swiftest wings would fly,
 And hail'd the evening, not the morning sky.

Thus rapt in hidden joys, each blissful night
 They pass'd in ecstasies of full delight :

But soon, alas ! those dear-bought pleasures fled,
 And short the transports of that bridal bed !

For now relentless Winter, that deforms
 With frost the forest, and the sea with storms,

Bade

Bade the wild winds o'er all the ocean reign,
 And raise the rapid whirlpools of the main :
 The hoarse wild winds obey, and, with harsh
 sound,
 Roar o'er the surface of the vast profound,
 Rouze from their beds the scatter'd storms, that
 sleep

In the dark caverns of the dreary deep :
 The trembling sailor hears the dreadful roar,
 Nor dares the wintry turbulence explore,
 But drags his vessel to the safer shore. }

But thee, bold youth, no wintry storms restrain,
 Nor all the dreadful dangers of the main :
 For when thou saw'st the torch's blaze from far,
 (Of nuptial bliss the bright prophetic star)
 Thence not the furious tempest could controul,
 Nor calm the glowing raptures of thy soul.
 Yet sure fair Hero, when the gloomy sky
 With gathering clouds proclaim'd rough winter
 nigh,

Without her lover should have pass'd the night,
 Nor from the tower, ill-omen'd shown the light.
 But she, ah hapless ! burns with fond desire,
 'Tis love inflames her, while the fates conspire :
 The torch of death now glimmer'd from above,
 No more the gentle harbinger of love.

'Twas night, and angry Æolus had hurl'd
 The winds tempestuous o'er the weary world ;
 The bellowing winds with rage impetuous roar,
 And dash the foaming billows on the shore :
 Ev'n then the youth, with pleasing visions fed,
 Glows with remembrance of the bridal bed ;

And,

And, while fierce tempests howl on every side,
 Floats on the bosom of the briny tide,
 Waves, roll'd on waves, in hideous heaps are
 driven,

Swell'd into mountains, and upheav'd to heaven :
 Bleak blasts, loud-roaring, the vex'd oceans sweep,
 Foam the dash'd billows, and resounds the deep.
 From every part the blustering terrors fly,
 Rage o'er the main, and battle in the sky :
 The growling thunder of the vast profound
 The rocks rebellow, and the shores rebound.
 Amidst the watry war, with toils oppress'd,
 O'erwhelm'd with billows, and in gulphs distress'd
 Leander oft with suppliant prayer implor'd
 The sea-sprung goddess, and old ocean's lord :
 Thee, Boreas, too, he summon'd to his aid,
 Nor was unmindful of th' Athenian maid :
 But prayers are fruitless, and petitions vain ;
 Love must submit to what the fates ordain.
 From wave to wave the hapless youth is tost,
 Now heav'd on high, and now in whirlpools lost.
 His weary'd feet no more his will obey,
 His arms hang useless, and forget to play.
 Borne on the surge, supine and void of breath,
 He drinks the briny weave, and draws in death.
 Thus while the fatal rage each wind conspires,
 Extinct at once the flame, and lover's fires,
 Fainting he sinks, and with the torch expires.

While on the turret Hero mourn'd his slay,
 And fondly sighing chid his long delay,
 Perplexing anguish in her bosom rose,
 Nor knew her eyes the blessings of repose.

Now rose the morn, in ruffet vest array'd,
 Still from th' impatient fair the lover slay'd :
 Watchful she stood, and cast her eyes around
 O'er the wide beach, and o'er the depths profound,
 Haply to spy her lover, should he stray,
 The light extinguish'd, 'midst the watry way :
 But when she saw him breathless on the sand,
 Stretch'd, ghastly-pale, by death's relentless hand,
 She shriek'd aloud ; and from her throbbing breast
 Rent the gay honours of her flowery vest ;
 Then from the tower her beauteous body cast,
 And on her lover's bosom breath'd her last :
 Nor could the fates this faithful pair divide ;
 They liv'd united, and united died.*

THE FAIR PENITENT.

A SONG.

A LOVELY lass to a friar came
 To confess in a morning early :
 In what, my dear, art thou to blame ?
 Come own it all sincerely.
 I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
 With a lad that loves me dearly.

* "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in
 their death they were not divided."

II Sam. Chap. i. ver. 23.

Q

The

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.

Then you to Rome for that must go,
There discipline to suffer.

Lack-a-day, Sir! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;

But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past failing.

I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing.

S O N G.

On a beautiful, but very young lady.

BEAUTY from fancy takes its arms,
And ev'ry common face some breast may move,
Some in a look, a shape, or air find charms,
To justify their choice, or boast their love;
But had the great Apelles seen that face,
When he the Cyprian goddess drew,
He had neglected all the female race,
Thrown his first Venus by, and copied you.
In that design,
Great nature would combine,
To fix the standard of her sacred coin;
'The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
And shrines been rais'd to Seraphina's name.

But

But since no painter e'er cou'd take
 That face which baffles all his curious art ;
 And he that strives the bold attempt to make,
 As well might paint the secrets of the heart ;
 Happy glass, I'll thee prefer,
 Content to be, like thee, inanimate,
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
 A better life and motion would create.
 Her eyes wou'd inspire,
 And like Prometheus' fire,
 At once inform the piece and give desire ;
 The charming phantom I wou'd grasp, and fly
 O'er all the orb, tho' in that moment die.

Yet meaner beauties fear the day,
 Whose charms are fading, and submit to time ;
 The graces which from them it steals away,
 It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.
 The god of love in ambush lies,
 And with his arms surrounds the fair,
 He points his conquering arrows in these eyes,
 Then hangs a sharpen'd dart at ev'ry hair :
 As with fatal skill,
 Turn which way you will,
 Like Eden's flaming sword each way you kill ;
 So rip'ning years improve rich nature's store,
 And gives perfection to the golden ore.

AN EPISTLE

FROM MR. B——, WRITTEN AT OTAHEITE,
TO L—Y G——R.

(Never before published.)

CAN I forget the beauteous Emma's charms,
The soft elysium of her circling arms;
The wanton jirk of those elastic hips,
Which made the ermin'd sages lick their lips,
When the false Countess * painted all she saw,
And the press'd couch became the sport of law?

My Emma, come, O grace these smiling plains
Where love unbounded fires the raptur'd swains;
Where thrilling lovers feel, but to be blest,
And ecstacy entrances them to rest.

Here kifs meets kifs ere from the lips it part,
And love's warm tide flows mutual from the heart
Lo here, whence frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for his fiercest fires.
The throbbing virgin loses ev'ry fear,
Venus alone absolves her frailties here.

At ten years old, she feels th' inspiring itch,
And the glad mother straight tattows her breech;
Curve above curve the splendid arches rise,
Like the bright bow that gilds the sunny skies:
Doubtless, design'd on the same gracious plan,
A sign of peace, a covenant with man!

* Countess D'——ff. Vide Trial.

T

The valves of Venus pout with tempting glee,
 Like the sweet rose-buds bursting from the tree.
 Then joy illumines her with all-cheering beams,
 Unerring instinct prompts her golden dreams;
 Experienc'd dames then lead the smiling maid
 To the kind covert of the plantain's shade.
 Her bed, like Eve's, with choicest flowers blooms:
 And hov'ring Cupids shed divine perfumes.
 With tuckt-up shifts the fairest damsels sing
 The magic wonders of Hans Carvel's ring;
 Their brilliant bums in rapid circles seen,
 With dazzling lustre shine, before the queen;
 So bearded comets fiery courses run,
 And their tails blaze, as they approach the sun.
 The virgin's eyes in light luxuriant swim,
 Her mantling blood glows thro' each brightning
 limb.

A youth impatient * clasps the beauteous prize,
 Lusty and brown (almost your C——ly's size).
 Their pantomime describes an astral frisk,
 And shews how Venus rides the solar disk;
 Whilst o'er the rites the queen herself presides,
 And in mild accents Otheothea guides.

* "A young man, near six feet high, performed the rites of Venus with a little girl about eleven or twelve years of age, before several of our people, and a great number of the natives, without the least sense of its being indecent or improper, but, as appeared, in perfect conformity to the custom of the place. Among the spectators were several women of superior rank, particularly Oberea, who may properly be said to have assisted at the ceremony; for they gave instructions to the girl how to perform her part, which, young as she was, she did not seem much to stand in need of."

" Now fondly kifs, in wanton folds entwine;
 " To swell his blifs, let every nerve combine;
 " See his lips tremble and his eye-balls roll,
 " Suck the laft breath, and catch his flying foul."
 She hears; obeys, in fpeechlefs transports drown'd,
 Whilst fymphathetic murmurs float around,
Melee attira! * murmurs every lafs,
 And thoufands fall, extended on the grafs.

O bleft employment of a fov'reign's time,
 How feldom feen in Europe's barbarous clime!
 Let Mouschin Poufchin boaft lewd Cath'rinc's fkill,
 Let her profefs the royal art to kill;
 Like Clytemneftra give her vengeance fcope,
 Or teach her Ruffian bears to climb a rope.
 Combin'd with tyrants of congenial foul,
 Her favage ruffians rob the wretched Pole:
 Ev'n gen'rous Dantzig feels the galling chain,
 Tho' Commerce droop, and Freedom weeps in
 vain.

O fpread thy empire, love, from fhore to fhore,
 Till wedlock ceafe, and cuckoldom's no more,
 Let fniv'ling wives and termagants be chafte,
 And rail at ladies of my G——r's tafte;
 For fcandal, let them genial pleasures flit,
 Becaufe in fcandal they find more delight:
 As chatt'ring magpies when their tongues are flit,
 Seem always prone to fhew their ill-bred wit;
 Of rogue and bitch, inceffantly they rail,
 And the glib tongue moves fwifter than the tail.

* "Come kifs me." 2

Ye stand'rous dames, who mischief spread and
make,

Go learn a lesson from the venom'd snake ;
Tho' in its tongue a subtle poison's found,
Oil from its tail will medicate the wound.
Let this false maxim henceforth be forgot,
* That female virtue's center'd in a spot,
† Fix'd on an isthmus in a slippery state,
A being darkly seen and rudely great,
‡ Doubly expos'd :—in such a site how can
The breach be kept against the assaults of man !
So on the verge of joining counties stands,
A debtor's house, consigned to bailiffs hands,
In vain from writs and ruin he retreats,
When *front*, and *rear*, the sheriffs force his gates.

Perhaps, my Emma this strange story flights,
Such public acts of love's mysterious rites
You disbelieve ; but here no shame imprest,
Heaves with alarming throbs the female breast ;
Naked and smiling every nymph we see,
Like Eve unapron'd, ere she robb'd the tree.
Immodest words are spoke without offence,
And want of decency shews innocence.

• Neque sœmina, amissa pudicitia aliud abnuerit.

Tacitus.

† Plac'd on an isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great.

Essay on Man.

‡ ——— More ferarum

Quadrupedumque, magis ritu plerumque putantur
Concipere uxores, quia sic loca sumere possunt
Pectoribus positis, sublat. s. semina lumbis.

Lucretius, lib. 4.

A problem, hence philosophers advance,
Whether shame springs from nature or from
chance.

The contest lasts ; kept up by human pride :
Where sages differ how can I decide ?
Else should the muse with nice precision speak,
Why transient blushes crimson o'er the cheek
Of yielding maids ; why shakes the tender frame,
Why soft confusion fill their soul with shame,
At certain acts ; Is it great nature's voice,
Or is it custom ?—dubious is the choice ?
No ; modest instinct proves its source divine,
And bows our hearts at beauty's sacred shrine !
Lest sensual passion should the mind entice,
It starts, and shrinks at the first touch of vice.
An emanation of celestial fire,
Which purifies the heart, and checks desire.
O'er bright Eliza beams attractive grace,
When roseate blushes veil her lovely face :
Even distant hints, the sweet suffusion raise,
As the hand's warmth makes phosphorus to
blaze :

Melting in raptures, modestly she'll glow,
As cold increases in dissolving snow.

How shall the muse describe in flowing rhimes,
The dance lascivious of these sportive climes ?
Which the young girls from infancy are taught,
With gestures lewd beyond the reach of thought.
What wanton motions vibrate ev'ry limb !
Their sparkling eyes in humid languor swim :
The Timoredees' frolic songs conspire
To spread the blaze of love's contagious fire.

Exulting

Exulting virgins to these lists advance,
 Till practice realize the typic dance,
 Such bounding maidens had Gallini known,
 Enrich'd by Hymens from this torrid zone :—
 To British dames, he'd precious spoils impart,
 And here display the wonders of his art :
 The magic gauze would ev'ry charm improve,
 Thrill ev'ry nerve with ecstasies of love.
 Rapturous ideas at each touch supply,
 And plant fine feelings, which these climes deny.
 What gold can purchase such celestial charms,
 What bribes can tempt such beauty to our arms,
 You fain would know? Hear then the wondrous
 tale,

Let this great truth o'er prejudice prevail ;
 With nails we traffic for the blooming maid,
 And the ship's planks supply the dangerous trade ;
 At last the fair ones see, with strange surprise,
 Some nails produc'd of more than common size ;
 The happy females with this treasure grac'd,
 Display their triumph, and our coin's debas'd.
 In vain we sue, the nymphs comply no more,
 "Give us large nails," re-echoes from the shore.
 Thus, when our senate (I'll their crimes unfold)
 Call'd to the mint our light tho' sterling gold,
 Indignant zealots saw new guineas rise,
 Which Jews could neither sweat nor circumcise :
 For through the land an inquisition reigns,
 The faith of coins is try'd by saving grains :
 Like Justice arm'd, ev'n harlots poise the scales,
 Nor sell their favours, if the standard fails :

Impatient, pale, the tingling cully stands,
 " And holds his breeches up with both his
 hands ;"

The balance trembles, and the wary maid
 Still keeps her legs close 'till his guinea's weigh'd.

You ask what food springs from the graceful
 foil,

To fit the natives for their am'rous toil?
 For bev'rage pure, the limpid streams suffice,
 And cocoa-nut, nectareous juice supplies:
 On verdant leaves they spread the sav'ry dish,
 And suck prolific particles of fish;
 So oily friars,—shut in gloomy cloysters,
 Pamper their lust with pregnant cod and oysters.
 With liquorish cates the longing nuns refresh,
 And in their sisters plant the " thorn of flesh."

Alas, what human bliss is long complete,
 For ever changing man's precarious state!
 Our rivals once exulted in this isle,
 Where Venus revels, and the graces smile;
 In tinsel'd splendor led the festive dance,
 And taught kind girls the cotillions of France:
 To drums and flutes in sportive cadence move,
 And give a loose to all the joys of love;
 Till poison'd raptures propagate dire pains,
 And dart pollution thro' the tingling veins:
 The unwary nymphs to spread the pest conspire,
 Which shoots as rapid as electric fire.
 Thro' breathing flutes no more soft music flows,
 The snuffling minstrel weeps his fallen nose:
 Whilst muffled drums a mournful dirge rebound,
 And thro' the island—waft a fearful sound.

Preventive

Preventive Taylor, haste, O haste away,
The grand specific to my friends convey.

Still must I sing the lewd promiscuous joy,
Which boundless reigns amidst their Arreoy :*

Can the fond mother act *Mædea's* part ?

Can she expose the darling of her heart ?

Without a tear, her infant cherub doom,

And stab the smiling offspring of her womb ?

O dire effect of passions unrestrain'd,

O dire effect of nature's laws profan'd !

* These societies are distinguished by the name of *Arreoy*; and the members have meetings, at which no other is present, where the men amuse themselves by wrestling, and the women, notwithstanding their occasional connection with different men, dance the *Timorodee* in all its latitude, as an incitement to desires, which it is said are frequently gratified upon the spot. This, however, is comparatively nothing. If any of the women happen to be with child, which in this manner of life happens less frequently than if they were to cohabit only with one man, the poor infant is smothered the moment it is born, that it may be no incumbrance to the father, nor interrupt the mother in the pleasure of her diabolical prostitution. It sometimes, indeed, happens that the passion which prompts a woman to enter into this society is surmounted, when she becomes a mother, by that instinctive affection which nature has given to all creatures for the preservation of their offspring; but even in this case, she is not permitted to spare the life of her infant, except she can find a man who will patronize it as his child: if this can be done, the murder is prevented; but both the man and woman, being deemed by this act to have appropriated each other, are ejected from the community, and forfeit all claim to the privileges and pleasures of *Arreoy* for the future: the woman from that time being distinguished by the term *robannorensoo*, "bearer of children," which is here a term of reproach; though none can be more honourable in the estimation of wisdom and humanity, of right, and every passion that distinguishes the man from the brute.

From

From such black scenes the muse indignant turns,
 Where lust deprav'd the mad'ning female burns.
 Far different scenes in Britain's isle I see,
 Where shines conspicuous the Coterie,
 Their social orgies genial love admit,
 And brisk Champaign improves their sparkling
 wit.

There Lady C—— guards the sacred niches,
 Till every member stands without his breeches;
 The matron sage in * R——h spies defects,
 And, like the Commons, by her vote—rejects.
 The unhappy youth, an Irishman no more!
 Shall ne'er revisit his sweet native shore;
 But fires the rage of a † prolific fire,
 Who still at eighty feels a lover's fire.
 Ye gods! what glee amidst our wanton dames,
 When in a passion H—— exclaims;
 Men please no more, such Macaroni things!
 With nerves too weak to bear ev'n Chinese rings!
 Fir'd with the view of her unfaded charms,
 Three ancient lovers seize the mystic arms:
 —What joy, alas! can wav'ring C——y bring,
 Timid and dubious where to fix the ring.
 Ev'n B——n, by state intrigues oppress'd,
 Smuggles the ring—afraid of B——re's jest.

* R——h. This ingenious young nobleman lately offered his services to the Coterie; but on being examined by Lady C——, and a secret committee, was *black-balled*.

† The Earl of M——, an Irish Peer, distinguished in Queen Anne's reign for supporting the credit and character of his countrymen, in the purlieus of Covent-Garden. He can still drink two or three flasks of Champaign, when he dines abroad, and sings "David and Bathsheba" with great glee and spirit.

The magic circle brawny B—— rears,
 She flies to him—and both dissolve in tears.
 With brighten'd crests th' elected members stand,
 And population teems around the land;
 As thorn-trees by inoculation bear
 The juicy apple, and the luscious pear;
 So barren females, by a strange embrace,
 Yield to their lords an unressembling race:
 Who joyous see the "olive branches" spread,
 And boast the honours of the nuptial bed.

GENERAL M—— AND HIS YOUNG WIFE.

A TALE, BY MR. H——.

RASH, poor, and ever in a hurry,
 'Till he was far advanc'd in age,
 A certain General like * * * * *,
 At last grew cautious, rich, and sage:
 With all the subsidies of life,
 All but an heir and a young lively wife:
 Young she must be, for reasons good,
 Not to excite passionate dealings,
 To keep him warm with her warm blood,
 And to indulge his sober feelings:
 The wife he got, but left the care
 To Providence and her, to make his heir.
 At first a blaze, or two at most
 Appear'd just like a fire of stubble,
 That cannot either bake or roast,
 Or broil, or make a kettle bubble;

But

But seldom, after that auspicious day,
 The noble General fired, except in play.
 One night he gave a false alarm,
 Which she most patiently endur'd,
 I thank my stars there is no harm,
 She whisper'd to herself, insur'd,*
 Howe'er, to cover his disgrace,
 She let him keep manœuvring round the place.
 His nightly fondling and stroking,
 She bore with resignation meek;
 When he became downright provoking,
 She made him quit it for a week.
 It was not oft, you understand,
 That she was forc'd to take the task in hand.
 Tir'd of his motions and parading,
 To drop all metaphors of war,
 She made him stick to serenading,
 To twang and finger her guitar,
 Like a child's fiddle, to divert young chicks,
 From cl mb'ring up and playing naughty tricks.
 By independence held out to his dear,
 By a sincere emancipation,
 He gain'd, like Fox, peace and good cheer,
 Besides a helping hand upon occasion:
 As to their love, content with these concessions,
 They left their jewel to their own discretions.
 The General thus address'd the fair,
 Tossing and tumbling in her nest:
 Get me a deputy, indeed a pair,
 For fear of accidents, is best:

* Metaphor taken from a policy of insurance against fire, for a trifling consideration.

But first, consult your wise experienc'd dam,
 Trust her judicious eye, my tender lamb.
 He might have spar'd his curtain lecture,
 His tender lamb, for all her youth,
 Was never guided by conjecture,
 Or mere appearances of truth :
 Neither consenting nor denying,
 She took no measures without trying.
 So by repeated trials, in the end,
 And wisely taking nought for granted,
 She found the steady friend
 And deputy, the General wanted.
 In fine, without more fuss or teasing,
 She made her choice, and chose discreetly :
 The stream of time flow'd smooth and pleasing,
 Not only pleasingly, but sweetly ;
 So much, that the whole veteran corps,
 Envied the General more and more.
 Replete with gratitude, the dame,
 Yielded to all his weakest fancies ;
 And by a blush of simpering shame,
 Vouch'd for his feats, and conjugal romances,
 All which, as I before related,
 Made the old General envied, if not hated.
 Young folks are apt, in many a case,
 Left to themselves, without a warden,
 To disregard both time and place,
 Like Eve and Adam in the garden.
 They take a turn, they look about,
 And seeing nought to fear, conceive no doubt ;
Taking

Taking their pastime in an harbour,
 Our friends were by the chaplain spied,
 Like frigates riding in an harbour,
 With their sails furl'd, in naked pride;
 The priest, like Satan, sigh'd, and saw with
 spite,
 Adam and Eve in primitive delight.
 Before they reach'd the bower of bliss,
 At the first glance, you may suppose,
 Down dropp'd the priest, squat like a miss
 Stepping aside to pluck a rose.
 Cowering he watch'd, amidst the shrubs hard by
 An envious toad, like Milton's wicked spy.
 When the scene clos'd, the spy withdrew,
 With marks of grief and indignation,
 Revealing every thing he knew
 Relating to the incarnation.
 Lock'd in each others arms they play'd,
 Fasten'd and glew'd from head to foot,
 The pair conjoin'd, you would have said,
 Were grown together like a double nut.
 Their springs and movements equal and exact,
 As if they were but one in fact.
 The General smil'd, and heard the doctor's
 tattle,
 Calm and serene, as in a field of battle.
 'Twas a fine sight, I envy you the pleasure;
 I know, said he, your hate to blabs and
 praters,
 And am rejoic'd, and happy beyond measure,
 That none but God and you were the spec-
 tators.

Depend

Depend upon't she shall be told,

When she's dispos'd to go so light and thin;
To run no more such risks of catching cold,

But take her exercise within.

I love my wife, I feel her merits,

I am her doctor, and advise,

For her hysterics and low spirits,

This brisk de-obstruent exercise.

A hundred pounds a-year I pay her squire,

I feed him sumptuously, and therewithal

The labourer is worthy of his hire,

And always ready at a call.

Know you, the General said to the divine,

A General's lady better off than mine?

The priest reply'd, and answer'd well,

Sir, if I knew, I would not tell.

I could name one, one every way

As capable, as brisk and stout,

A much more proper Ciceroni

Either within doors, or without;

And one he said, cocking his thumb,

That would have done the job for half the sum.

THE MORAL.

BY THE DRAMATIST.

ALL tales and fables, long or short,

Æsop's or Homer's, feign'd or true,

Must have a moral of some sort,

For our instruction, says Bossu.

We

We learn this truth from Homer's songs,
 When youth and insolence conspire,
 Grievous dissensions and great wrongs,
 Arise from passion set on fire.
 His tale is founded upon anger,
 With anger's terrible effects;
 This upon impotence and languor,
 With age's risible defects.
 They both agree in one conclusion,
 Where there's no harmony all is confusion;
 In states, in senates, camps and fleets,
 And now and then in wedding-sheets.
 If an old fellow goes to bed
 With his young bride, and gets next morn,
 Instead of his bride's maidenhead,
 The maiden-bride's contempt and scorn:
 The surest way to set things right,
 And to do justice to the bride,
 Is to get up and take his flight,
 Or take her General for his guide:
 Who sail'd through time with a fine breeze,
 Through pleasant days and nights of ease:
 For the connubial clog and yoke,
 Heavy to me, not light to you,
 To him was a mere joke,
 Easy it sat like an old shoe.

SOFTLY.

S O F T L Y.

AN ODE FROM HAFEZ.

BY THE LATE CAPT. THOMAS FORD.

DISGUIS'D, last night, I rush'd from home,
 To seek the palace of my soul ;
 I reach'd by silent steps the dome,
 And to her chamber *softly* stole.

On a gay various couch reclin'd,
 In sweet repose I saw the maid ;
 My breast, like aspens to the wind,
 To love's alarm *softly* play'd.

Two fingers, then, to half expanse,
 I trembling op'd—with fear oppress'd,
 With these I pull'd her veil askance,
 Then *softly* drew her to my breast.

“ Who art thou, wretch !” my angel cry'd ;
 Whisp'ring, I said—“ thy slave:—thy swain :
 “ But hush, my love !—forbear to chide :
 “ Speak *softly*, lest some hear the strain.”

Trembling with love, with hope and fear,
 At length her ruby lips I press'd :
 Sweet kisses oft—mellifluous—dear—
Softly I snatch'd—was *softly* bless'd.

“ O let me,” now inflam'd I said,
 “ My idol clasp within these arms :”
 “ Remove the light” deep sigh'd the maid—
 “ Come *softly*, come—prevent alarms.”

Now

Now by her side with blifs I glow'd,—
 Swift flew the night in amorous play:
 At length the morning's herald crow'd:
 When *softly* thence I bent my way.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

A TALE. BY MR. H——.

THOMAS came running to the mill,
 As Will was standing at the door,
 Would you believe it, neighbour Will?
 Said Tom, my wife's an errant whore.
 With colours flying, drums a pair,
 I left her very hard at work,
 Tossing the Squire up in the air,
 As if he had been made of cork.
 You know the burthen is not light,
 He was not born to be a jockey,
 And to add something to the weight,
 His Worship was a little rocky.
 From my relation I presume,
 Neighbour, you will conclude and gather,
 That he was in a plaguy fume,
 And she all over in a lather.
 I never thought, as I'm a sinner,
 That Moll had any sporting blood,
 Or any kind of mettle in her,
 No more than in a log of wood.

At any moment of a day,

My wife, said Will, takes as much pains :

I make her pockets ring and play,

Jingling her keys about like chains.

And yet no sempstress with a thimble,

That sits all day upon her crupper,

Can be more mettlesome and nimble,

Or readier for it, after supper.

Where did you leave your wife ? said he—

Behind yon' stack, where she lies dry,

Run and peep through the hedge and see,

Said Tom, if she begin to fly.

Will ran and peep'd, and then crept nigher,

And then cried, Thomas, you're a liar.

I see them at it, and see clear,

'Tis not your Moll, but my sweet Nell ;

The devil, I hope, that brought her here,

Will carry her back with him to hell.

I knew, and would have laid my life,

Said Tom, if I had bid you go,

To see the pastime of your wife,

You would not run to see the shew ;

But you would scamper to the stack,

To see my wife upon her back.

The only way that I would act,

The only way I would advise,

And the best way to prove the fact,

Is to appeal to your own eyes,

SONG.

S O N G.

She rose and loot me in.

THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.
 When at her father's yate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 She, shrouded only with her smock,
 Arose and loot me in.
 Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
 She trembling stood asham'd;
 Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
 And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
 My eager passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the fort to win,
 And her fond heart was soon betray'd
 To yield and let me in.
 Then, then, beyond expressing,
 Transporting was the joy;
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So blest'd a man was I.
 And she, all ravish'd with delight,
 Bid me oft come again;
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
 She'd rise and let me in.
 But ah! at last she prov'd with bairn,
 And sighing fat and dull,
 And I, that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en just like a fool.

Her

Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin ;
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part ?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart ;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime :
 Thus all was well again ;
 And now she thanks the happy time
 That e'er she loot me in.

ODE TO LOVE.

BY G—— K——, ESQ.

ALL-powerful Love then gently touch'd the
 lyre,
 The throbbing bosom felt the kindling fire ;
 And whilst the pleasing pain
 Ran quick through ev'ry vein,
 How did each beating pulse proclaim
 His influence o'er the human frame !
 His harmony imprest
 Upon the feeling breast
 Joy which love, and love alone, can e'er inspire.
 From the soft flute he breath'd so sweet a strain,
 Gladness diffus'd a smile o'er all the cheerful plain :
 Responsive

Responsive echo lengthen'd ev'ry note,
 And on the playful breeze did heav'nly music float,
 Such the sensations he did now impart,
 That ev'ry plaintive murmur reach'd the heart.

The latent flame, erst carefully conceal'd,
 Each tender maid reveal'd;
 The little birds on ev'ry waving spray
 Resistless pow'r obey;
 The sportive lambkins frolic round,
 And frisk it o'er th' enamell'd ground.
 His sounds melodious charm'd th' attentive throng,
 All nature listen'd and approv'd the song.

HOB IN THE WELL.

A TALE. BY MR. H——.

A TAYLOR, bodkin-stitch, in a few years
 Grew rich, and is increasing still,
 By the nice conduct of his sheers,
 And skill in drawing up a bill.
 A bill, like any bill of Chancery,
 Or my Lord North's bill of fine-ancery—
 His budget, like a gilet pie,
 Furnish'd with gizzards, hearts and liver,
 Pinions, necks, feet, and blood for ever,
 And goose-cap heads that once look'd high.
 Twelve miles from York, or thereabout,
 Stitch bought a farm, he call'd Surtout—

Hi

His agent, every week that came,

Was sure to send him a stout hare,

Pigeons, and now and then some game,

With rabbits, taken in a snare.

In fine, Stitch liv'd like any lord,

Any lord mayor, that draws long corks—

Turkeys and geese smoak'd on his board,

Like geese upon his board of works.

Besides, his farm produc'd him clear

In cash two hundred pounds a-year.

Robin, a farmer, was his factor,

The taylor would not part with Hob,

So good a factor and transactor,

For the best regimental job;

Not to take measure of the king,

Although, perhaps, by such an honour,

His wife, a proud disdainful thing,

Might not take quite so much upon her:

A knight's third cousin, where's the wonder

If Bodkin truckl'd and knock'd under?

Observe, that every Easter Sunday,

Hob came to feast on paschal lamb,

And then return'd on Easter Monday

To tansy-pudding and a ham.

The beds were full, when Robin came,

As harmless as his namesake bird,

Robin was forc'd to make a third,

And pig with Bodkin and his dame.

Hob in his breeches went to bed,

And Mrs. Stitch was in the middle.

Her face turn'd close to Bodkin's head,

To leather breeches her bum-fiddle.

R

Bodkin's

Bodkin's horn soon began to blow,
 Hob was awake, and she also.
 On certain signals from behind,
 Hob his mask'd battery disclos'd,
 Summon'd the fort, which was resign'd
 Upon the terms that he propos'd.
 They were oblig'd to take their leave
 At last, for fear of a surprize,
 Not without tears, you may believe,
 And sleep in earnest clos'd their eyes.
 Recruited with a four hours nap,
 Hob gave her notice of his rising,
 First at the door he gave a tap,
 And then a rap that was surprising :
 As Madam Stitch in the conclusion,
 Receiv'd the *coup-de-grace* and was expiring
 Bodkin was wak'd by a contusion,
 Studied the point and could not help admiring ;
 And then put back his hand, and lo !
 He found Hob in the well below.
 Steal off, said Stitch, and quit your ground,
 'Tis well for you she sleeps so sound.
 If my wife wakes and finds you got
 Out of your road, into her quarters,
 She'll scratch your eyes out, she's so hot,
 And strangle you in her Bath garters.
 When I got there, said Hob, or how,
 I know no more than you, I vow ;
 But in the well have got through thick and thin—
 Oft in my sleep I walk, they say,
 And in my sleep must have walk'd in,
 Said Hob, that must have been the way—

Hob vanish'd—Mrs. Stitch soon after,
 Furnish'd another scene for laughter;
 She jogg'd her spouse, and whisper'd low,
 Is Robin up and gone, or no?
 Bodkin reply'd, at break of day,
 Two hours ago he stole away:

dreamt, said she, and then awoke,
 I thought 'twas you in such a cue,
 I doubted whether it was you;
 thought you drove away like smoak:
 I never felt so much delight,

Either in sleeping or awake,
 I was afraid 'twas some mistake;
 What would I give to dream it every night!

I was surpriz'd to find you grown
 So lusty, and with so much bone,
 and twice as strong, and stronger too,
 Than when upon our wedding sheets,
 or all that I could say or do,

You robb'd me of my virgin sweets.
 'twas but a dream, said Stitch, that's plain,
 I'll try to make you dream again;
 He did his best: and Morpheus seiz'd her soon,
 Bodkin got up at nine, she slept till noon.

M O R A L.

HE sex, said a physician of the college,
 Like men, are either saints or sinners,
 Like Eve, they long so much for knowledge,
 They scarce have time to eat their dinners.

The difference between them and us
Is this, the sex, both great and small,
All look as innocent as puffs,

The greatest hypocrite of all.

But men oft glory in their shame,
And take our wives for lawful game.
Put not your trust in leather breeches,

Whether your wife's behind you, or before
They all can tell, they are such witches,

Whether you sleep, or only feign a snore.
She knows her time, she gives an intimation,

To Galligaskins, and if he's inclin'd,
He will accept of Madam's invitation,
Just as it suits, before you or behind.

THE BIRTH OF CUPID.

BY THE D——S OF D——.

HERE in the bower of beauty, newly shorn,
Let fancy sit, and sing how love was born ;
Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child
In Flora's cheek, when first the goddess smil'd ;
Nurs'd on the bosom of the beautecus Spring,
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing ;
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
The little wanton into Cupid grew ;
Then arm'd his head with glittering sparks of
fire,
And tipp'd his shining arrows with desire ;

Hence

Hence joy arose upon the wings of wind,
 And hope presents the lover always kind;
 Despair creates a *rival* for our tears,
 And tender pity softens into *fears*.

THE AMOROUS GROOM.

A TALE. FROM LA FONTAINE.

A KING, in youthful charms array'd,
 Fair Lombardy's bright scepter sway'd.
 The kings of this same country gain
 Frequent admittance to my brain;
 But honest Boccace often shews 'em
 So a-propos, one can't refuse 'em.
 'Tis fit that you this hint should read,
 Before we venture to proceed.
 The king, if we may credit fame,
 Espous'd a soul-enchancing dame,
 As chaste, as prudent, and as fair,
 As queens in our romances are.
 Her eyes no glance could ever dart,
 But some poor gazer lost his heart;
 New dawning charms each day discovers,
 And half her subjects were her lovers.
 You'll think, when these fine things are said,
 She needs must bless her monarch's bed.
 And certain 'tis, no royal sheets
 Ever prov'd the scenes of softer sweets.
 But Cupid, who delights in malice,
 And lov'd to roam about the palace,

As he was whisking round his link,
 Just where the floor disclos'd a chink,
 Shook out a spark, 'tis far from fable,
 And down it drops into the stable ;
 And still accustom'd to consume,
 Fir'd the præcordia of a groom ;
 Another wou'd have said, his heart ;
 But surely if nice terms of art
 Can sometimes happen to fall pat in,
 They'll shew at once our wit and Latin.

This very groom, we'll call him Peter,
 Since that's a name will suit our metre ;
 This groom, I say, with many a maid,
 Pass'd for a very dapper blade ;
 His well-turn'd person and his parts
 Had such a knack at stealing hearts,
 That all the virgins where he came,
 Were languishing to lose that name.
 But what was more engaging yet,
 My author says the youth had wit ;
 And well he made it soon appear,
 As in the sequel you shall hear.

This spark, when he beheld the queen,
 Was ravish'd at her matchless mien ;
 Her eyes had shot him to the soul,
 And his heart kindled like a coal.
 He sigh'd, and gnaw'd his nails—What then ?
 Why then, he sigh'd and gnaw'd again.

Cupid was touch'd to see this pother,
 As much as if he'd been his brother :
 Obsequious to his aid he fled,
 And perch'd unseen upon his head ;

Where

Where, in less time than lawyers hatch up
 Some lucky lie, their cause to patch up,
 He fill'd his brain with such vagaries,
 As soon diminish'd his quandaries.
 For Cupid disciplines so well,
 He'll make an oaf a Machiavel,
 And daily furbish up more sages,
 Than schools can hammer out in ages.
 You call for proof—why, if I need it,
 This tale's my voucher ; please to read it.

Our love-sick brother of the manger
 Now hooted at the thing call'd danger,
 And yet he wisely thought it good
 To be as cautious as he cou'd ;
 Tho' bless'd with bronze, he thought it ruin
 To tell the queen what he'd be doing,
 Because he knew her majesty
 Would never yield extempore ;
 But rather he might apprehend
 His suit would haste his latter end,
 And, therefore, he could see no reason
 Why love should talk him into treason ;
 Nor did he think it one jot better
 To scrawl his passion in a letter,
 For letters oft have caus'd the writers
 To curse the day they were inditers.

To such a situation drove,
 Between the gallows and his love,
 How did he this dilemma settle ?
 Why, truly like a man of mettle :
 Thought he, my passion, if I falter,
 Will prove as fatal as a halter,

And

And since 'tis very plain I may die,
Or, by the hangman, or the lady ;
Cupid conduct me to her bed,
To make me talk'd of when I'm dead !

The god, who heard this pious prayer,
Resolv'd to make the business bear,
And how his pupil he did cheer up,
A paragraph or two shall clear up.

In Lombardy, friend Boccace says,
By the fix'd custom of those days,
The king and queen lay oft asunder ;
But this we think no mighty wonder,
Because, if fame the truth reports,
'Tis much the same in modern courts.
His majesty, 'tis likewise said,
Whene'er he took it in his head,
To cheer his queen an hour or more,
Tript softly to the chamber-door,
Where a sage matron, plac'd in waiting,
Would often let the monarch late in,
Loose in his gown, as wisely guessing
'Twould save some moments in undressing ;
The reader too must understand,
A taper glimmer'd in his hand,
Lest he should tumble on some plank ill,
And bruise an eye, or sprain an ancle ;
But yet so feeble was the blaze,
The devil scarce cou'd know his face.
The crone, who knew what he desir'd,
Receiv'd the taper and retir'd :
This was the practice, then well-known,
And ev'ry nation has its own.

Peter,

Peter, who manag'd not his wit ill,
 Knew the whole custom to a tittle,
 And soon accoutred in this gear,
 He at the portal did appear;
 The monarch's rap he did so trim,
 The good duenna thought 'twas him;
 She op'd the door, and took his light,
 Then wish'd the mimic king good-night,
 Blessing her stars for this kind hap
 That gave her gummy eyes a nap.
 Our wag had nothing now to dread,
 But that the king might come to bed;
 'Twas dangerous to be too heedless,
 But, for that time, his fears were needless.
 Last morn the monarch rose at four,
 To rouse with hounds and horn the boar;
 He ne'er had hunted down a bigger,
 And left himself so little vigour,
 That the kind reader may conclude,
 He thought his visit would be rude,
 At last till midnight hours were past,
 Love's cheer he could not hope to taste.

And now, what youth, so near the blessing,
 Would think of aught else but undressing?
 This Peter did, and had you seen him,
 You'd wonder how he cou'd so clean him,
 His linen was so lilly neat,
 And with rich essence made so sweet,
 That had you view'd him in the room,
 When he did first put off the groom,
 You wou'd have sworn, to see the man dress,
 Venus herself had been his laundress.

But

But not to tire you on that head,
Peter we'll now suppose in bed.

But here, 'tis fit we tell our readers,
One of the real king's procedures.

The monarch, oft, when state-affairs
Perplex'd his head with royal cares,
When officers in trust were thievish,
Or if his household made him peevish,
Wou'd clasp his consort in his arms,
And silently enjoy her charms,
And tho' she made his spirits flutter,
The devil of a word he'd utter,
'Th' obsequious queen, without much teaching,
Cou'd easily dispense with speeching;
A lover, right in other matters,
May please the more, the less he chatters.

This lucky circumstance, however,
For Peter was completely clever,
And he improv'd it to the best,
Nor need the muse relate the rest;
Only, that in those mystic cases,
That have relation to embraces,
Fame, if we dare to trust her, sings
One groom is worth two brace of kings.
The queen, it then may be believ'd,
Some diff'rence at that time perceiv'd.

Surpriz'd at so much am'rous play,
She thought her monarch strangely gay;
And fancy'd that his choler might
Make him exceed himself that night.

Heav'n, in its gifts, is always just,
Nor will, to one, all talents trust:

An emperor of some great nation,
 Has virtues proper for his station ;
 A lawyer too, has all his paces,
 And clears, and often puzzles cases ;
 As to love's sports, without an oath,
 A single groom excels them both.

Our gallant, having oft repeated
 His brisk attack, at last retreated ;
 He thought it wisdom to be gone
 Ere morn's bright pinnners were put on ;
 And therefore, lighted on by no ray,
 Got out of bed before Aurora.
 Here love had taught his happy student,
 To be, what few are, blest'd and prudent ;
 For had he stay'd five minutes more,
 He'd met the monarch at the door.

The monarch ?—pray what's this you've said ?
 I thought he went fatigu'd to bed.
 'Tis true ; the reader here is right,
 But he was not fatigu'd all night,
 And therefore, ere the dawn was seen,
 He paid a visit to the queen.

Her majesty, who heard him enter,
 Was much surpriz'd at his adventure ;
 And more, to be so little cloying,
 That he was still inclin'd to toying :
 My dearest lord, said she, it seems
 Your fondness prompts you to extremes ;
 But tho' I own this kind proceeding,
 Bespeaks the height of royal breeding,
 I would not, for your kingdom's wealth,
 Permit you to impair your health ;

You're

You're dearer to me than my eyes, Sir,
 And six caresses will suffice, Sir;
 Besides your majesty well knows,
 'Tis not ten minutes since you rose.

The monarch now, as he lay moping,
 Began to smoke some interloping;
 But since he relish'd not the jest,
 He thought that silence would be best,
 And so, as fast as he was able,
 He tripp'd directly to the stable;
 Well judging, that no courtier beau
 Had in love's feats eclips'd him so.
 I have, says he, much cause to fear,
 My lusty rival may be here,
 And tho' no outward marks display him,
 His palpitation will betray him.

It happen'd that the king, this night,
 Forgot to bring his waxen light,
 And therefore grop'd along the gloom,
 And felt about from groom to groom.

Peter, who heard him in the hay,
 Sweat streams of asafœtida,
 And slept dogs sleep, as people say.

The good prince hoping to discover,
 By his high pulse, the happy lover;
 Chose a good thought for his director,
 And was not cross'd in his conjecture;
 But quickly laid his hand on Peter,
 And felt him scorch like any heater.

The monarch having found his man,
 A second scheme of thought began;
 He meant to know him in the morning,
 That grooms might by his fate take warning.

He

He found, by stretching out his leg,
A pair of scissars on a peg,
Which fortune seem'd then to produce
On purpose for his present use.

'Tis well, thought he, I'll mark the droll,
To clipt a lock from Peter's poll.

The king, thus having gain'd his aim,
Took'd off as softly as he came,
Tho' short of what he had design'd,
Because he left the lock behind.

And Peter, to prevent disaster,
Determin'd to outwit his master;
He crept to each companion's bed,
And snipp'd a lock from ev'ry head.

Now morning shines, the king admires
To see his grooms all cropt like friars:
And has my spouse, thinks he, and raves,
This night caress'd these sixteen slaves?
No, sure, for this would make my queen a
Worse prodigy than Masselina.

Well sirs, said he, with smother brow,
Who'er has done the deed, but now,
Let him be silent, and refrain
From going he knows where again.

A SOLILOQUY.

GAZING AT KITTY'S CHAMBER WINDOW.

WHAT dimly glimmering, distant light
Faintly repels the shades of night.

S

What

He

What beauteous image, charms divine,
 Behind yon wavering curtains shine?
 Malicious curtains, which repel
 My longing eyes, withdraw your veil;
 And to the eager, ardent lover,
 Nature's bright master piece discover.

Bear me ye zephyrs, thro' the air,
 Into the chamber of the fair,
 Where my impatient wishes rove,
 Up-borne upon the wings of love.

See, where the beauteous Kitty lies,
 And shuts her ever-conq'ring eyes:
 Eyes! which, tho' clos'd, diffuse a ray
 Bright as the op'ning dawn of day;
 And each fond lover waking keep,
 While they lie bath'd in gentle sleep.
 See, how her heaving bosom moves,
 The parent of a thousand loves;
 So waves the bosom of the deep,
 Where only tides their motion keep.

See, where the wanton woodbine strays,
 And round her window amorous plays;
 Ambitious to salute the fair
 With the first odours of the year;
 That fair whose breath is sweeter far
 Than all the flowers that tree can bear;
 Whose face more beauteous colours shews
 Than lilies blended with the rose.

Perch'd in this woodbine, Venus' doves
 Shall murmur forth their tender loves,

And quit the goddess, pleas'd to prove
 Th' attendants of this queen of love.
 Each tuneful chorister of th' air
 Shall nightly serenade the fair,
 And in the covert of the tree
 Make an harmonious aviary.

And thou, chief songstress of the vale,
 Sweet melancholy nightingale,
 Who, wakeful, in melodious strain
 Doth nightly of thy love complain;
 By thy example let her know
 The pains for her I undergo:
 Tell her, in sweetest, saddest air,
 How much I love, how much despair;
 Describe my wishes, sing my fears,
 My doubtful hopes, my anxious cares;
 Pleas'd with the melody from thee,
 The maid perhaps may think on me.

And when she sleeps, may dreams impart
 The tender anguish of my heart:
 Such dreams, as my fond fancy lead
 Thro' many a painted, flow'ry mead,
 When I, transported with the view,
 The visionary maid pursue.

Let Hymen with his torch appear,
 And gently whisper in her ear,
 That beauty soon must fade away,
 The short-liv'd glory of the day;
 That if his passion, which knows none
 That's excellent but her alone,
 And which will ever keep its flame,
 Thro' each succeeding age the same,

Deserves by beauty to be blest,
 That passion burns within my breast.
 May visions prove the fair one's mind,
 And Kitty wake to Thyrsis kind!

S O N G.

SUNG AT THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY

BY MR. HOOKE.

YE sons of Anacreon, assist me to sing
 Of the fountain of Venus, the rivulet spring;
 'Tis a mystical mirror, tho' hidden from sight,
 Can attract even age to the fount of delight;
 For the soul lost in transport is wasted above,
 When you dip in the fountain of Venus and Love.
 For the soul, &c.

It dwells in a valley by moss circled round,
 And tho' ever plumb'd no bottom's e'er found;
 And here the wild spendthrift is welcome to range,
 If he draws a receipt by a mutual exchange;
 'Tis a spring of such sweets e'en stoics approve,
 When they dip in the fountain of Venus and Love.
 'Tis a spring, &c.

The bank of this fountain's a beautiful red,
 Its verge is inviting, tho' dang'rous to tread;
 For oft in convulsions it ebbs and it flows,
 And never so pleas'd as when tells what it knows.

'Tis fierce in the conflict, yet meek as a dove
 If conquer'd the fountain of Venus and Love.
 'Tis fierce, &c.

The richest of nectar this fountain distils,
 That lies at the foot of the fairest of hills,
 And the blossom that's lost in combating the fruit,
 Is often repaid with the choicest of fruit;
 But vain is the task which thousands have strove,
 To conquer the fountain of Venus and Love.
 But vain, &c.

THE THREE MONKS.

A TALE. BY MR. H——.

A MERRY story's better far,
 Than a lampoon or witty libel:
 Mine is from Margaret of Navarre,
 As true as any in the bible.
 Vrai comme l'Evangile, 'tis e'en,
 True as the gospel, says the queen.
 Three merchants of Savoy, I know not when,
 Were travelling, each with his spouse,
 Pilgrims to Saint Antonio of Vienne,
 All of them bound by previous vows,
 In journeying to live together,
 Not like their fathers and their mothers,
 But like three sisters and their brothers,
 As well in cold as in hot weather:

Like them in beds apart to lie,
 In chambers separate, but nigh.
 Lest through mistake, sister and brother,
 Or in their sleep or in the dark,
 Might tumble one upon another,
 And the collision strike a spark,
 Which meeting with the tinder-box,
 Is all that they require,
 All such combustibles as smocks,
 To make the least inflammable catch fire.
 They were all left in full possession,
 Of every other sense, or taste,
 That is to use them with discretion,
 You know, there's none, below the waist.
 At Chambery arriving, our three pair
 Spar'd no expence at their hotel,
 Excellent wine and plenty of good fare,
 All appetites, but one, fared well.
 They supp'd, and seem'd so loth to part,
 The brothers, and the sisters both,
 I am perswaded from my heart,
 Had much ado to keep their oath.
 The ladies to their room repair'd,
 To chat both in and out of bed ;
 Their beds before had been prepar'd,
 Three, with one pillow for each head.
 But were their husbands there, and thereabout,
 Instead of one,
 Had there been none,
 I do believe they could have done without.
 I need not tell you, when three dames
 Gather'd together, are undressing,
 They call things by their naked names,
 So plain, they leave no room for guessing ;
 When

When the discourse is turn'd from fashions,
 To certain objects of the passions;
 And in undressing you may swear,
 They shew their charms, and they compare.—
 Three monks, all three father confessors,
 They lay hard by, wonder'd to hear
 The ladies talking like professors,
 In terms of art distinct and clear;
 Which made the holy fathers rise,
 And stand and listen with surprise,
 Then gliding to the door they spy'd,
 Up, to their beds, all in their shifts,
 The three fair dames, that scorn'd to hide
 Any of God's bounteous gifts.
 The monks, much edify'd, retir'd,
 And by Saint Francis were inspir'd.
 They knew they lay without a mate;
 And like brave soldiers of Saint Francis,
 Resolv'd they should no longer wait,
 And suffer for their husbands' fancies.
 Saint Francis must have been their guide;
 Most certainly Saint Francis knew,
 The ladies after the review——
 Forgot the key was left on the outside.
 Now silence reign'd, the fair ones slept,
 And out the watchful brethren came,
 Secur'd the door, and softly crept,
 Each bold Franciscan to his flame.
 There was no time for them to spare,
 For preface or solicitation,
 They seiz'd Time by the lock of hair,
 Without one word on the occasion.

Finding their dears so hot and greedy,
 And so soon up and on again;
 The ladies, who were also needy,
 Found that resistance would be vain.
 One of the sisters had a notion,
 The alteration was so strange,
 That her's had taken some love potion,
 To make so very great a change.
 They bore it all with patient bearing,
 And without uttering a word:
 All the three wives, whilst they were pairing,
 Thought theirs the only pairing bird.
 Each held her tongue, and took her feed,
 Pitying the two that stood in need.
 The champions, after their great deeds,
 Gently retir'd, exhausted quite;
 And, with their baggage and their beads,
 March'd off as soon as it was light.
 The merchants slept so long, thanks to the wine,
 So well to both the parties suited,
 Their heads, on waking, ach'd no more than
 mine,
 And their wives rose, fresh and recruited.
 Then huddling on their cloaths, in the mean
 while
 Their tongues perpetually wagging,
 The smartest cried, with an arch smile,
 And with a tone of voice like bragging,
 Pray, were you wak'd, like me, last night?
 Had you a visit from your spouses?—
 If yours were in as fine a plight,
 They must have been about your houses—

Mine wak'd me, and away he scour'd
 At once, and ran me out of breath;
 I thought I should have been devour'd;
 Press'd, hugg'd, and squeez'd, and crush'd to
 death.

Ours too were in a good condition,
 The others said—What could it mean?
 It must have been the prohibition,
 They all agreed, that made them all so keen,
 Undoubtedly, said Madam Smart;
 Oft have I wonder'd, for my part,
 With what indifference they begin,
 And jog on in a lawful deed;
 But let it be a mortal sin,
 Heav'n's, with what ardour they proceed!—
 The men were up, and in their jackets,
 And were just putting on their shoes,
 When their wives enter'd with their packets,
 Full of glad tidings and great news.
 No wonder that you lay till noon,
 After your last night's feats, said they,
 To come and break your oaths so soon,
 And make us break ours too, was not fair
 play.

Each to her husband then repeated,
 How suddenly she was surpriz'd,
 How handsomely she had been treated,
 For which she hop'd he would not be chas-
 tis'd,
 The fault was his, she had no blame;
 She was so hurry'd,
 Baited and worry'd,
 If 'twas to do again, she would do the same.—

You must be drunk or mad, I fear,
 The husband cried, 'tis a clear case,
 I never stir'd, or I'm not here,
 Out of my bed, out of this place;
 And so they one and all declared,
 And look'd like simpletons, and stared.
 The women blush'd up to the ears,
 First thought of this, and then of that,
 And their suspicions and their fears
 Made them begin to smell a rat.
 A merchant, wiser than the rest,
 Making a sign, they understood,
 Laugh'd and said, Wife, we were in jest,
 My sins, I hope, have done us good.
 I hope, said he, you'll wish me joy,
 And our endeavours and joint labours
 Will be productive of a boy,
 I wish the same, for my two neighbours.
 An act, said he, you will allow,
 Of so great merit,
 I must repair our broken vow,
 You know, we broke it with great spirit.
 'Twas not enough, said Mistress Sly,
 To break your oath, but you must run,
 And go to bed to make a lie,
 For which you don't deserve a son;
 And yet I hope, and expect rather,
 Your son will not be like his father.
 With that the females, in a titter,
 Retir'd to gather up the litter.
 The women gone, the merchant cry'd,
 Brothers, you see how matters go,

Our ladies have been monkcupy'd,
 Which is not fit for them to know ;
 We must lock up this secret in our trunks,
 For if the faithful partners of our bed
 Should know their obligations to the monks,
 Monks will be always running in their heads.
 To pocket the affront is right,
 As to our wives, 'tis best you'll own,
 To lie with them ourselves at night,
 And never let them lie alone,
 Whether the ladies doubts were clear'd away,
 I never heard, so cannot say ;
 But I have heard that ever after,
 Whene'er they meet at any place,
 And look'd each other in the face,
 They fell into a fit of laughter.
 And with great gratitude and reason,
 For their devotion in due season,
 His blessing Saint Antonio sent,
 With three huge boys, made and conceiv'd
 Monastically, 'tis believ'd,
 To the six pilgrims' great content——

M O R A L.

CLEAVE to your wives, the scripture says,
 I say, that cleaving is a blessing,
 But you must stick and cleave always,
 Or else your heads may get a dressing.
 As close, as you were tied and buckled,
 So close no creature can get at her ;
 You might, my lord, be made a cuckold,
 And I know nothing of the matter.

To

To make a vow to leave your wife in danger,
 And let her lie alone and fob her,
 Is to lock up your cash before a stranger,
 And tempt him to become a robber;
 Which was exemplified you find
 In these bold monks, all of one mind——
 This truth will follow from that sequel,
 Which ought to be observ'd and known,
 That one of us left quite alone,
 Or three of us together, are things equal.

S O N G.

A BUXOM young lass came to London of
 late,
 Neither prudish or squeamish, but free and elate;
 A simple *faux pas* brought Dolly to town,
 'Twas first with her master, and next with the
 clown.

Tol de rol, &c.

Dolly swore that her master was handsome and
 kind,
 But her mistress quite ugly, ill-natur'd and blind,
 For oft when her husband would touch Dolly's
 ware,
 She'd cry, Johnny, take off your nasty hands there.
 Tol de roll, &c.

But Dolly could never see where was the harm
 To suffer her master to keep tabby warm;

So the huffy, she left her poor mistress to grunt,
And gave to her master the use of her —.

Tol de roll, &c.

But Dolly, once tasting the exquisite stuff,
Swore her master could never half stroke her
enough ;

For she lov'd it so well, that she'd frequent lay
down,

And take a fly —, by young Roger the clown.

Tol de roll, &c.

But Roger and master she soon tired out,
And Dolly still panted for — stiff and stout ;
So to London she came, nor once doubted her luck,
To get into service, and get into —.

Tol de roll, &c.

And Dolly has found all her wishes fulfill'd,
She's got into place, and she's oftentimes kill'd ;
For Dolly, well knowing lost time is a sin,
Lets her — take the master and family in.

Tol de roll, &c.

But Dolly by chance heard of Anacreon's fame,
And disguis'd as a man to his temple she came,
Where the sons of the god did her senses so thrill,
That she cry'd, they shall — me whenever they
will.

Tol de roll, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

BY THE E—— OF S——.

I SING the British fair one's charms,
 A theme renown'd in story;
 It well deserves more polish'd lays,
 For 'tis our boast and glory.
 When mad brain'd lust excitement spreads,
 The fair one is desired,
 Nor will she shun the sperm of love,
 But grant whate'er's required.
 — Then oh, protect the British fair,
 Be mindful of their merit,
 And when that Venus beats to arms,
 They'll shew their daring spirit.

When Priapus the fair one fires
 With love's electric potion,
 Oh, how she pants—oh, how she sighs!
 Each vig'rous nerve's in motion;
 Now twisting, twining different ways,
 Each am'rous thought she traces,
 But oh for man, for man she sighs,
 Substantial man's embraces!

Then oh, &c.

Behold her on a bed, or couch,
 Her beauteous t—s extended;
 Behold Eve's chasm op'd to view,
 Unguarded, undefended;

Say,

Say, Britons, does a fight like this
Not fire and alarm ye?

Oh yes, it arms the rampant boy,
With courage to encharm ye.

Then oh, &c.

As thus reclin'd the fair one lies,

A tempting fight before you,

Oh how, to give her soul delight,

The wanton will implore you!

With joy she fees undaunted——,

Nine inches full in measure;

Oh how her——now ebbs and flows,

To squeeze the darling treasure.

Then oh, &c.

The solar beams of life she glides

Into her gaping center,

And swears 'tis but Anacreon's sons,

Have there a right to enter;

For they are worthy beauty's charms,

Whose pride is to protect them;

Nor from the vale of British ——,

Will beauty e'er reject them.

Then oh, &c.

THE FAIR NUN.

A TALE. BY MR. FENTON.

WE sage Cartesians, who profess
Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,

Assert,

Assert, that souls a tip-toe stand
 On what we call the Pineal Gland;
 As weather-cocks on spires are plac'd,
 To turn the quicker with each blast.

'Tis granted, can you think it strange
 We all shou'd be so prone to change;
 Ev'n from the go-cart, till we wear
 A fatten cap i'th' elbow chair?
 The follies that the child began,
 Custom makes current in the man;
 And firm by livery and seisin,
 Holds the fee-simple of his reason,
 But still the gusts of love we find
 Blow strongest on a woman's mind:
 Nor need I learnedly pursue
 The latent cause, th' effect is true;
 For proof of which, in manner ample,
 I mean to give you one example.

Upon a time, (for to my nurse,
 Heav'n rest her bones! began discourse;)
 A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,
 Began to languish with the spleen.
 She who had shone at balls and play,
 In gold brocade extremely gay,
 All on a sudden grew precise,
 Declaim'd against the growth of vice,
 A very prude in half a year;
 And most believ'd she was sincere.
 Necklace of pearl no more she wears,
 That's sanctify'd to count her prayers.
 Venus, and all her naked loves,
 The reformato nymph removes;

And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,
 Were plac'd in their respective quarters.
 Nor yet content, she cou'd not bear
 The rankness of the public air ;
 'Twas so infected with the vice
 Of luscious songs and lover's sighs
 So, most devoutly, wou'd be gone,
 And straight profess'd herself a nun.

A youth of breeding and address,
 And call him Thyrsis if you please,
 Who had some wealth to recompense
 His slender dividend of sense ;
 Yet could with little thought or care
 Write tender things to please the fair ;
 And then successively did grow,
 For half a wit, a finish'd beau ;
 (For fops thus naturally rise,
 As maggots turn to butterflies.)
 This spark, as story tells, before
 Had held with madam an amour ;
 Which he resolving to pursue,
 Exactly took the proper cue :
 And on the wings of love he flies
 To lady abbess in disguise ;
 And tells her he had brought th' advowson
 Of soul and body to dispose on.
 Old sanctity, who nothing fear'd
 In petticoats without a beard,
 Fond of a proselyte, and fees,
 Admits the fox among the geese.
 Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,
 Tho' three to one, too weak for love :

And

And

And to describe the war throughout,
 Wou'd make a glorious piece no doubt :
 Where moral virtues might be slain,
 And rise, and fight, and fall again :
 Love shou'd a bloody myrtle wear,
 And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,
 The nun shou'd charge.— But I forbear.

All human joys, tho' sweet in tasting,
 Are seldom (more's the pity !) lasting :
 The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
 Which others thought th' effects of zeal.
 But she, poor she, began to doubt ;
 (Best knowing what she'd been about ;) }
 The marriage earnest-penny lay
 And burnt her pocket, as we say.
 She now invokes, to ease her soul,
 The dagger and the poison'd bowl ;
 And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,
 To lose her life and honour too,
 Talk'd in as tragical a strain, as
 Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.

But as she in her cell lay sighing,
 Distracting, weeping, drooping, dying,
 The fiend (who never wants address
 To succour damsels in distress)
 Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
 The fatal cause for which she griev'd ;
 But promis'd her, *en cavalier*,
 She should be freed from all her fear ;
 And with her Thyrsis lead a life
 Devoid of all domestic strife,
 If he wou'd sign a certain scrawl.—
 Ay, that she wou'd, if that was all.

She

he sign'd; and she engag'd to do
Whate'er she pleas'd to set him to.

The critics must excuse me now;
They both were freed, no matter how:

For when we epic writers use
Machines, to disengage the muse,
We're clean acquit of all demands,
The matter's left in abler hands;
And if they cannot loose the knot,
Shou'd we be censur'd?—I think not.

The scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For pomp and pleasure who but they,
Who might do ev'ry thing but pray?
Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,
And Pug brought ev'ry thing she wanted
A slave devoted to her will:

But women will be wav'ring still.

Ev'n vice, without variety,

Their squeamish appetites will cloy.

And having stol'n from lady abbesses

One of our merry modern Rabbies,

He found a trick she thought wou'd pass

And prove the devil but an ass.

His next attendance happen'd right,

Midst a moonless stormy night,

Then madam and her spouse together,

Guess'd at his coming by the weather.

He came: To-night, says he, I drudge

To fetch a heriot for a judge;

A gouty nine-i'th'-hundred knave:

But, madam, do you want your slave?

I need not presently be gone,

Because the doctors have not done.

A rosy

A rosy vicar and a quack
Repuls'd me in my last attack,
But all is vain, for mine he is;
A fig for both their faculties.

The dame produc'd a single hair,
But whence it came I cannot swear;
Yet this I will affirm is true,
It curl'd like any bottle-screw.
Sir Nick, quoth she, you know us all,
We ladies are fantastical:
You see this hair?—Yes, madam—pray,
In presence of my husband slay,
And make it straight: or else you grant
Our solemn league and covenant
Is void in law:—It is, I own it:
And so he sets to work upon it.
He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
If wetting wou'd not do the feat:
And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion:
But still it kept th' elastic motion.
Well! more ways may be found than one,
To kill a witch that will not drown.

If I, quoth he, conceive its nature,
This hair has flourish'd near the water.
'Tis crisp'd with cold, perhaps, and then
The fire will make it straight again.
In haste he to the fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before!
The more it warms it twirls the more.
He stamp'd his cloven foot and chaf'd;
The husband and the lady laugh'd.

Howe't

Howe'er he fancy'd sure enough
 He shou'd not find it hammer-proof.
 No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
 At forging thunder-bolts or armour,
 Than Satan was: but all in vain;
 Again he beats—it curls again;
 At length he bellow'd in a rage,
 This hair will take me up an age.
 This take an age! the husband swore,
 Zounds, Betty has five hundred more.
 More! take your bond, quoth Pug, adieu,
 'Tis loss of time to ply for you.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

A SONG. BY CAPTAIN M——S.

COME prick up your ears, and attend, Sirs,
 a while;

I'll sing ye a song that shall make ye to smile:
 'Tis a faithful description of the Tree of Life;
 so pleasing to ev'ry maid, widow, and wife!

Tol de rol, &c.

This tree is a succulent plant, I declare,
 consisting of only one straight stem, I swear:
 its top sometimes looks like a cherry in May;
 at other times more like a filbert; they say.

Tol de roll, &c.

This

This tree universal most countries produce ;
But till eighteen years growth 'tis not much for use ;

Then nine or ten inches——for it seldom grows higher ;

And that's sure as much as the heart can desire.
Tol de rol, &c.

But chiefly in Ireland this plant it best thrives ;
As well can be prov'd by their widows and wives
Its root is so stout and so long, I insist on't,
That most of their natives entirely subsist on't.
Tol de roll, &c.

Some late virtuosi, this tree to improve,
Have cut off its fruit, call'd the Apples of Love
But it never seeds after, nor is worth a louse,
Unless to make whistles for th' Opera-House.
Tol de rol, &c.

Its juice taken inward's a cure for the spleen,
And removes in an instant the sickness call'd green
Though sometimes it causes large tumours below
They disperse of themselves in nine months, or so
Tol de roll, &c.

In cures all dissensions 'twixt husband wife,
And makes her look pleasant thro' each stage
life ;
By a right application it never can fail,
But then it must be always be given in TAIL.
Tol de rol, &c.

Ye ladies who long for a sight of this tree,
 Take this invitation—come hither to me :
 I have it just now in the height of perfection,
 Adapted for handling, and fit for injection.
 Tol de rol, &c.

S O N G.

SOME love to range, so fond of change,
 Variety's their shrine ;
 Each has his scheme, his fav'rite whim,
 But woman, woman's mine.
 The festive bowl, and martial foul,
 The miser I decline ;
 Like childish toys, to some they're joys,
 But lovely woman's mine.
 With various arts she charms our hearts,
 And makes his life divine ;
 For all the tricks of all the sex,
 I'd still have woman mine.
 Let idiots rave, what's what they'd have,
 The sex they can't define ;
 Just as she is, she's form'd to please ;
 And long be woman mine.
 The sparkling eye, the melting sigh,
 When heart and heart conjoin ;
 The bliss of love, all bliss above,
 Make charming woman mine.

In

In pomp and state succeed ye great,
 I'll envy nor repine ;
 If blest with pow'r, to life's last hour,
 To keep dear woman mine.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

TO Celia thus fond Damon said,
 See, here's a mossy carpet laid ;
 And then her hand he press'd ;
 Free from the world's intruding eye,
 Here lurks, my dear, no busy spy,
 He look'd—and sigh'd the rest.

She started with a feign'd surprise,
 While pleasure sparkl'd in her eyes ;
 Sure Damon does not mean—
 The shepherd stopt her with a kiss,
 And press'd her panting breast to his,
 My dear, we are not seen.

Then by a thousand kisses more,
 A thousand tender oaths he swore,
 His love should never end ;
 She call'd on all the powers above,
 None heard her but the god of love,
 And he was Damon's friend.

And is there then no help, she said,
 By Damon thus to be betray'd ?

Then

Then hung her head and blush'd.
 O Damon, Damon, yet be good!
 The shepherd smil'd, and swore he would;
 She sigh'd—and all was hush'd.

THE INSEPARABLE PAIR.

A TALE. BY MR. H——.

MY story's true, as well as new,
 Of folks I know, that shall be nameless,
 Their real names are nought to you,
 I'll call my knight, Sir Joseph Shameless.
 His lady's woman, Kitty Patience,
 With wicked eye, her teeth two rows of pearl,
 And all the sequel of the girl,
 A complication of temptations.
 The knight had now and then the gout;
 To have it only now and then,
 Is of great use to many men,
 It has its merits without doubt.
 Amongst the proverbs of my fire,
 The gout I have often heard him call
 The potent parent of desire,
 Without whose aid his doings were but small—
 I mean he was not half so stout,
 And sometimes could not make it out
 ——— at all.
 My lady in her stays, and Kitty lacing;
 My lady's fingers busy round the border,
 Giving her snowy breasts a proper bracing,
 To keep them at a distance, and in order:

So proud and bold they stand when they are
parted,

When they are near they droop, and look faint
hearted.

The knight came in—Said he, how finely
You plump them out, and look divinely—
Kitty's tetons have got no stay,

They seem to scorn any assistance ;
If they should happen to give way,

They'll turn again, and make resistance :
With that, he thrusts his hand into her neck ;

My lady turn'd about and smil'd,
Without the least rebuke or check ;

She only said, you shou'd not let him, child.
Patience reply'd, with downcast eye,

I thought there was no harm, as you were by—
My lady said, no, not the least——

Kitty, I have seen you quite undrest ;
If you will treat him with a feast,

These two are vouchers for the rest.
Kitty was then mistress of arts ;

The knight, without a cry of murder,
Long since had visited those parts,

And gone till he could go no further.
His lady knew that he lov'd change ;

He knew her passions were as strong,
She could not be averse to range,

She was so apt to fancy things and long.
They went and came without each other's know-

ing,
Both of them lov'd to change the scene ;

They never ask'd where they were going,
Nor once inquir'd where each had been—

One day the knight fell fast asleep,
 The knight was in his gouty chair ;
 A captain and my lady fair,
 On the settee in meditation deep.
 She rose and went behind the screen,
 And he to see what she could mean.
 They stay'd not there you must have thought,
 Standing like fools and doing nought.
 At the conclusion of their sport,
 And whilst the room and screen were shak-
 ing,

Sir Joseph heard her breathing short,
 Just at the moment he was waking.
 He was acquainted with her notes,
 And knew, that from her dying song,
 Her time was come, 'twould not be long
 Before she shook her petticoats ;
 Her petticoats to smooth the gathers,
 Just like a hen, that shakes her feathers—
 As long as he could hear them prancing,
 He would not interrupt their dancing.

What noise was that ? Sir Joseph cried ;
 'Twas a strange noise I heard just now :

My lady readily replied,
 I can't account for it I vow ;
 For God's sake let us run away,
 It was an earthquake I dare say :
 An a—se quake, said the knight, it was a
 squall !

A sudden gust of wind, that's all—
 And so she said the captain said before :
 The captain's in the right, Sir Joseph swore.—

They took their evening walk, she and her friend,
 Kitty came down to make Sir Joseph's tea,
 The knight told Kitty in the end,
 What he had heard, but could not stir to see.
 If you can catch them in the fact,
 And can but see what I heard now,
 With proofs enough to get an act,
 Who knows but I may marry you?
 Kitty you shall not lie alone,
 I'll either marry you or none.
 Patience, whose name implies submission,
 Soon executed her commission;
 Kitty's was ocular demonstration;
 The captain sitting like a lout,
 Her lady in a situation,
 As if the captain had the gout.
 Said he, do shew me how she did it;
 She answer'd modestly, I'll try;
 And then she dandled it and slid it,
 And Kitty did it by and by.
 'Twas the first time she play'd upon the stage,
 But afterwards few could play better;
 In any part she could engage,
 The ablest manager could set her.
 So far from bold, Kitty 'till then,
 Was so discreet, you could not guess,
 Especially amongst the men,
 Which were more modest, Kitty's looks and
 drefs.
 But now she soon threw off the mask,
 She gave herself prodigious airs,
 You may be sure, you need not ask,
 As well above as below stairs.

There

There was a lawyer, that liv'd near,
 For whom at last Sir Joseph sent,
 And order'd Kitty to appear,
 Having told the lawyer his intent.
 Patience, said he, it is no shame,
 Be not aſham'd to ſpeak the truth,
 You muſt deſcribe the romping game,
 My lady, romping with the youth.
 Kitty look'd down, put on a frown,
 Look'd up, and then ſhe look'd aſide;
 She pull'd a pin out of her gown,
 Look'd at the pin, and then reply'd——
 I ſaw my lady with her legs aſtride,
 Wagging her tail upon the captain's knee;
 And after ſhe had done her ride,
 Sit like a bird perch'd on a tree;
 Upon her perch ſhe did not long remain,
 He gave a ſpring, and ſhe ſet out again.
 I never could have thought of ſuch a trick——
 I ſaw it through my lady's cloſet door:
 The very ſight made me ſo ſick,
 I could not ſtay to ſee it any more;
 But ran directly from the place,
 And went into the open air,
 And after told his honour the whole caſe;
 Sitting exactly then, as he ſits there.
 Altho' the gout had left his feet,
 Tell it again, he ſaid, and bring a ſeat.
 I knew Sir Joſeph's meaning, I dare ſay;
 Sir Joſeph thought that I would vary,
 In my relating her vagary;
 He knows I always told it the ſame way,

For he has made me tell it o'er and o'er,
 A dozen times at least, if not a score——
 Did you see *rem in re*? said he——
 I did, said she; first, on dry land,
 I saw *rem* in my lady's hand:
 And after that, saw *rem in re*.
 She put it there; I saw how it was teas'd——
 Now it was quite up to the chin,
 And then agin half out half in,
 Just as my lady pleas'd.
 Her stays and petticoats upon the floor,
 She in her shift and gown, with nothing more;
 And all the time her shift and gown,
 Up to her shoulders like a shawl,
 As she went up and down.
 I saw it all.——
 The lawyer said, were you alone?
 Was there none else?—Said she, not one.——
 One witness, Madam, will not do.
 Why, Miss, said he, were there not two?
 And as Sir Joseph sent you out——
 He told me so;
 Why would you go
 Alone to scout?——
 I had a case the other night——
 Exactly the same case, as it was stated,
 Between a damsel and a knight,
 But not by far so well related.
 The evidence is not deficient,
 For there are three, two are sufficient.
 And therefore I advise Miss Kitty
 To leave off spying; I know spies
 That talk and see, although their eyes
 Are not so fine, nor teeth so pretty:

And females that are as discerning,
 But very short of Miss in learning.—
 Upon some hints thrown out by Patience,
 Before my lady, she from thence
 Set maids to watch, make preparations,
 And got enough for her defence.
 Before the lawyer's wife they came,
 With all the facts clearly describ'd and well;
 They could not have told him for shame,
 All that she undertook to tell.
 Sir Joseph said, Kitty, you see
 A spy is but a sorry trade;
 I found, I thought, one cunning jade,
 I find my lady has found three.
 And therefore we must be content,
 And lie together with my wife's consent:
 She will not care with whom I'm sleeping,
 Provided both are bound and try'd,
 That information got by peeping
 Shall not avail on either side.
 So both remain, coupled per force,
 'Till death hath got her in his power,
 Or she's entitled to her dower,
 Neither can suffer a divorce.

M O R A L.

THERE are not more than six or seven,
 I think, at farthest, in a year,
 Of weddings that are made in heaven.
 All other weddings are made here.
 At concerts, balls, at fairs and races,
 Scarb'rough, and all terraqueous places,

Suppose

Suppose you have no friend above,
 And it should chance to be your fate,
 Instead of a celestial dove,
 To get a wild-goose for your mate,
 E'en let her take her flight and roam,
 Never let that disturb your rest,
 Provide a substitute at home,
 Of a bad bargain make the best :
 The best you can, I ought to say :
 The best is——putting her away.

THE ROYAL CUCKOLD.

A TALE.

IN fruitful Lombardy, of yore,
 A beauteous prince the sceptre bore :
 A prince who never fail'd to move
 Each heart with envy or with love.
 As in the glass he did one day
 From head to foot himself survey,
 Can any man alive, says he,
 In shape and face compare with me ?
 Whoe'er shall such a person bring,
 Upon the honour of a king,
 May claim my favour, and depend
 I'll make the charming guest my friend.

A Roman knight was standing by,
 And made the monarch this reply ;
 Your majesty, as I perceive,
 Is nice in beauty : give me leave

To

To fetch my brother, and you'll see
 None, but yourself, has more than he.
 But that may easily be try'd,
 By what the ladies' hearts decide.
 If you think fit, he'll gladly share
 The pains you take to please the fair;
 And may, while you pursue the game,
 Solace the poor forsaken dame.
 Astolpho answer'd thereupon,
 (For so they call'd the royal don)
 Your talk has made me much desire
 To know this brother; bring the squire.

The knight to fetch his brother goes:
 (Joconde we'll his name suppose)
 Who in the country live'd retir'd,
 Nor envy'd joys in courts admir'd:
 Join'd to a young and charming spouse;
 But whether bless'd in nuptial vows
 With such a mate, he best could tell:
 His neighbours lik'd her passing well.

His brother finds him; lets him know,
 He instantly to court must go;
 Where he'd be sure to get a place,
 And make his fortune by his face.
 But then, alas! his charming wife,
 Depriv'd of all the joys of life,
 Express'd so movingly her woe,
 It griev'd his very soul to go:
 Protesting against all relief,
 She seems to triumph in her grief,
 Puts on her tragic airs, and tries
 To draw tears from Joconde's eyes:

And

And can you leave me? then wept she,
 Joconde! so much cruelty?
 Ah! will you to my tender care
 The pageantry of courts prefer?
 Can you forget your faithful wife,
 The pleasures of a rural life;
 That calm repose and peace of mind.
 Which none in crowds nor courts can find;
 These flow'ry meads, where purling streams
 Soften the soul to pleasing dreams:
 These woods which shelter us from heat,
 Where birds their various songs repeat;
 The rising hills and winding vales,
 And ev'ning sweet refreshing gales;
 These cool recesses of the grove,
 Those seats of innocence and love!
 But ah! what could engage your stay,
 I fear, most hastens you away!
 You scorn in solitude to shine,
 And slight an easy heart like mine.
 Go, cruel man, be vain! and show
 Those charms, which none can boast but you.

What Jocond' offer'd, to abate
 Th' affliction of his loving mate,
 Our story mentions not: We'll say,
 His sorrow took his speech away:
 A method which will best excuse
 The squire, and disengage my muse.
 The wife, when now with broken heart
 She saw him ready to depart,
 Reminding him of former blisses,
 And stifling him with tears and kisses,

A bracelet

A bracelet gave him as a charm
 To keep his precious life from harm.
 Take and wear this, my dear, says she ;
 And when you see it, think of me.
 An honest-meaning body might
 Have thought she would have dy'd that night.

Well, Jocund' went ; and on the road,
 About two leagues from his abode,
 The bracelet came into his head,
 Which he had left on spouse's bed,
 As having taken there his leave ;
 This strange neglect he knew would grieve
 Her tender heart, and gallop'd back,
 Not knowing what excuse to make.
 To the dear bed in haste he flies ;
 And on his wife's chaste bosom spies
 A lubbard Hind ; and both so fast
 Asleep, as if they slept their last.
 Jocond', at first, resolv'd they shou'd :—
 But having paus'd a while, thought good
 To let his vile adult'ry rest :
 And in my judgment that was best.
 For in such nice affairs, the wife
 Make use of neither ears nor eyes.

Whether 'twas wisdom or compassion
 With-held the husband's indignation,
 Or that the poet was unwilling
 To damp a merry tale with killing ;
 Base woman, live ! Joconde said,
 Let thy own conscience thee upbraid.
 He then took horse, and left the lout
 In his wife's arms, to snore it out.

Still

Still as he rode, he bore in mind
 The couple whom he left behind ;
 And fretting as he scour'd along,
 This was the burthen of his song :
 Had some brisk wit and powder'd beau,
 Or col'nel lac'd from top to toe,
 Or page been chosen for her use,
 She might have pleaded some excuse :
 But after sighing, swooning, sobbing,
 Zounds, to debauch the booby Robin !
 Then spurr'd his horse with indignation,
 In hopes to leave behind his passion.

Such keen reflections on this case
 Had giv'n the squire a dismal face.
 The ladies, when they saw him, said,
 Lord ! is the man alive or dead !
 Is this the beautiful Narcissus
 Was sent for, in post-haste to kiss us ?
 Heav'ns ! did you ever see a fellow,
 With sides so lank, and face so yellow !
 The king was pleas'd, the knight was blam'd,
 The ladies baulk'd, the squire asham'd.

Joconde, worn to skin and bone,
 Was yet a comely skeleton :
 And still one easily might trace
 Remains of beauty in his face,
 But wanting life and force to fire
 The ladies' bosoms with desire.

Saunt'ring one day about the court,
 In places of the least resort,
 A door unlock'd he chanc'd to see,
 That open'd to a gallery :

And from a private closet there,
 These tender words did over-hear.
 My life, my love, my only joy,
 My dear Courtade, my charming boy!
 Must I then still my vows apply
 To one so lovely, and so shy?
 A thousand glitt'ring beaux would fain
 Do what you may, yet wish in vain:
 When Florimel the message brought,
 You curs'd her, call'd her all to nought;
 And heedless of my am'rous rage,
 Play'd at Lansquenet with a page,
 Rather than ease the fond desires
 Of her who for your love expires.

Jocond' was puzzled, and one may
 Give any one at least a day
 To guess the nymph who humbly su'd
 A swain so stubborn to be woo'd.
 Now who should this Adonis be,
 But the king's ugly dwarf! and she,
 In whose embraces he was seen,
 The bright Astolpho's haughty queen!
 The crazy wainscot was but slight,
 And at a chink let in the light:
 Where Jocund' with amazement saw
 These tender lovers through the flaw.

Both did on Florimel reply,
 To be secure of privacy;
 But, warm'd by watching at the door,
 She too, perhaps, had her amour,
 Which took up all her thought and care;
 So mindful of her own affair,

Forgot th' importance of her post,
 And heedlessly the key had lost ;
 Which Jocund 'kept for future use,
 And pleaded thus his wife's excuse.

I find that Cupid makes his jokes
 Among the better sort of folks :
 A royal dame for love may pine,
 And give a monarch brows like mine,
 Since such a princess flights the king
 For such an ugly, little thing,
 I think my wife was less to blame,
 Who with a bumpkin quench'd her flame.
 Thus having set his mind at peace,
 His griefs abate, his charms increase ;
 His hollow cheeks begin to rise,
 Fresh vigour sparkles in his eyes,
 A second youth renews his face,
 And blooms again in every grace.
 The fair with eager looks pursue
 The man they lately scorn'd to view ;
 Transported with his sudden charms,
 And die to clasp him in their arms.

Joconde having heard and seen,
 What pass'd between the dwarf and queen,
 He thought he could on no pretence
 Hide this smock-treason from the prince,
 But that he might the less displease,
 Open'd the matter by degrees ;
 And as it fell in conversation,
 Had always ready some quotation,
 To shew that heroes in all ages,
 Ne'er wanted matrimonial badges.

Dread sir, says he, the proudest she's
 Make frequently such slips as these ;
 And many dames, of regal station,
 Have condescended to the fashion :
 Men, fam'd for courage, wit, and sense,
 Have against horns found no defence !
 But when they had 'em, always bore
 Their fronts as upright as before.
 The day, quoth he, I bade adieu
 To my dear spouse to wait on you,
 I was convinc'd by her miscarriage,
 That cuckoldom is link'd to marriage :
 Then did each circumstance relate
 Of his, and of the monarch's fate.

The king was fir'd : You seem, says he,
 A man of sense and probity ;
 Yet tell me where I may behold
 With my own eyes what you have told.
 He did ; and plac'd him where, unseen,
 He saw the dwarf upon the queen.
 Struck with the baseness of the crime,
 He stood astonish'd for a time ;
 Then said, our wives, the more's their shame,
 Have play'd us both a scurvy game ;
 Yet since we can't what's past unravel,
 Let us, Joconde, both go travel ;
 And try what fortune we shall find
 Among the rest of womankind.
 To put in practice this design,
 Change you your name and I'll change mine.
 Great equipage would trouble bring ;
 Therefore I'll quit the state of king,

Lay dull formality aside,
 And all things equally divide.
 Barefoot I round the world will roam,
 Quoth Jocond', rather than go home,
 All that your majesty requires,
 Is what my injur'd heart desires.
 We'll ramble till we have forgot
 The dire effects of Hymen's knot.

So be it then, the king reply'd;
 But first a table-book provide,
 To take the names of those we find
 Pliant to our desires, and kind.
 It won't be long, I dare engage,
 Ere Italy fills every page;
 For she that proves to beauty cold,
 Will fall by flatt'ry or by gold.

Both thus equipt, their journey took,
 And bought a folio table book.
 The many favours they receiv'd,
 Were hard to tell or be believ'd;
 Each lovely nymph when they appear,
 Puts on her most becoming air,
 And ev'ry study'd grace displays,
 Happy if he obtain a praise;
 But happier she, whose killing charms
 Attract the lover to her arms.
 Hearts hard as stone, and cold as ice,
 Grow warm and soften in a trice;
 Where'er they come they meet fresh prey,
 And a new face for ev'ry day:
 Round all the country stroll for prizes,
 And sail no may-pole nor assizes.

In every town take special care
 To finish alderman and mayor.
 If at the baths, or at the wells,
 Vapours are cur'd, and belly swells;
 In folio-book the nicest dame
 Is proud to register her name.

Your critics will object that I
 Break through the rules of decency;
 That dames who keep their days in state,
 And wives of city magistrate,
 Who know themselves of high degree,
 Will not be tous'd *extempore*.
 It may be so, but I want time
 To draw their courtship out in rhyme.
 As to the fact, I here unfold it,
 As honest Ariosto told it.

When our gallants had had their swing
 And slak'd their thirst at every spring,
 Astolpho cry'd, we can subdue
 What heart soever we pursue:
 But, if old Galen's rule holds good,
 It is with love, as 'tis with food;
 In which variety of meat
 Is apt to make one ever eat.
 We'll have a single dish in common,
 That is, between us both, one woman,
 Quoth Jocond' what you say is true;
 The pretty marchioness will do.
 I'm not dispos'd to have a flame,
 The king reply'd for such a dame;
 A little sempstresses might be found
 As fair as marchioness, and sound,

To such we need no homage pay,
 In public walks, or at the play;
 But without making any rout,
 To ogle her, or lead her out,
 Whate'er we wish, may do with ease,
 And be in no constraint to please.
 Joconde ask'd, what if we try
 The daughter of our landlady?
 She is a maid I dare uphold,
 In ev'ry point, tho' twelve years old.
 Your motion's good, Astolpho said,
 If I may have the maidenhead;
 This privilege at which I aim,
 Is but a fancy: let me claim
 For once, dear friend, the preference,
 Allow me here to play the prince;
 In this one single branch I'd strive
 To keep up my prerogative.
 Joconde said, in such a case,
 How, sir, can flesh and blood give place?
 In all things else, I shall be still
 Obedient to your royal will;
 But if you please, we'll leave this cause
 To the decision of two straws.
 Draw lots they did, with earnest care,
 For this imaginary ware.
 Joconde claim'd, in point of law,
 By-virtue of the longest straw.
 This little virgin being come,
 On some small errand, to their room,
 Both king and squire the girl caress'd,
 Her beauty prais'd, her bubbies press'd;

Then

Then shew'd a *ring*, so sparkling shone,
 That night engag'd her for their own ;
 And whilst her careful mother slept,
 She softly to their chamber crept,
 The lovers in the middle plac'd her,
 And honestly, by turns, embrac'd her.
 To the contentment of all three ;
 Joconde was in ecstasy,
 To think how he had got with might,
 Entry and seisin of his right.
 I'll pardon him, for 'tis in vain,
 On that point to have any pain,
 In which all girls with little trouble,
 Can the most artful statesman bubble ;
 As Seneca, that learned clerk,
 Doth somewhere, as I'm told, remark.

Thus all went well ; the damsel play'd,
 To greatest nicety, the maid ;
 Tho' long had her fantastick toy
 Been yielded to a 'prentice boy.
 But merrily *one* might they pass
 Abundantly to her solace :
 The same the *next*, and 'tis averr'd
 She pass'd as merrily the *third*.

The 'prentice wonder'd to behold
 His mistress grown so very cold,
 But was not silent upon the scent,
 Before he found how matters went ;
 And did in terms severe reprove
 The wench for being false to love.
 She whisper'd ; but confess'd at last,
 The contract she had lately pass'd.

And to appease him, thus she said;
If there be credit in a maid,
Soon as these naughty guests are gone,
I'm yours again, and yours alone.
 A fig, says he, for any guest;
 Kifs me, this very night, you'd best.
 The girl reply'd with weeping eyes,
 Which way *to do't*, can you devise?
 These folks to whom I am engag'd,
 If I shou'd fail, wou'd be enrag'd,
 And keep the *ring*; for which you know
 What pains I nightly undergo,
 I'll get the *ring*, says he, for you,
 And gratify my humour too.
 Do they sleep sound? Yes, when they sleep,
 Says she, but I'm oblig'd to keep
 My post between 'em both, for one
 Lies still until his friend has done;
 So that I seldom want employ.
At their first snoring, says the boy,
I'll visit you, and ask no more
Than that you wou'd not shut the door.
 She left it open, and he came
 To the bed's feet with eager flame;
 Then sliding up between the sheets,
 (Love ever favours these deceits)
 Plac'd himself close, tho' G—d knows how,
 But Ariosto does avow,
 That tho' the lovers did awake,
 Soon as the bed began to shake,
 Yet, all the while the boy was at her,
 They neither of 'em smok'd the matter.

What

What has my comrade ate to-night,
 To fire his blood and force delight?
 Astolpho thought; still lay the squire
 Much wond'ring at the monarch's fire.
 In the mean time the sturdy boy
 His precious time did well employ;
 And as the day began to peep,
 Th' advent'urers being fast asleep,
 The lad slept off; the little maid
 Retir'd, of new fatigues afraid.

When these knights-errant were awake,
 The king Joconde thus bespake:
 Great Sir! with glorious toils oppress'd,
 Compose your weary limbs to rest;
 And after such unusual pains,
 Consult the welfare of your reins.
 Odds-fish, the merry prince reply'd,
 I wanted to get up and ride;
 Till tir'd with watching, sleep o'ercame;
 But had you sooner quench'd your flame,
 I wou'd have made a post or two;
 And that's as much as I cou'd do.
 Joconde cry'd, there's no dispute
 With kings who will be absolute;
 But for the future, I'll beware
 How monarchs in my pleasure share.
 The king was piqu'd at this retort;
 Some princes would have quarrell'd for't;
 But he, good man, reply'd, dear mate,
 Let the girl judge of this debate.
 Then calling Lucy up in haste,
 To tell them how affairs had pass'd,

Eager each other to refute,
 Both told the cause of their dispute ;
 She, blushing, on her knees did fall,
 Ask'd pardon, and discover'd all.
 They wou'd not treat the wanton ill ;
 But, after having laugh'd their fill,
 Gave her a *ring*, and fifty crowns
 To buy new top-knots, gloves and gowns,
 With which the baggage soon was wed ;
 When modestly in bridal bed,
 She lost, with many an artful squall,
 Her maidenhead for good and all.

Thus did Astolpho and his friend
 To these adventures put an end :
 Finding themselves o'ercharg'd with laurels,
 Which, though not gain'd by warlike quarrels,
 Yet shall immortalize their names :
 As long as Cupid's altar flames ;
 Laurels more fair than those attain'd
 By battles won or cities gain'd ;
 More fair, although they only cost
 A few feign'd sighs, or tears at most ;
 And far from danger and alarms,
 Had been acquir'd by dint of charms.

Their table-book quite full of names,
 Of belles who had well quench'd their flames ;
 Come, says the monarch to the squire,
 We pretty well have spent our fire,
 E'en let us to our homes resort,
 You to the country, I to court.
 Our wives are loose beneath the waist,
 And others are not over-chaste,

'Tis in misfortune some relief
 To have companions in our grief;
 Then let us both, like prudent men,
 Return, and take our dames agen,
 That love which Hymen had subdu'd
 Perhaps our absence has renew'd.
 And as Astolpho had divin'd,
 Their wives were mighty fond and kind.
 After some chiding, more for fashion,
 Ariosto tells us, than in passion,
 They strove lost pleasure to retrieve,
 As fast as love wou'd give 'em leave;
 Not mentioning, that I can find,
 The crooked Dwarf, or lubbard Hind.

Then let us not with fruitless care,
 Expect perfection from the fair;
 But since we cannot live without 'em,
 Take 'em with all their faults about 'em,
 And stedfastly this truth believe,
 That every Woman is an Eve.

S O N G.

BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

WHEN the fancy-stirring bowl,
 Wakes its world of pleasure,
 Glowing visions gild my soul,
 And life's an endless treasure;

Mem'ry

Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
 Fresh with gay desire,
 Rays divine my senses dart,
 And kindling hope inspire,
 Then who'd be grave,
 When wine can save
 The heaviest soul from sinking;
 And magic grapes
 Give angel shapes
 To ev'ry girl we're drinking!

Here sweet benignity and love
 Shed their influence round me,
 Gather'd ills of life remove,
 And leave me as they found me,
 Tho' my head may swim, yet true
 Still to Nature's feeling,
 Peace and beauty swim there too,
 And rock me as I'm reeling.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's soft pillow, tender truth
 Her pensive lesson taught me;
 Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
 And Wisdom wak'd and caught me:
 A bargain then with Love I knock'd,
 To hold the pleasing gipsy,
 When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,
 But turn the key when tipsy.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

When

When Time had swag'd my heated heart,
 The grey-beard, blind and simple,
 Forgot to cool one little part,
 Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple;
 That part's enough of beauty's type,
 To warm an honest fellow,
 And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
 It melts still while I'm mellow.
 Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voyage we all declare,
 With scarce a port to hide in,
 It may be so to pride or care;
 That's not a sea I ride in:
 Here floats my soul, 'till fancy's eye
 Her realms of bliss discover,
 Bright worlds, that fair in prospect lie
 To him that's half seas over.
 Then who'd be grave, &c.

S O N G.

BY THE E — OF S —.

I CAN'T for my life guess the cause of this fuss,
 Why we drink the health of each high-titled
 beldame;
 What's a queen, or a princess, or duchess to us,
 We never have spoke to and see them but sel-
 dom.

Fill

Fill a bumper my host, and I'll give you a toast
 We all have convers'd with, and ev'ry one knows:
 Fill it up to the top, and drink ev'ry drop,
 Here's — in a bumper wherever she goes !

Your high-sounding titles that kings can create,
 Derive all their lustre and weight from the donor;
 But — can despise all this mock'ry of state,
 For she's in herself the true fountain of honour;
 She fixes for life the rank of a wife,
 In her does the husband his honour repose ;
 Her titles are bright, all in her own right,
 Here's — in a bumper wherever she goes !

In rags or brocade she is equally great,
 Her fountain gives rapture to all that bathe in it !
 On a rush-bottom chair, or a down bed of state,
 To bliss we're transported in less than a minute !
 She banishes care, is a foe to despair,
 She's the loveliest Lethe to soften our woes :
 Nothing nature can boast can rival the toast
 Of — in a bumper wherever she goes.

Your wiseacre critics are puzzling their brains,
 How crowns and how coronets first came in fa-
 shion ;
 But one peep at her's would have sav'd them the
 pains,
 For — wore a coronet since the creation ;
 A title so old, ne'er barter'd for gold,
 The whole British peerage would vainly oppose ;
 Then let mother Eve due homage receive ;
 Here's — in a bumper wherever she goes !

That

That peers on the trial of peers are to sit,
 Is their greatest distinction beyond all denial ;
 But —, tho' untitled by patent or writ,
 Can bring *suo jure*, e'en kings to a trial ;
 Condemn'd to wear horns, poor G—ve—r scorns
 The judgment he passes on impotent beaux :
 So justly severe may she ever appear ;
 Here's — in a bumper wherever she goes !

That nobles are born the advisers of kings,
 Is a maxim establish'd in ev'ry free nation ;
 Then sure a just claim to that title she brings,
 Whose rhet'ric effected the great Reformation ;
 Tho' Charles lent his ears to his perriwig peers,
 Yet — was the counsellor under the rose :
 She whisper'd her mind—the Commons grew kind ;
 Here's — in a bumper wherever she goes !

That nobles are sentenc'd to die by the axe,
 For breach of allegiance—we all must have read
 it——

Thus — when the bond of decorum she cracks,
 Like a queen or a princess is always beheaded :
 The king without fees will execute these,
 While none but the hangman will meddle with
 those !

Then since from the throne such deference is shewn,
 Here's — in a bumper wherever she goes !

Your stars and your garters, and ribbons profuse,
 And wide coat of arms that a beggar might
 quarter ;

How faint is their splendor, how trifling their use,
 Compar'd with the star that shines over the garter !
 That

That star in the front is the emblem of —,
 In a lovely field argent, crown'd fable, she glows,
 And two rampant — as supporters we fix;
 Here's — in a bumper wherever she goes!

A CURE FOR THE INFLUENZA.

A TALE. BY MR. H——.

AMONGST the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,
 Some tales unmoderniz'd remain,
 Which I would not attempt to tell,
 Had they been told by La Fontaine;
 And this of mine amongst the rest,
 Call'd Antidote de la Peste.

Said Mrs. Ship Slop, 'That may be,
 But of all Stories I *admior*,
 Hans Carvel told by Matthew Prior,
 No one can tell a tale like he.
 Carvel, impotent, and old,

His finger in his wife's gold ring:——
 How do you know that it was gold?

The Doctor Or said—'Twas no such thing.
 Carvel's wife's picture, I declare,
 Is always drawn with auburn hair,
 Like Mrs. Slip Slop's, lock for lock;
 Bushy, and curling very fine,
 Just like the tendrils of a vine,
 About a stake or stumpy stock.

Doctor

Doctor proceed in your own way,
 My lady cry'd, Slip Slop have done,
 You talk and know not what you say,
 When once your tongue begins to run.
 In Dauphiny, by his relation,
 A plague arose that rag'd as fore,
 And caus'd as great a desolation,
 As those of Athens heretofore.
 When once the plague is upon duty,
 To punish mortals for their sins,
 It neither cares for youth nor beauty,
 For high nor low, for outs nor ins——
 Upon a sweet young lady's face,
 It breath'd its pestilential breath,
 The fair one would not quit the place,
 Neither for the plague nor death.
 In cities storm'd, 'twere better far,
 Whate'er betide,
 For a young maiden to abide,
 And take the accidents of war.
 Struck on a sudden and dismay'd,
 To a good widow she repair'd,
 Who neither was herself afraid,
 Nor for her lovely friend despair'd;
 But gave her cordials, and in brief,
 Hope, the best cordial for grief.
 This is no season for disguise;
 Have you, said she, ate of the Tree of Life,
 That makes us at fifteen as wise,
 As a sage dowager or wife.
 The poor thing cry'd, oh! if I had,
 I should not think my fate so sad!

Many

Many die young, and in full bloom,
 But few like me go to their tomb.
 Not one, if we could know the truth,
 When love in every artery beats,
 With all the powers and charms of youth,
 Without once tasting of its sweets.
 Even now, death would not be so frightful,
 If I could get, before I go,
 A hearty meal of what you know,
 And what I am told, is so delightful——
 And if God please,
 May be a cure for the disease.
 Her friend reply'd, that is soon done ;
 For, God be thank'd, there are enow,
 Enow, that have nought else to do ;
 The fair maid cry'd, for God's sake run :
 I know at least of three or four,
 That I have oft refus'd before ;
 One very much against my will :
 'Tis master John, bring him anon,
 For by St. Luke, my master John
 Must either cure or kill.
 Behold him ready at her beck,
 Behold her arms about his neck ;
 At once, *pour vous le couper court*,
 There was no *petite oye*, no toys,
 Like half-fledg'd girls and foolish boys,
 To antecede *parfait amour*.
 Finish'd, repeated o'er and o'er,
 'Till master John could do no more.
 She stay'd and play'd, not without pain,
 But found it all labour in vain :

My

My dear, said she, you have done me good ;
 I thank you for your good intention,
 But yet you cannot cool my blood,
 With all your goodness and attention.
 Go, my dear love, and go to bed,
 And send the marquis in your stead.
 He sent the marquis, then laid down,
 Sent for the curate, and confess'd ;
 And after that obtain'd the crown
 Of martyrdom among the bless'd.——
 The marquis far'd the very same,
 And dy'd without quenching her flame.
 The widow recommended next,
 A subject for the vacant chair,
 A swain that never was perplex'd,
 Either with thinking or with care ;
 Form'd and constructed on a plan,
 To build a complete widow's man ;
 During the whole co-operation,
 Far more severe than I can paint,
 'Till he was forc'd to quit his station,
 She never utter'd a complaint.
 He went home jaded you'll believe ;
 But how, without St. Luke's protection,
 He should escape without infection,
 Is not so easy to conceive.
 Her father hearing she was smitten,
 Sent a sedan and chairmen able,
 To bring her home as was besitting,
 But first to land her in the stable,
 'Till they were ready to receive her,
 And all things got that could relieve her.

As fresh as when he first set out,
 Before she went to the pest-room,
 She took a handsome farewell bout,
 Concluding with her father's groom.
 The damsel, when her bed was ready,
 Leaning upon her nurse, retir'd.
 Resign'd and steady ;
 And four hours after the poor groom expir'd.
 Consign'd to her old nurse's care,
 She had not lain above two hours,
 Before the sweat broke out in showers ;
 Next came on each side, you know where,
 A *bijoux* very fine to see,
 This like her watch, and that like her etwee :
 Then fell into a sleep profound,
 And wak'd next morning safe and sound.
 Three months were past, the fact was clear,
 She prov'd with child, nor would deny it—
 To her good mother, as you'll hear,
 She own'd, in part, how she came by it—
 Three of the candidates were gone,
 Three were destroy'd you know before,
 Three out of four,
 Therefore it fell to the surviving one ;
 On whom she was bestow'd in marriage ;
 And put an end to all dispute
 About the planter and the fruit,
 Next day by a miscarriage.

THE LEAKY VESSEL.

A TALE.

HIRCO, an old, but am'rous blade,
 Had some time kept a pretty maid,
 Whom to debauch he oft had try'd
 But bad as often been deny'd :
 Fair promises at first were us'd,
 But these, with scorn, the girl refus'd ;
 Nor could his coin prevail upon her,
 To sell her love, or wound her honour ;
 Old Hirco thought he ne'er should do't,
 And so gave o'er the vain pursuit.

Hirco had all his life been one
 They call a boon companion ;
 And in his house had always liquor
 To entertain the squire or vicar,
 From bottled ale to good French claret,
 And stout so stale, no head could bear it ;
 Man's greatest sin he often said,
 Was sneaking soberly to bed ;
 Believ'd that parting dry-lips was
 Of Sodom's fire the fatal cause ;
 Hell's torments he did really think,
 Not scorching flames, but want of drink ;
 He made it plain from sacred writ,
 That wine was for the stomach fit ;
 And therefore he, for conscience sake,
 A hearty dose would often take.
 But when inflam'd with gen'rous liquor,
 His pulse beat high, and blood mov'd quicker ;

Then

Then fancy brought into his arms,
 His wench dress'd up in all her charms;
 Her ruddy cheeks, her well turn'd nose,
 Her little mouth, her eyes like floes;
 Her less'ning shape, her swelling bubbies;
 Her lily hand, and lips of rubies:

A thousand beauties yet unseen,
 That might have tempted saints to sin,
 Made Hirco wish he durst renew
 Th' attack he once had made on Sue.
 What pity 'tis, he often said,
 So sweet a wench should die a maid!
 That Sukey should (and who could tell
 But that she might) lead apes in hell!
 But Sue most bravely had withstood
 His first attacks, and call'd him lewd
 And filthy beast, and often swore,
 She would not stay a moment more
 For all his gold beneath his roof,
 If e'er he talk'd his foolish stuff.
 Aw'd by her threats, old Hirco strove
 To banish his ill-fated love.

It happened on a certain night,
 That Hirco did some friends invite;
 About the time when o'er the nation,
 Roast beef and mince-pies were in fashion.
 The sparkling glass went briskly round,
 Each toper bravely stood his ground,
 And swore, he wish'd that heaven's thunder
 Wou'd strike him dead, if he knock'd under.
 The godly parson, who was there,
 Said *Amen* to the hearty prayer!

T' expel

T' expel the rawness of the beer,
 And keep from phlegms their stomachs clear,
 Each made a chimney of his nose,
 And clouds of smoke around them rose.
 The smoke the upper regions gain'd,
 And round the brain the cloud remain'd.

But now 'twas late, the watchful cock,
 Had long since crow'd it twelve o'clock;
 And each man thought, tho' none had grace
 To own it, bed the proper'st place.
 Here one, extended on the floor,
 In liquor swam, yet call'd for more;
 A second swallow'd whilst he cou'd,
 But at the last, went out and spew'd:
 Another roar'd and hoop'd aloud:
 A fourth reel'd round the room, and vow'd,
 In spite of Hirco's old October,
 G—d da da d—mn him he was sober.
 Most of the rest to sleep began,
 Amongst 'em there was scarce a man
 Had strength, but Hirco and the parson,
 Their stools upright to set their arse on.
 With grief, the master of the feast
 Beheld the state of ev'ry guest;
 He wish'd he could, with all his heart,
 New vigour to 'em all impart.
 My friends, said he, come let's cheer up,
 And briskly take the other cup;
 A plague, what makes you all so dull?
 A han't got half my belly full;
 Rouse up, for shame, my jolly boys,
 Be merry, sing, and make a noise;

I've

I've in my cellar now a tub,
 Believe me, friends, of charming bub ;
 To keep it longer would be folly,
 I'll pierce it now, and we'll be jolly.
 He said, and rising on his legs,
 Takes up a piercer, cuts some pegs :
 Seizes a tankard ; thus equipt,
 Down stairs into the cellar slipt.

Old Hirco's maid, 'twixt hope and fear,
 Her master's last discourse did hear.
 For tho' she kept her body chaste,
 And love unlawful would not taste,
 Yet the poor girl was often dry,
 And lov'd good liquor by the bye ;
 And when old Hirco was without,
 She'd to the tub, pull vent-pin out ;
 And with a straw the cunning gipsy,
 Would sometimes suck till she was tipsy ;
 And as she never chose the worst,
 This tub had often quench'd her thirst.
 But now she found the time was come
 T' acquit her, or pronounce her doom :
 Her master now must miss his drink,
 Or else, to-morrow, he would think
 His crew had, what was missing, drank,
 And ne'er mistrust his Sukey's prank ;
 Not dreaming, that by frequent vent,
 The spirit of the beer was spent ;
 And that 'twould be but poor and flat,
 But she, poor soul, ne'er thought of that.
 Meanwhile the busy honest drunkard,
 Had with it fill'd a swinging tankard ;

And

And from the cellar making haste,
 Return'd to give his friends a taste.
 By right divine, the learned ass
 Must on the ale his judgment pass;
 He drank a bumper; cry'd, a pox,
 This cursed beer's not orthodox;
 Took t'other glass, and shook his head;
 O fye, said he, 'tis flat and dead.
 As Hirco's faith was very little,
 He never could believe each tittle;
 Not ev'n of what was given out
 To be damnation, but to doubt;
 Much less he credited a tale
 Which so disgrac'd his choicest ale.

On sanctity he cast a frown,
 Then fill'd a glass and soak'd it down.
 But how bewilder'd did he look,
 To find that Roger truth had spoke!
 He fretted, rav'd, the compass swore,
 And curs'd till he could curse no more.
 The parson cries, why, here's a clatter!
 Will swearing, pray now, mend the matter?
 The beer I do believe well brew'd,
 The fault's the vessel where it stood;
 Or else the bung-hole is in fault,
 By not being stop't up as it ought,
 Cry'd Hirco, I am either blind,
 Or in a moment's time I'll find,
 The fatal cause of this distaster.—
 Sukey went down to light her master:
 But, lord! how silly did she look!
 Like aspen leaves each member shook,

And she was in such dreadful fright,
She scarce had power to hold the light.

Now Hirco, by his knuckle, found
The barrel gave an empty sound:
Surpriz'd, he cries, I am undone,
Why, Susan! half my beer is gone!
The parson from above reply'd,
Look under, and on every side;
I'll hold a crown, if you but seek
About the tub, you'll find a leak!
Whist thus the crafty parson said,
Hirco by chance look'd on his maid:
Disorder'd and confus'd she stood,
Her cheeks were red with flushing blood,
And from her master quick she turn'd.
Cry'd Hirco, Sukey, I'll be burn'd,
If you han't someway been the ruin
Of this, my last October brewing.
She, trembling, on her knees did fall,
Begg'd his pardon, and told him all.
Said he, this tale will make my friends,
For want of liquor, some amends;
I'll up and tell them all, I swear.
For heaven's sake, said she, forbear;
Lord! is there no way to atone
For such a fault? There is but one
That I can think of, he reply'd;
I've often ask'd, and you deny'd,
A little favour, if you'll grant it,
(And now I really think I want it)
I'll hold my tongue; if you refuse,
I'll up, and out the story goes.

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She paus'd, she blush'd, she cry'd, but knew
Not either what to say, or do.

Meanwhile, of kissing he'd his fill,
Nor could he keep his fingers still;
One hand upon her bosom lay,
Whilst t'other took a different way;
Then on a faggot-pile he laid
The tender, yielding, lovely maid:
The wench was buxom, plump, and fappy,
And fit to make a lover happy

Whilst they in am'rous transports lay,
The parson wonder'd at their stay,
And ask'd them, what they were about?
Cry'd Hirco, zounds the leak's found out
Thro' which my nectar daily flows.
Be sure, said Roger, stop it close.
I'll try, said he, but, on my soul,
It is a dev'lish swingeing hole!

S O N G.

AS Billingsgate Nan was adjusting her fish,
Jack Roe, from whose boat there came many a
dish,

Beheld the young leerer with countenance odd,
And ask'd if she wanted a bargain of cod?

Derry down, &c.

With a snap of her fingers, and turn of her head,
She answer'd, she knew very well what he said;

X 2

But

But the bargain at present was not quite the thing,
As she'd got a large stock of most excellent ling,
Derry down, &c.

My maid, then cry'd Jack, who was ty'd by love's
tether,
Let us put our commodities now both together;
My cod and your ling, if you'll take my advice,
Will fetch in love's market a very good price.
Derry down, &c.

As red as a lobster her countenance grew,
Not salmon had ever so charming a hue;
That he'd fish for her always, he swore by his soul,
And without more ado, had a smack at her jole.
Derry down, &c.

He found by the smack, she was ready to melt,
And call'd her his gudgeon, his cray-fish and smelt;
To his boat then he took her, and push'd off his
keel,
And twist'd about her, just like to an eel.
Derry down, &c.

His net in the Thames while he constantly leaves,
And not the least fearful of winds or of waves,
Plump Nan with her basket makes vocal the streets,
And will shew her fine fish to each one that she
meets.

Derry down, &c.

Industrious and cheerful they pass ev'ry day,
There are few in high life are so happy as they;
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At night they will frolick, will drink, and will sing,
 She's pleas'd with his cod, he's pleas'd with her
 ling.

Derry down, &c.

MELESINDA'S MISFORTUNE;

OR, THE

BURNING HER SMOCK.

TIR'D with the business of the day,
 Upon her couch supinely lay
 Fair Melesinda, void of care,
 No living creature being near:
 When straight a calm and gentle sleep
 Did o'er her drowsy eye-lids creep.
 Her senses thus with fetters ty'd,
 By nimble fancy were supply'd;
 Her quick imagination brought
 Th' ideas of her waking thought.
 She dream'd herself a new-made bride,
 In bed by young Philander's side;
 The posset's ate, the stocking's thrown,
 And all the company withdrawn:
 And now the blest Elysium
 Of all her wish'd-for joy is come:
 Philander, all dissolv'd in charms,
 Lies raptur'd in her circling arms.

X 3

With

With panting breast and swimming eyes,
 She meets the visionary joys:
 In all the am'rous sports of love,
 Which height of ecstacy cou'd move.
 But as she roving did advance
 Her trembling legs (O dire mischance!)
 The couch being near the fire's side,
 She expanded them, alas! too wide;
 Expos'd her nethermost attire
 Unto th' embraces of the fire.
 So the chaste phoenix of the east,
 With flutt'ring, fires her spicy nest;
 So Semele, embracing Jove,
 Burnt both with fire, and with love.
 The flames at first did trembling seize
 The dangling hem of this lost prize:
 But, finding no resistance higher,
 (As 'tis their nature to aspire)
 Approaching near the seat of bliss,
 Centre of earthly happiness,
 Which more of real pleasure yields
 Than all the feign'd Elysian fields.
 But ignorance must now excuse
 The silence of my bashful muse;
 Her modesty had ne'er the face
 T' ascend above the gart'ring place:
 But, doubtless, 'twas a lovely sight.
 The fire beheld by its own light.
 Ovid wish'd himself a flea,
 That so transform'd, he might survey
 His love all o'er, and uncontroul'd,
 Her every grace and charm behold:

Had

Had Ovid's flea been there that night,
 I fear he'd had but small delight,
 His rival flames had spoil'd his bliss,
 And made him curse his metamorphosis.
 At last, the flames are grown so rude,
 They boldly every where intrude:
 They soon recall the lady's sense,
 And chase the pleasing vision thence.
 Soon as her eyes recover'd light,
 She straight beheld the dismal sight:
 Beheld herself the blazing star,
 Or bright tail glow-worm from afar:
 She had not time to meditate
 Upon the strangeness of her fate,
 But was confin'd to lay about,
 To beat the impious fire out.
 The am'rous flames were loth to go,
 They kiss'd her hand at ev'ry blow;
 And round her iv'ry fingers play,
 And seem'd as if they begg'd to stay;
 Vanquish'd at last, they did retire,
 And in a gloomy smoke expire:
 When, viewing of her half-burnt smock,
 Thus to herself the sad nymph spoke:
 " Is this th' effect of dreams? Is this
 " The fruit of all my fancy'd bliss?
 " Misfortunes will, I see, betide,
 " When maidens throw their legs too wide;
 " Had I but kept my legs across,
 " I and my smock had had no loss.
 " I ought, I'm sure, t' have ta'en more heed,
 " For ne'er had virgin greater need:

" My

" My kindness, and my little care,
 " Have left me scarce a smock to wear.
 " Some have been begg'd, some have been burn'd,
 " And some to clouts or tinder turn'd.
 " Two smocks last night the flames surpriz'd,
 " And in the flasket sacrific'd;
 " Others on friends I did bestow,
 " (Not dreaming I should want 'em now :)
 " But I cou'd bear the loss of them,
 " Had not the fire disturb'd my dream.
 " There is a saying frights me too,
 " But heav'n, forbid it should be true !
 " That when a virgin burns her train,
 " She all her life must one remain.
 " I dare not be of this belief;
 " For, shou'd I, I should die with grief,
 " Live always here a nun-like life !
 " And never, never be a wife !
 " Never enjoy a marriage bed,
 " Nor lose a hated maidenhead !
 " Ah, cruel flames ! you're too unkind
 " To bring these fancies to my mind ;
 " Down, down, into your native hell,
 " In your own blazing regions dwell ;
 " Trouble me no more, let me possess
 " My linen, or my dream, in peace."

Thus the poor nymph bewail'd her treach'rous
 luck,

At once to lose so good a dream and smock.

SONG.

S O N G.

MY THING IS MY OWN.

I, A tender young maid, have been courted by
many,

Of all sorts of trades, as ever was any ;
A spruce haberdasher, first spake me fair, .
But I would have nothing to do with small ware.

My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young lasses may do what they will.

A sweet scented courtier did give me a kiss,
And he promis'd me mountains if I would be his ;
But I'll not believe him, for it is too true,
Some courtiers do promise much more than they do.

My thing is my own, &c.

A fine man of law did come out of the Strand
To plead his own cause with his FEE in his hand ;
He made a brave motion, but that would not do,
For I did dismiss him, and non-suit him too.

My thing is my own, &c.

Next came a young fellow, a notable spark,
(With green-bag and ink-horn, a justice's clerk)
He pull'd out his warrant to make all appear ;
But I sent him away with a flea in his ear.

My thing is my own, &c.

A master of music came with an intent
To give me a lesson on my instrument ;

I thank'd

I thank'd him for nothing, and bid him begone,
For my little fiddle should not be play'd on.

My thing is my own, &c.

An usurer came with abundance of cash,
But I had no mind to come under his lash :
He proffer'd me jewels, and great store of gold,
But I wouldn't mortgage my little freehold.

My thing is my own, &c.

A blunt lieutenant next surpris'd my placket,
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it ;
I muster'd my spirits up, and became bold,
And forc'd my lieutenant to quit his strong hold.

My thing is my own, &c.

A crafty young bumpkin that was very rich,
And us'd with his bargain to go thro' stitch,
Did tender a sum, but it would not avail,
That I should admit him my tenant in tail.

My thing is my own, &c.

A fine dapper taylor, with yard in his hand,
Did proffer his service to be at command ;
He talk'd of a slit I have above knee,
But I'll have no taylors to stitch it for me.

My thing is my own, &c.

A gentleman that did talk much of his grounds,
His horses, his setting-dogs, and his greyhounds,
Put in for a course, and us'd all his art,
But he mis'd of the sport—for pufs wou'd not start.

My thing is my own, &c.

A pretty

A pretty young squire new come to the town,
 To empty his pockets, and so to go down,
 Did proffer a kindness, but I would have none,
 The same that he us'd to his mother's maid, Joan,
 My thing is my own, &c.

Now here I could reckon a hundred or more,
 Besides all the gamesters recited before,
 That made their addresses in hopes of a snap,
 But young as I was I understood trap.

My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
 Until I be married, say men what they will.

S O N G.

Hap me with thy petticoat.

O BELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain;
 When night returns I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my arms.

But,

But, waking, think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those pleasures, which can only cure
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.
 Oh, turn! and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine;
 Thy petticoat could give me ease
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heav'n has fitted for delight
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

THE MAGNIFYING-GLASS.

A TALE.

TWO virgins in the prime of life,
 Who each had rather been a wife;
 Sally and Jenny were their names,
 Like sisters own'd their equal flames.

And

And talking in a merry mood,
 Of what some hold man's chiefest good :
 That judg'd the largest, this the least,
 To suit with her affairs the best.
 But uninform'd by hand or eyes,
 Of the true standard manly size,
 Now that the reader will surprise.
 For lechery, and learning sake,
 A trial they resolv'd to make,
 That might give fancy truer scope,
 And some ideas what to hope.

Their brother they had often heard,
 Tho' guileless both of wit and beard;
 Was thought a lad of parlous parts,
 In what most takes with female hearts :
 Yet still they doubted, at those years,
 If he was rightly in his gears ;
 His sapling might in time prove timber,
 But now they fear'd it much too limber ;
 And wish'd a project to contrive
 To make fifteen seem twenty-five ;
 To raise and round young doodle's figure,
 Big as the biggest, what though bigger ?

An instrument was on the table,
 (Pray don't imagine this all fable)
 With which their fire was wont to pore
 On flies and maggots by the hour.
 For he was one of thole shrewd elves,
 Who study all things but themselves.
 So mighty wise, that he could spy
 The moles in Luna's radiant eye,
 And yet so dull, he could not find
 Which way his daughters were inclin'd.

The girls, more prudent, would reduce
Philosophy to common use.

Their scheme was pleasant, and was new,
And thus the rogues their game pursue.

The booby boy lay fast asleep,
Aside his bed they sily creep;
And gently lifting down the sheet,
Their eyes a bold Priapus meet;
Erect, and firm as honest truth,
In all the comely force of youth.
Sally directs the optic frame
In a right line before that same;
And each by turns indulg'd her sight
With the gay scene it brought to light.
The tube plumps up the nervous feature,
And adds twelve inches to its stature.
Happy, quoth Sally, were the bride
With such a weapon by her side!
But pr'ythee, Jenny, let me see
Th' effect this charm won'd have on thee.
With that she sily bolts the door,
And spreads the wanton on the floor.
Naked the little gipsy lies,
Her legs extended, and her thighs.
The nice surveyor mov'd the glass,
In curious search from place to place:
First view'd the curious lawn above;
Then all beneath the mossy grove;
At last she fix'd her active sight
On the sweet fountain of delight:
When lo! it yawn'd so hideous wide,
That Sally, laughing, loudly cry'd,
To have that gap fill'd up, I fear,
You ne'er must hope from man, my dear.

S O N G.

S O N G.

AS charming Clara walk'd alone,
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 Like Jove descending from his tower,
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The shining flakes flew to her breasts,
 Like little birds into their nests ;
 But being outdone with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear ;
 Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
 To deck her froze into a gem.

S O N G.

YOUNG Corydon and Phillis

Sat in a lovely grove,
 Contriving crowns of lilies,
 Repeating tales of love.
 And something else, but what I dare not name.

But, as they were a-playing,
 She ogled so the swain,
 It sav'd her plainly saying,
 Let's kiss to ease our pain, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her
 Upon the flow'ry green :
 But as he further press'd her,
 A pretty leg was seen, &c.

So many beauties viewing,
 His ardour still increas'd;
 And, greater joys pursuing,
 He wander'd o'er her breast, &c.

A last effort she trying,
 His passion to withstand,
 Cry'd (but 'twas faintly crying),
 Pray take away your hand, &c.

Young Corydon grown bolder,
 The minutes would improve;
 This is the time, he told her,
 To shew how much I love, &c.

The nymph seem'd almost dying,
 Dissolv'd in am'rous heat,
 She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
 My dear, your love is great, &c.

But Phillis did recover
 Much sooner than the swain;
 She, blushing, ask'd her lover,
 Shall we not kiss again? &c.

Thus love his revels keeping,
 Till nature at a stand,
 From talk they fell to sleeping,
 Holding each other's hand, &c.

S O N G.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen
 years,
 You must tickle her fancy with sweets and with
 dears,

Ever

Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a love sonnet, and charm her ears ;

Wittily, prettily talk her down,

Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown ;

Sooth her and smoothe her,

And tease her and please her,

And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in man,

With the front of assurance come boldly on ;

Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly

Put her in mind how her time steals on ;

Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,

Rouse her and touse her from morn till noon,

And shew her some hour

You are able to grapple,

And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a punk of a humour free,

That's kept by a fumbler of quality,

You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,

That pleasure's best charm is variety ;

Swear her much fairer than all the town,

Try her and ply her, when cully's gone,

Dog her and jog her.

And meet her and treat her,

And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.

THE RAPE OF HELEN.

FROM THE GREEK OF COLUTHUS.

BY THE B — — OF L — — .

YE Trojan nymphs ! the silver Xanthus' pride,
Whose wreaths are scatter'd in your parent tide,

Oft as the sacred games ye leave, to throng
 In choral dance your Ida's groves among;
 Come from your founts thro' silent vales which flow,
 And give the muse of that fond youth to know,
 Whom hope beguild to seek the sea-girt shore,
 And Love involv'd in toils unknown before:
 'The toils of threat'ning seas and storms, which 'bide
 The daring wand'rer o'er the azure tide.
 Tell how from him the world was rous'd to arms;
 Tell from what cause arose those dire alarms
 Which brought immortals from their seats above,
 And made a lowly swain decide for Jove;
 Say what that judgment was, which Helen's name
 Gave to his ear, and to the page of fame,
 Ye on your mountain's verdant brow have seen
 The Graces' † lovely and immortal Queen;
 And thro' the windings of his native grove
 Have oft observ'd the shepherd Paris rove.
 On those high hills which crown Thessalia's plain,
 When Peleus first his blooming bride did gain,

† The opinion of the ancients concerning the Graces, their character and office, does not appear to have been determinate. Juno is represented as their parent, but Venus as their queen; they are her attendants, but do not always make their appearance along with her. Indeed as the important moment of Paris's decision, when the effect of their presence might have sufficiently exercised the descriptive powers of the poet, they are absent; and Venus, who comes to the contest surrounded only by her Loves, particularly reproaches Juno on this account. They were sometimes drawn with loose and flowing robes, but were more generally naked. They seem sometimes to be confounded under the indefinite name of nymphs; and without entering too minutely into their personification, it may be presumed, that the poets intended to inculcate the delicate and elegant idea, that grace is the sweetest attribute of beauty.

The

The pow'rs celestial grac'd his nuptial bow'r,
 And Ganymede the sparkling wine did pour;
 Mirth smil'd around, for gods contending strove
 The day to honour, and their love to prove.
 Hither did Jove from high Olympus come,
 And Neptune left his wave-encircled dome,
 Apollo brought the sweet and tuneful train,
 Who dwell on Helicon's luxuriant plain;
 With Juno, sister of imperial Jove,
 Came Venus, sweetly smiling queen of love;
 Where'er gay scenes, and festive sports we find,
 Guardian of joy, she lingers not behind;
 Next came Persuasion, captivating pow'r!
 Love's darts she snatch'd, and fought the bridal
 bow'r;

The virgin Pallas too, her arms remov'd,
 And gave her presence to the pair she lov'd;
 Nor did the goddess of the sylvan plain
 The bridegroom's triumph, or his feast disdain;
 The god of war was there, but cheerful came,
 As when he visits Vulcan's bright-ey'd dame,
 He brought nor sword nor spear, nor glitt'ring
 shield,

Love taught the god far other arms to wield;
 And last young Bacchus, ever gay and kind,
 Shook his gold tresses to the western wind.

But that no gloom of care might intervene,
 Was Discord banish'd from the hallow'd scene;
 How did she burn to prove her venom'd power,
 And cloud the brightness of the social hour!
 Like the poor hind, which wild and frantic roves,
 Far from the verdure of her peaceful groves,

When by the gadfly stung, the cattle's pest,
 Thro' woods and dreary shades she flies distressed;
 So did the fiend, all pale and trembling, rise,
 Rage tore her soul, and sparkled from her eyes;
 Her panting breast she smote, then fate again,
 Rack'd with the torture of severest pain:
 And now she started up, and rent the air
 With sounds, which breath'd revenge and mad
 despair;
 Sounds which, she hop'd, might Jove himself dis-
 may,
 And from night's caves the Titans rouse to day:
 Yet for a while the dæmon check'd her ire,
 She saw, she knew, and fear'd the god of fire;
 But soon by war's rude din she sought t'annoy
 The heav'nly guests, and thwart the festal joy,
 Then chang'd her schemes again, again on harm
 Intent, tho' Mars upheld his thund'ring arm.
 Nought could her hate assuage: and now more bold,
 She chose Hesperian fruit of brightest gold,*
 This, well she deem'd, would female hearts engage,
 And prove the source of contest and of rage;
 Soon in the midst the splendid ball she threw,
 As soon their wonder and their praise it drew.
 And first did Juno all impatient rise,
 Urge her high state, and ask the glitt'ring prize:

* Ovid describes Venus as exclusively possessing the delicious and fascinating apples, one of which she here with so much eagerness solicits. Hippomenes implores her assistance in his meditated race with Atalanta, and he receives from her three golden apples, which procure him his desired success.

An apple, by the way, was one of the symbols of Venus, as appears from Theocritus and Virgil.

But

But soon more pow'rful claims did Venus name,
Grace which invites, and beauties which inflame :

" No hand but mine," she cries, " this fruit re-
" moves,

" Worthy alone of Venus and her Loves." †

Almighty Jove observ'd the warm debate,
And as their bosoms swell'd with envious hate,

His son he call'd, the lovely Maia's pride,

And bade him on his airy pinions glide ;

" Go thou," he said, " where streams of Xanthus
" flow,

" Beneath our highly favour'd Ida's brow,

" On whose green banks and flow'r-bespangled
" meads,

" His fleecy care the son of Priam leads,

" Him give the tempting fruit ; the rival pow'rs,

" With thee their guide, shall seek his much-lov'd
" bow'rs,

" There let the happy youth, unaw'd and bold,

" The splendor of immortal charms behold,

" He the invidious contest shall decide,

" And say who first excels in beauty's pride ;

" Whom most admires the blooming shepherd boy,

" Let her the honour and the prize enjoy."

He spake, and Hermes stood prepar'd to fly
Through the light regions of the ambient sky,

To lead the rosy and ethereal pow'rs,

Which studied art adorn'd, to Ida's bow'rs:

Then beauty's queen, ah, too insidious fair !

Let no soft band confine her silken hair,

† Lennep remarks, it is somewhat surprising, that Minerva does not, by any argument, endeavour to enforce her claim, and for this reason intimates his suspicion, that some verses are here wanting.

But bade her locks in wanton ringlets flow,
 With gems to sparkle, and with gold to glow.
 Oft in her arms her little loves she press'd, †
 And thus th' emotions of her soul express'd;
 " The hour is near, how full of soft alarms;
 " Mark'd by the lustre of your parent's charms,
 " To my attractive form, my sparkling eyes,
 " Immortal rivals soon shall yield the prize;
 " But still some doubts my trembling heart annoy,
 " I fear the judgment of that shepherd boy.
 " Juno, dread parent of the Graces' train,
 " Whose sway no limit knows, the prize may gain;
 " And Pallas, goddess of the martial field,
 " Is us'd to conquer, and too proud to yield;
 " I have no spear, nor sword, nor regal throne:
 " I meet the contest helpless and alone;
 " Yet why thus anxious beats my timid heart?
 " True, tho' I have nor arms, nor hostile dart,
 " Still the sweet bond of tender love is mine,
 " Me my own cestus aids with power divine,

† The whole of this passage is beautiful. The reader by a kind of sympathy appropriates the sentiment and language to an individual, conscious of the most perfect personal accomplishment, and of the influence of beauty on the passions, but who is at the same time sensible of the powerful attainments of her competitors, and in suspense with respect to their operation and effects. Upon the cestus of Venus Homer has conferred immortality. Juno herself feels her charms inadequate to the purpose of conciliating the tenderness, and exciting the desires of her husband, without its powerful assistance. Minerva also in Lucian declares her conviction of its efficacy, and will not permit Paris to contemplate the charms of the Cyprian deity, till the formidable cestus is laid aside, knowing, as she says, his inability to resist its fascinating properties. Suffice it to add, the cestus has never yet ceased to exercise the fancy of the poet, and to be the object of the lover's wishes.

" Which

" Which strengthen'd by the skill of Cupid's bow,
 " Make female hearts the stings of passion know ;
 " And tho' behind no deadly wound it leaves,
 " It oft the breast of gentle peace bereaves."

Thus Venus spake ; the list'ning loves around
 Caught with fond sympathy each tender sound,
 With anxious, beating hearts, her looks survey,
 And flutter near, companions of her way.

Now with warm hopes elate, the heav'nly throng
 Had pass'd their Ida's hallow'd shades along,
 When in rude goatskin vest the swain appear'd
 Where his paternal flocks and herds he rear'd,
 On fam'd Scamander's verdant banks he rov'd,
 And told his care which o'er the landscape mov'd,
 Blithsome and gay, he trod th' enamell'd plain,
 And woods and vales resounded to his strain ;
 And oft he would his cheerful measures play,
 And wander'd oft his herds and flocks away ;
 But nought he car'd while sylvan scenes among,
 To Pan, and Maia's son he tun'd his song.
 Silent and still, his dogs stood list'ning round,
 In mute attention to the well-known sound,
 Wild Echo, from amidst her woodland seat,
 Did o'er again his melody repeat ;
 And the herd's mighty lord supine was laid,
 Where the thick foliage form'd a solemn shade.

Near him as Hermes and th' immortals drew,
 With fear o'ercome, away the rustic flew ;
 Abrupt the shades he left, to seek the plain,
 His pipe he broke, nor clos'd his jocund strain :
 But Hermes soon his hasty flight restrain'd,
 And thus, with accents mild, his ear detain'd :

" Paris,

“ Paris, return, O highly favour’d boy !
 “ No idle terrors need thy breast annoy,
 “ These pow’rs have left ambrosial seats above,
 “ With me to seek thy bow’r in this fair grove :
 “ And now thine eye impartial must decide
 “ Who first excels in blooming beauty’s pride ;
 “ From me this ball of blushing gold receive,
 “ And to the fairest of th’ immortals give.”
 Well might such words a simple shepherd move, †
 To gaze at beauty, and to dream of love ; §
 Soon then he felt the eye’s sweet magic spell,
 Soon, the white bosom’s captivating swell ;
 Mark’d the fine form, thro’ vests of graceful flow,
 Which art had made with richest gems to glow ;
 Now by the view still more and more inspir’d,
 The well-shap’d leg and foot the boy admir’d.
 At length his trembling hand Minerva press’d,
 And thus with flatt’ring words his ear address’d :
 “ Heed not, O youth belov’d, the wife of Jove,
 “ Nor yet regard th’ insidious queen of love,
 “ I, over martial virtue who preside,
 “ To fame, to glory, will your footsteps guide,

† The description of Paris’s behaviour on this occasion, is perfectly consistent with nature. Ovid and Lucian both speak of it, and nearly in the same manner. Overcome with wonder, he thinks not of making a reply, but his curiosity is arrested by the appearance of the goddesses, and unawed by the consciousness of their superior character and dignity, he contemplates their charms with admiration and delight.

§ The poets ascribed the quality of beauty equally to the three goddesses, Juno, Minerva, and Venus. In Juno it had the character of majesty, in Minerva, of severity, but in Venus every thing that was soft, expressive, and alluring.

“ Thou

" Thou shalt o'er Asia's realms the sceptre bear,
 " Thee Mars shall rev'rence, and Bellona fear,
 " True valour thine, and deeds of high renown,
 " The hero's triumphs, and the laurel crown."

Minerva finish'd ; and the wife of Jove,
 Persuasive, tried his fluttering heart to move :

" If thou to me," she cries, " the prize award,
 " Hear what high meed shall mark my fond re-
 " gard,

" Thou shalt o'er Asia reign the mighty king,
 " But shall thy rule nor wars nor danger bring,
 " To others leave the bloody, martial field,
 " And learn thy sceptre o'er the brave to wield ;
 " Not all are bless'd at Pallas' shrine who bend,
 " But oft in scenes of blood their wretched lives
 " they end."

Thus did great Juno try to move his breast.
 But ah ! when Venus came, her silken vest,
 Quick to the wind the laughing goddess threw,
 And gave her beauties to his raptur'd view ;
 No cestus now her slender waist confin'd,
 No silken band her golden hair did bind,
 In haste she threw each rude incumbrance by,
 And her soft bosom met his curious eye ;
 'Then in sweet words, which breath'd delight and
 joy,

She fix'd th' attention of the heart-struck boy.

" Think not of wars," she cries, " nor vain re-
 " nown,

" Beauty be thine, and beauty like my own ;
 " What has thy youth to do with scepter'd pow'r
 " The toils of battle, or its dang'rous hour ?

" These

“ These are not mine ; for nought our sex should
 “ move

“ But beauty’s triumphs, and the joys of love : †
 “ With pow’r I tempt you not, nor martial pride,
 “ All the fond transports of a blooming bride
 “ In Helen, pride of Greece, thy meed shall be,
 “ Give but the fair Hesperian fruit to me.”

He heard no more, for, ere her tale she told,
 He plac’d in Venus’ hand the blushing gold ;
 Ill fated gold ! dread source of future harms,
 Of furious war, and all its dire alarms ;

† With respect to the province in which the female sex may more naturally expect to excite a regard, and conciliate affection, much has been written ; merely, it should seem, to prove what in the moment of deliberate reflection never was disputed, that the heart will be most effectually impressed by their endeavours to excel in the softer and more elegant accomplishments. I trust I shall be forgiven for soliciting the reader’s attention to the following beautiful apostrophe, which Thomson in his Autumn addresses to the sex,

May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress,
 And fashion’d all to harmony alone,
 Know they to seize the captivated soul ;
 In rapture warbled from love breathing lips,
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth steps,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
 To train the foliage o’er the snowy lawn,
 To guide the pencil, and
 To give society its highest taste.
 Well order’d home, man’s best delight to make,
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art
 To raise the virtue, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life :—
 This be the female dignity and praise,

But

But she, when in her hand the ball she press'd,
With taunting words her rivals thus address'd :

" Us'd as ye are victorious wreaths to see,
" The palm of beauty ye must yield to me ;
" Yes ! every pow'r which beauty gives is mine,
" And this great day has prov'd those pow'rs
" divine.

" Mother of Mars, and wife of heaven's high
" king,

" From thee, they say, the lovely Graces spring,

" Why then far off unduteous did they stay,

" Nor lend their aid on this important day ?

" Could the great Juno no assistance find ?

" Was Vulcan absent, and was Mars unkind ?

" Alas ! nor arms, nor god of fire was near,

" And Mars forgot to wield his potent spear :

" She too, Minerva, proud imperial dame,

" Who from no parents' tender union came,

" But by the rude spear's point was made to
" spring,

" Fierce from the brain of our Olympus king,

" Why does she shun the fond delights of love,

" In arms to toil, o'er martial fields to rove ?

" Whose hand ne'er culls the fair and fragrant
" flow'rs,

" Which bloom 'midst harmony's delightful bow'rs,

" Where meek-ey'd peace retires from rude alarms,

" The din, and tumult of destructive arms ;

" They, gentle powers, alone their blessings give

" To those who love in life's calm scenes to live."

Thus spake the Queen of beauty and of love ;

Then fought, exulting, azure realms above.

But

But when the Trojan youth had giv'n the prize,
 From which too soon, dire events did rise,
 Which caus'd, in Juno's breast, such lasting hate,
 And made Minerva hasten Ilium's fate,
 For his fair bride unknown, with ardent love
 He languish'd; soon he sought his native grove,
 And where the oaks in solemn order stand,
 He brought, well vers'd in arts, a num'rous band;
 Here Pheriles, author of his country's woe,
 Fir'd his young heart o'er bounding waves to go,
 With ill-tim'd haste, obey'd his rash command,
 A lofty vessel form'd, and launch'd her from the
 strand.

Now from his native plains and peaceful groves,
 O'er dang'rous seas, ill-fated Paris roves,
 With hope elate, and youth's impatient pride,
 Love fill'd his heart, and Venus was his guide:
 Her aid auspicious first he sought to gain
 By vows, libations, and by victims slain.
 But soon as to that foaming tide he came
 Which from the luckless Helle takes its name,
 What dreadful signs of future ills appear'd!
 What storms impended! and what sounds were
 heard!

The sea began with awful swell to rise,
 And its dark gloom involv'd the threat'ning skies,
 Heav'n with collected rage its aspect lour'd,
 And from the clouds a whelming torrent pour'd.
 The anxious mariners, remote from shore,
 Thro' the rough current ply the lab'ring oar,
 With cheering shouts the Trojan realms forsake,
 And, by the passage of th' Imerian lake,

Impetuous

Impetuous glide ; whilst swift before the wind,
 Thrace, and her cloud-topt hills they leave behind.—
 Soon to their view the solemn tomb appear'd,
 To Phillis and her faithful passion rear'd,
 They saw the paths thro' which she pensive rov'd,
 And mourn'd the absence of the youth she lov'd,
 The false Demophon, who from Athens' shore,
 Came to her long expecting arms no more.
 And now the youth beheld, with glad surprise,
 Greece and her states in gradnal order rise :
 Pthia he saw, its fields of waving grain,
 And proud Mycene's far-extended plain.
 Sparta does next disclose her splendid tow'rs,
 And his dark waters Erymanthus pours.
 Here Menelaus held his wide domain,
 And here did beauty lead a lovely train.
 Near where Eurotas' streams in silence flow,
 Aloft the stately city rear'd its brow.
 Not far remote, the mountain's shades along,
 The busy crowd of rich Therapne throng ;
 Hence to the land an easy distance past,
 Their oars they quitted, and their anchors cast :
 The crew, their labour and their dangers o'er,
 Moor'd the tall ship, and joyous leap'd on shore.
 Fresh and alert, forth from the silver tide,
 The blooming Paris sprung, with conscious pride,
 But slowly mov'd along, that no rude air
 Might to the breeze disperse his golden hair ;
 The silken texture of his robes might spoil,
 As full of care he trod the dusty soil.
 Now as more near the city's pride he drew,
 He mark'd its beauties with attentive view :

The

The temples to his wond'ring eye appear'd,
 The palaces their lofty turrets rear'd ;
 He saw their native Pallas' golden shrine,
 And Hyacinth admir'd of form divine :
 Unhappy boy ! as in the rural shade
 With great Apollo too secure he play'd,
 The swains saw Zephyr's jealous fury rise,
 And Hyacinth supine and breathless lies ;
 Whilst with the youth his Phœbus oft did rove,
 He knew, he thought not, of a rival's love.
 The parent earth, indulgent still and kind,
 Sooth'd the deep sorrows of his wounded mind,
 From her a fair and fragrant flow'r there came,
 Which the fond god did Hyacinthus name.

Soon to the son of Atreus' royal dome,
 Did Paris, grac'd with ev'ry beauty, come ;
 Nor lovelier he, whom Semele did bring,
 Fair though he was, to Jove, imperial king ;
 Yes ! sure not Bacchus could the youth excel,
 Forgive, O mighty pow'r, the truth I tell !
 Helen before the lofty portals came,
 Helen, the flow'r of Greece, too charming dame !
 And when the stranger met her nearer view,
 With eager, hospitable haste, she flew,
 Led him transported to a silver throne,
 Through vaulted rooms with regal pomp which
 shone ;

There whilst he sat, she view'd his person o'er,
 And thought she gaz'd at love's delightful pow'r ;
 But, when, more bold, she look'd the youth behind,
 And could, nor wing, nor bow, nor arrows find,
 Still the fond queen, enamour'd, lov'd to trace
 The fancied charms of rosy Bacchus' face.

Full

Full of soft wishes, and with passion fir'd,
His name, at length, and country she requir'd :
" Fair youth," she adds, " whose air and charm
" of face

" Speak thee descended of some noble race,
" Thou art not sure from Grecian lineage sprung,
" Nor born our Pylos' sandy vales among ;
" Nor yet on plains of Pthia do you dwell,
" Of whose dread heroes fame delights to tell ?
" To me the bold Antilochus is known,
" With Peleus, Telamon of high renown,
" And oft, to grace our hospitable dome,
" Patroclus and the great Achilles come ;
" All our brave youths, the pride of Greece, I
" know,

" But ne'er beheld thy lovely form till now."
Thus as she spake, with fiercest warmth she burn'd,
And Paris thus with flatt'ring voice return'd :

" Thine ear, fair queen, perhaps has heard the tale
" Of Troy, which stands in Ida's flow'ry vale,
" Whose walls were built, as ancient legends say,
" By Neptune and the bright-hair'd god of day ?
" There honour'd Priam rules, who springs from
" Jove,

" And me delights in with a father's love,
" Paris thou seest, no vagrant wretch forlorn,
" But one to gods allied, of monarchs born ;
" From fame thou know'st, that oft celestial
" pow'rs,

" To mix with mortals, leave their roseate bow'rs,
" The walls they built of my paternal Troy,
" Nor time shall shake, nor earthly pow'r destroy,
" They

" They smile on me, who gave, in Ida's grove,
 " The prize of beauty to the queen of love ;
 " Proud is my heart to own that youth am I,
 " To gain whose favour goddesses did vie ;
 " Venus my way directs, from her regard
 " My beating bosom waits its high reward,
 " Yes! she has vow'd, that soon these longing

 " arms

" A bride shall bless, and of immortal charms ;
 " That bride thou art, for Helen's sure thy name,
 " The much-lov'd sister of the Cyprian dame :
 " Come then, my fair, thy Venus bids thee rove
 " Thro' the sweet paths of pleasure and of love ;
 " Be every terror impotent and vain
 " That would the transports of thine heart restrain,
 " Check the base phantoms ere to view they rise,
 " And think of love alone, the glorious prize.
 " But why am I solicitous to tell,
 " What thy soft bosom feels, and knows so well :
 " Nor canst thou dread from Atreus' son to part,
 " For weak and timid is thy husband's heart :
 " Well too thy soul, O queen ador'd, must know,
 " With charms like thine no Grecian females glow,
 " Contemn'd of beauty, they rove o'er their plains,
 " Rude as their soil, and hardy as their swains."

He said, and Helen long time on the ground,
 Fix'd her bright eyes in silent thought profound,
 Till rous'd by soft desire, the trance she broke,
 And thus in sweet and tender accent spoke :

" Yes, graceful stranger, of thy Troy I've heard,
 " And how its walls were by immortals rear'd,
 " Why should I own with what desires I glow
 " The splendid place, the work of gods, to know?

 " Oft

" Oft has the story reach'd my wond'ring ear,
 " That Phœbus, thy paternal city near,
 " The variegated meads and groves among,
 " Led his white flocks, and tun'd his jocund song :
 " Come then, for ah ! thy too delusive tale
 " Prevails, and draws me from rude Sparta's vale,
 " 'Tis Venus' pow'r forbids me here to stay,
 " Prompts the fond wish, and beckons me away ;
 " No more shall Atreus' son disturb my breast,
 " With thee, and with thy Troy supremely blest."

So did the Grecian dame with Paris rove,
 And so prevail'd the mighty pow'r of love.

Now night, of labour and of care the friend,
 Did o'er the earth sleep's grateful pow'r extend ;
 And now Aurora, from the mountain's brow,
 Beam'd with sweet blushes on the plains below,
 Had op'd those portals to the rising morn,
 From whence are light and fleeting visions borne ;
 Thro' that of horn, they say, such dreams are
 giv'n

As speak the never-changing will of heav'n ;
 Whilst from the iv'ry issuing, strange and crude,
 Fantastic images the brain delude.

Meantime the Trojan far from Sparta's shore,
 In this swift bark the blooming Helen bore :
 How was his heart with Venus' gift elate !
 Ah ! how that gift was full of vengeful fate !

Sleep's pow'r dispell'd, Hermione the fair,
 Tore her thin veil and beauteous flow of hair ;
 Then rush'd abroad, amidst her cheerless train,
 Who heard the lovely mourner thus complain :

" Tell, tell me where my parent I may find ?

" Say, why she left her wretched child behind !

" Together

" Together yester' eve we sunk to rest,
 " And oft she clasp'd me fondly to her breast."
 Whilst flow'd the sorrows of her tender heart,
 Her sad attendants bear a duteous part ;
 In words like these, to sooth her filial pain,
 They tried, officious, but they tried in vain :
 " Oh, cease !" they cried, " fair princess, cease
 to mourn,

" For sure thy much-lov'd parent will return,
 " Knew she the grief that rends thy aching breast,
 " In her fond arms thou shouldst again be press'd,
 " Soon by vain tears, does beauty fade away,
 " And think how soon the brightest eyes decay ;
 " Perhaps, whilst we to fruitless sorrow yield ;
 " Thy Helen seeks the grove, or verdant field,
 " Culls the rich perfumes of the varied flow'rs,
 " Or roves delighted with the blushing hours.
 " Midst the deep vales, perhaps, or o'er the plain ;
 " She wanders sad, and seeks her home to gain ;
 " Or springs she lovelier from the silver tide,
 " The flow'r of Sparta, and of nymphs the pride."
 " No ! no !" exclaim'd the maid, with heart-felt
 pain,

" Ne'er my lost parent will return again ;
 " She knows each path around the mountain's brow,
 " Where the stream winds, and where the roses
 " blow,
 " Where his white fleecy care each shepherd leads,
 " Or thro' the groves, or o'er the flow'ry meads ;
 " Think not with flatt'ring words to sooth my pain.
 " My sad heart bodes she ne'er returns again,
 " Have not the stars their kindly light bestow'd ?
 " Has not the morn with orient blushes glow'd ?

" Still

" Still is my bosom rack'd with dire alarms,
 " And still she comes not to my longing arms.
 " Say where, O cruel mother! dost thou rove?
 " Say, what conceals thee from my anxious love?
 " Has thy dear form by savage beasts been torn,
 " And nought avails it that from Jove thou'rt
 " born?

" Perhaps thou'rt fallen from the awful brow
 " Of some high mount, and dash'd on rocks below,
 " But oft thy wretched child has search'd around
 " Vales, woods and rocks, and thou art no where
 " found:

" Or glides the queen a fleeting airy ghost,
 " In the deep current of Eurotas lost?
 " Yet here the naiads live, a gracious train,
 " Whose aid a female never ask'd in vain."

Thus as Hermione express'd her grief,
 Sleep, death's true image, brought its kind relief;
 O'ercome by passion, sorrow, and despair,
 Scarcely she seem'd to breathe the vital air,
 In a deep trance the beauteous mourner lay,
 And round her eyes fantastic visions play:
 Oft thus the fair, by tears and cares oppress'd,
 Sink to the sweet, refreshing balm of rest.
 But long she not reclin'd in calm repose,
 Ere the lov'd image of her Helen rose,
 Soft grief and wonder fill'd her tender breast,
 Whilst thus her duteous feelings were express'd:
 " O most unkind! say, wherefore didst thou go?
 " Why cause Hermione this weight of woe?
 " Wrapt in thy arms, I laid me down to sleep,
 " How soon I woke to wander, and to weep,

" My

" My care has fought thee, rocks and mountains
 " o'er,

" Along the vale, and on the sea-girt shore,

" Why thus incautious does my parent rove,

" The hapless victim of insidious love?"

Helen, who seem'd to shed the dewy tear,
 With mildness answer'd to her list'ning ear :

" Oh think not me, nor think my heart to blame,

" That stranger youth, who here delusive came,

" He taught my feet through unknown paths to
 " stray,

" He bore thy parent and thy queen away."

This said, she vanish'd, and the duteous fair
 Utter'd aloud these accents of despair :

" Ye swift-wing'd birds the mournful tidings bear

" To Crete, and to my wretched father's ear :

" Say how a stranger came to Sparta's shore,

" And far away my pride, my Helen bore."

So did the virgin's heart its sorrows speak,

Then forth she rush'd her parent queen to seek.

But Paris pass'd Ciconia's plains with joy,

Triumphant hast'ning to his native Troy.

And o'er the Hellespont's auspicious tide,

Exulting bore his fair and blooming bride ;

But ah, ill omen'd ! from a turret's height,

Rapt where she fate, they met Cassandra's sight,

Fall of prophetic phrenzy and despair,

She tore the golden honour of her hair ;

But Troy, unmindful what the deed foretold,

Bade to her fatal son her gates unfold.

The following Jeu de Mot was written on a notorious Dealer in the Miraculous, who intrigued with his Maid.

WHAT a liar is Tom?—no one can lie faster,
Except 'tis his maid, and she'll lie with her master.

S O N G.

WOMAN! thoughtless giddy creature,
Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing;
Most fantastic work of nature,
Still like fancy on the wing.

Slave to every changing passion,
Loving, hating, in extreme;
Fond of every foolish fashion,
And at best a pleasing dream.

Lovely trifle, dear illusion,
Conquering weakness, wish'd-for pain;
Man's chief glory, and confusion,
Of all vanities most vain!

Thus deriding beauty's pow'r,
Florio call'd it all a cheat;
But in less than half an hour,
Kneel'd and whin'd at Delia's feet.

MISS IN HER TEENS.

A TALE. BY MR. H——L.

MISS Molly was almost fourteen,
 Her cousin Dick a year older;
 'The diff'rence of a year between,
 Was very easy to be seen,
 For Dick was grown a year bolder.

Tho' he *is* grown bolder and braver,
 Molly grew bashfuller and shyer,
 So serious, and so much graver,
 She hardly would let Dick come nigh her.

The year before, upon no score,
 Would Dick be caught in such a trick,
 As either peeping through the nick,
 Or through the key-hole of a door.

The year before Miss had no fears,
 And there was no such thing as squealing,
 And Dick had neither eyes nor ears,
 Neither taste, nor smell, nor feeling.

Until this year, as I have heard,
 Dick was unlucky, but not rude;
 And Molly so far from a prude,
 'Till now, her door was never barr'd.

One afternoon mamma rode out,
 Papa was laid up in the gout;
 Well, and what became of Molly?
 If she had taken her to ride,
 She should have been confin'd and try'd
 For flagrant wilful folly.

When they are let out of the cage,
 Without consideration,
 All children of a certain age,
 Are giv'n to observation;

Their judgment's so exceeding weak,
 Their fancy so exceeding strong,
 That you can neither act nor speak,
 They are so apt to take things wrong,

So neither Miss nor Dick the sapling,
 With madam rides;
 She is attended by the chaplain,
 And none besides.

Which of the two were better pleas'd,
 Is difficult to say, I own,
 Miss and papa had been so teaz'd,
 They both were pleas'd to be alone.

Up to her chamber Molly's flown,
 Fast bolted is her chamber door,
 So cautious the damsel's grown,
 From what Miss Molly was before.

Ever since Dick began to pry,
 Ever since Molly cast her frock,
 She never ventures to rely
 On the protection of a lock.

Molly suspects her cousin Dick,
 Her cousin Dick's so plaguy sly,
 That lock, or any lock can pick,
 That Dick has any mind to try.

Dick pick the lock ! it could not be,
 If Molly only had the sense,
 As soon as she had turn'd the key,
 Not to have taken it from thence.

Molly would gladly have compounded,
 If Dick would let her 'scape so cheap,
 Whenever Molly was impounded,
 She left that hole for Dick to peep.

She knew there was no keeping
 Her cousin Dick from peeping :
 For sure as ever you're alive,
 Either with gimblet or skewer,
 Her cousin Richard would contrive
 To bore a hole, somewhere, to view her.

For some particular affair,
 That Molly had in agitation,
 She did not at that juncture care
 To be expos'd to speculation.

She clapp'd a fire skreen to the hole,
 To hinder cousin Dick from spying;
 Little imagining, poor soul,
 That Dick was in her closet lying.

The room, as you have heard me tell,
 At all times had been Molly's own,
 The closet was a citadel,
 Of a late date, to awe the town.

Mamma had thought upon the case,
 And thinking made her more afraid,
 A closet was a dang'rous place
 For stratagem and ambuscade;
 So the room still to miss remains,
 The fort to mamma appertains.

The key that opens this same fort,
 Mamma had lost in a strange sort;
 In riding out the key was lost,
 And it was found by Dick at play,
 Upon the spot where it was tofs'd,
 Upon a heap of new-made hay.

Her pad, I fancy, for my part,
 Is badly broke, and apt to start;
 And by a sudden jerk, or spring,
 Or swing, or some such thing;
 Out flew the key, as if a stone
 Had flown,
 Out of a fling.

Pray,

Pray, what was miss's great neglect?
 Where was her indiscretion?
 This treach'rous key could she suspect
 To be in Dick's possession?

She was so deliberate and cool,
 Each nook and cranny she survey'd;
 She even examin'd the close-stool;
 But Dick was in the closet laid.

Whate'er he saw, Dick never told,
 And that is much for one so young,
 When people that are twice as old,
 Have twice as indiscreet a tongue.

It must be something curious,
 Some extraordinary matter,
 Dick star'd, and look'd so furious,
 When he bounc'd out and flew at her.

Though she was cruelly betray'd,
 Dick made up matters very soon;
 Molly was reconcil'd, Dick stay'd,
 And spent a pleasant afternoon.

The point was long and well debated,
 But Dick so solemnly protested,
 By Molly he was reinstated,
 And with the key fairly invested.

Mamma

Mamma perceiv'd the key was stray'd,
And sent the chaplain out to look ;
'Twas not for that she was dismay'd,
But she had lost her pocket-book.

He found the book, which was the best ;
As to the key, the careful mother,
Before she laid her head to rest,
Sent and bespoke just such another.

'Twas well she let the lock remain ;
Had it been chang'd on his report,
It would have caus'd infinite pain,
And spoilt a deal of harmless sport.

In a short time Molly grew sick,
Every day sicker and sicker,
Molly's complaints came very thick,
Every day thicker and thicker:
She was advis'd to change the air ;
She did ; but nobody knows where.

Molly came home a diff'rent thing,
Both in her shape, and ev'ry feature,
From what she went away in spring ;
You never saw a virgin sweeter.

Squire Noddy coming from his travels,
By Molly is a captive led ;
He to her fire his mind unravels,
Her fire consents, and Molly's wed.

It is six years that Squire Noddy,
 Has had the care of Molly's body,
 And they have children half a dozen;
 But what is very odd, is this,
 That none of all the six should miss,
 But ev'ry one be like her cousin.

F I N I S.